

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter, Doctor Who or anything. Though maybe I could get some credit for imagination...? Bloody unlikely...

Canon: Harry Potter!

Word count: First Year (17 Chapters/~60,000 words)

Parings: Implied Hermione/Harry, Luna/Harry, Snape/Harry and Quirrell/Harry but none get close to anything to do with love later on.

Warnings: Dark thoughts, angst, suicide, depression and some insane stuff.

FIRST YEAR

Chapter One

"He's only a baby, Vernon. He wouldn't know any better."

"I'll beat some sense into him then! That little Freak. Using m- that ability like he owns the place. Ruddy Owls flying in and out with letters in their beaks! What has the world come to?"

"Vernon. I beg you," Petunia said, looking up into her husband's eyes with such intensity that it made Vernon shy away. "Harry may well be a Freak but he is still family. He's the only cousin Dudley has. He has nobody else. We have to protect him in order to protect us."

Vernon sighed, slumping in the sofa next to his wife. Petunia had always displayed a jealousy and hatred towards her magical sister, Lily. He did wonder why until he found out she was magical but Vernon couldn't see anything to like about the freaky ability. It has been a year. Now finding out Lily was really dead seemed to have changed Petunia right around. Petunia has been acting strangely since that Freak found its way onto our door step. She kept peeking out the windows, wringing her hands, biting her lip and was shaking everywhere. If something was frightening his wife they were willing to push aside everything to make her feel better. He's the man of the house and he is the one to protect the family. But to have the Freak part of the family, Vernon thought of disciplining the brat.

"Right. Discipline it is." Vernon said firmly. "The Freak would be a danger to himself if he lets loose again," he looked at Petunia again to see her shaking uncontrollably. "He's not a baby, Petunia. He's two years old."

"I know, but-" she cut herself off, took a deep breath before continuing. "But he's still young. Just like our Dudley. If Dudley was in Harry's place, would you be treating him the same?"

"Of course not!" Vernon boasted before blushing, seeing what Petunia was getting at.

Again, she was right. He shouldn't try beating the child but he will. Get some sense into the Freak.

"What if those Freaks, the evil ones that killed your sister, come to our house? We have to keep the Freak a secret." Vernon said.

"He'll still go to normal school," Vernon said gruffly at Petunia's lit up eyes.

Vernon grinned a feral grin.

"Maybe our Dudley can beat some sense into the Freak inst-"

"Don't," Petunia said sharply. Vernon's moustache moved in frustration and the nerve of his wife stopping his ideas coming into play. "Vernon, please. Harry has the ability to hurt us when he begins to understand that what you're doing would be wrong. He'll get a letter from that school that'll invite him. He's going to that school Vernon. He isn't one of us. He should be with his own kind."

Vernon frowned. His own kind. Vernon never really like the idea of all that hocus-pocus and to have a Freak in his family who could do it was outrageous.

"Think about it Vernon," Petunia said. "He's still a human if anything else. If he becomes a burden to us, what happens when he gets older? We still keep him? Tell him nothing?"

"No." Vernon said, thinking. His fat red face puffed out from the effort.

"Exactly," Petunia said, biting her lip again. "He needs to find a place where he belongs and then we'd have no worries about seeing him ever again after that."

"Right," Vernon said, looking at the two boys in front of them.

Dudley kept pushing the boy over. Prodding him in the shoulder. The boy however stayed completely still, watching Vernon and Petunia with un-naturalness as if he understands what they're saying. It didn't mean Vernon had to treat the boy like a prince- he has Dudley for that and therefore whatever Petunia says and against her efforts, Vernon wouldn't stop making the boy's life a living hell. Vernon's own father called Vernon a Freak when he was very young and happy only something happened and the happiness walked away... Vernon guessed it was the discipline his father gave him that sent him straight. He had promised he wouldn't treat his own son like this but he never promised to not do it to other kids, other kids such as his Freak nephew.

Vernon and Petunia walked out of the room and to the kitchen. When they weren't around the babies, Vernon sighed in relief. The Freak was starting to freak him out.

"Those Freaks are probably tracking us," Vernon said suddenly, nodding. "You say this... Dumbcore is the headmaster of the school?"

Petunia nodded. "Dumbledore."

"Why else would he do that?" Vernon asked, looking incredulous. "He barely knows the Freak. Why should he care and not the child agency in Freak world?"

"I think he's not letting on more than he's intending." Petunia whispered, looking around as if someone was watching their every move.

"The nerve of the Freak." Vernon muttered, a vein in his head popping out. "I'm not letting him dictate what I do in my house. We're going to have to move."

"Move?"

"Yes, move," Vernon said, standing. "We're going back to Stoke-on-Trent and stay there."

"Vernon," Petunia gasped. "People might remember us."

"I don't care," Vernon snapped. "You said it yourself the other night. Those Freaks could be tracking the oh-so-important Freak. Who knows? Maybe that new old lady across the street is one of them. She definitely looks the type," he turned to look down at Petunia again. "How the hell did he get that scar on his head anyways?"

"I don't know, Vernon," Petunia said, chewing her was-beautiful nails. "Maybe the evil Freak that... that attacked Lily gave it to him. Vernon, I can feel it. Harry's special."

"That doesn't explain why there was a ruddy sky show," Vernon muttered, walking over to the window and looking up at the night sky. Almost a year ago, there had been sounds of people celebrating, speaking the Freaks name like he was a hero. Vernon has seen some Freaks walk by in a strange looking cloaks, celebrating. "The Freaks were celebrating. Is their Freak war over?"

"Maybe."

"It doesn't mean its safe," Vernon said, turning to Petunia. "If the Freak is special and important. I'm not allowing evil Freaks like who ever that Volders is to track us down or Dumbgore to dictate how I run my house. We'll pack everything. I'll have all the paper work down. We're leaving on Tuesday."

Vernon couldn't believe it took them nine whole months to figure out what was going on. No doubt that Dumbledore had been trying to make things difficult by not saying anything. Who in their right mind would leave their own kind's child on the door step and not ring the ruddy bell. It's just door bell. How hard can it be to ring it?

A baby was crying. Dudley.

"The Freak probably upset him, I bet." Vernon muttered darkly, marching out the room and leaving a mortified Petunia. The prospects of going back to their home town where her parents were killed, where she and Lily use to live and that Snape boy. She wondered if that Snape boy is as horrible as he was when they were

younger. She didn't realise what Vernon was doing before she heard him yelling at Harry for waking Dudley. Petunia sighed. She couldn't control her husband no matter how sincere he agreed not to harm Harry. She knows he's a good man but she just didn't know how to make words mean something to the man.

On Tuesday, everything that they needed was placed into the truck that was going to follow Vernon's car to Vernon's childhood home. One last look around the house and the attic showed complete emptiness. Walking out of the house, a For Sale sign was on the front law. A confused Misses Figg came across the street and asked what was happening. Vernon had smiled cruelly at the poor lady.

"It's none of your business." Vernon said before ushering Petunia into the car who was holding Harry. Vernon was holding Dudley and the two went to the car and buckled them into their baby chairs. Signalling to the truck driver, Vernon and Petunia got into the car as well and drove, the truck following and leaving Misses Figg and a tabby cat standing on the driveway, watching them leave.

It has been eight years since that incident of leaving Number Four Privet Drive. Petunia and Vernon settled in quite uncomfortably with the memories they had of the place at Number Twenty Grimdale Road. But the good thing was they didn't need to pay anything to get the house. It was Vernon's and his sister Marge who is older didn't mind if only she visits every two years to check on his little brother. Some memories of the house weren't pleasant to Vernon- especially that cupboard beneath the stairs which he had lived in until he was nine. That was where Vernon assigned for the boy to stay in for the rest of his life for Harry was a real Freak. They gave him left over's and scraps when the Freak was good. If he was lucky, Petunia would secretly behind Vernon's back give Harry a piece of her yummy home-made cake or whatever she made and had placed a portion aside to give him later. Vernon punishes the boy when he sees fit and when he fancies seeing a bit of fear. Petunia could see that sometimes Dudley deliberately tries to get Harry into trouble too though Petunia never found the courage to stop either of them in case they turn on her. She sometimes was able to look over the fact and see Dudley becoming a strong and confident man. Vernon never laid a hand on the boy ever when he done something wrong and Petunia was glad for that. She thinks.

Never once did the boy complain. He never questioned and never asked for anything. They let him wear what Dudley can't wear anymore and they always looked big on the thin framed boy. When the boy was five, it was clear that he needed glasses. Petunia brought a pair from the optometrist but being a busy house wife, she hadn't bothered renewing them nor did the boy ask. He uses to cry a lot when Vernon used the belt. It looked painful but Vernon assured the Freakiness would leave the boy if he continued and he wouldn't stop if the boy continued acting like a girl. There was no sign of magic after he turned three. The boy realised if he doesn't cry and did no magic, Vernon wouldn't hand down more than he is told he would. Still, it made it difficult for the boy to do chores around the house that required a man, not a boy, to do.

The boy was quiet. He did his chores without complaint. He takes his punishments like a man. Never talks out of turn. And it seemed what the school claimed to be abuse and neglect as Dudley had explained was what they learnt in school one day, Dudley all but ignored what was said since Vernon taught him the way they treat Harry was the way of life. The boy acted as though nothing was wrong with the way the house was run. He didn't ask why he had to sleep in the cupboard under the stairs and not in a room like Dudley and Vernon and Petunia. He never asked why he only got scraps. The boy never did anything wrong. He didn't lie. And surprisingly he hadn't used his magical skills since Vernon began using the belt. It seems the boy accepted that he was different, that he was a Freak, that he deserved everything that he received and this was what hurt Petunia who tried her best to ignore the guilt and focus on Dudley, who if anyone was willing to admit it is a bully.

They say the quiet ones were the dangerous ones and Vernon believed that.

Handling the boy was easy in comparison to Dudley who Vernon thought needed a lot of love. The boy didn't need love. He was fine by himself. The boy didn't show anything but Petunia seemed to be the only one who could see the hurt in the boy's green eyes- eyes that looked just like Lily's. Dudley wanted everything and he certainly got it. Such things such as presents; he got many presents even on days that didn't need presents. He ate what he wanted. Got the latest technology money can buy. Harry didn't get anything.

Vernon works at a place that was much like Grunnings but it was called Fixers. Not only did they sell drills but also all sorts of hardware material. It was a huge shop, almost like a warehouse. And since Vernon is the manager, he earns a lot of money.

Petunia was nothing but a housewife and a mother. Harry sometimes was made to help her by Vernon. Harry was able to do all sorts of things other than fixing doors, carry out the garbage and wash the windows and the car. He can cook- to Petunia's disbelief, he was very good at it. It seemed he was actually happy to be involved in helping around the house. Petunia never mentioned this to Vernon because he might not allow the boy do anything at all and punish the boy severely. Petunia couldn't blame Harry for liking house work, it was so tiring that at the end of the day all that hard work meant something. Plus, if Vernon pulled the boy away she wouldn't be able to have company to work on the house. Though she admits that that didn't give Harry much time to do his homework once he began fifth grade, the boy didn't once complain.

It was only when the boy began getting older and helping Petunia with the house work that Vernon eased off from punishing and disciplining the boy, seeing that the boy hasn't done anything wrong. Though she suspects Dudley's been making Harry's life at school terrible because Harry sometimes harms himself when he thinks nobody takes notice, the eerie thing being he doesn't cry, and claims he's sick after hurting himself so he could stay at home and help Petunia instead of suffering Dudley's wrath. Petunia had allowed this happen a few times but stopped when she saw just how far the boy would hurt himself to stay at home.

She confronted Harry about it.

"I'm disciplined, ma'am." Harry said.

"I know, but you have to go to school." Petunia urged, still feeling strange for being called 'ma'am'. "And stop hurting yourself."

Dudley and Vernon were in the lounge room watching football with the sound up high so that was safe for Petunia to talk to Harry about it.

"Dudley, he-" he cut himself off. There was a bit of silence. "Of course I'll go to school, ma'am."

He avoided the self-harming and it was odd that the boy complied so quickly.

"Don't hurt yourself."

The boy didn't reply, his eyes drooping and he fell asleep. Poor thing was so tired he fell asleep before Petunia ordered him to. Closing the door to the cupboard, she looked into the living room and sighed. Her son and her husband didn't care much about her- the inconsistent 'I love you' from Vernon and the juxtaposing attitude Dudley showed. Not surprisingly, Petunia and Vernon hadn't made love since the birth of Dudley.

TC

~Posted: 16th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Two

My name is Harry but not many call me that except for teachers but most teachers call me Mister Potter; though I don't think I'm a Mister. Petunia sometimes calls me Harry and when she's not, she with everyone else calls me Freak or Boy or... I don't know what else but some other names that I probably deserve. I'm different and strange and people don't like strange and different people. I'm quiet and listen and do what I'm told by adults. I rarely let my anger out when my peers tease me; hurt me because I've squashed my anger by practise at home. I can't find it and I think I won't. I'm disciplined and when I do something wrong, I am punished. That is what is supposed to happen to a Freak like me. I also get bonus whippings by belt for being a Freak. Freaks are naughty and bad and they have to be serving their Masters and deserve to be punished for wrong doing. I was made to grow up at a very young age to serve my Masters better.

When their Masters don't punish and discipline no more, I think it means that the Freaks have to punish themselves. Petunia told me not to but I know Vernon would be mad and he and Dudley would do it for me. I don't mind. I deserve it. I'm nothing but a Freak. I don't belong. I shall not speak out of turn. I shall not complain. I shall not be a nuisance and I had to assist my Masters when they need assisting. I cannot hurt them. They are also my only family. I should be grateful for being allowed to even live and I am.

Punishment has always been to sleep in the cold outside, make me take cold showers, give me no food to eat, locked in my cupboard room, spanked, beaten, whipped or stand while Mister Master yelled at me a whole list of things I should do every day. Things such as call him sir, call Misses Master ma'am, be respectful, listen, be seen and not heard, don't question, do not complain, do my homework, stop being a disgrace, do not speak back, act normal, I must not hurt Mister, Misses and young Master, I must not tell lies, no freakish business, speak when spoken to, stop being a child and act like a man and to do what I'm told. It was very quick for me to learn all of this and it became second nature to me. Never had Mister Master gone to strangling me, throwing me off the roof, marking my back... I hoped there wasn't any more on that side though.

I have a scar on my head in the shape of a lightning bolt. People say it's not normal either, that I'm extra Freaky. I don't like the scar. It makes my forehead itchy but I don't say anything because I am not to speak out of turn.

I remember when I was little where I use to live in a house but that house was destroyed by a very bad Freak. The very bad Freak killed my real parents, the ones that loved me. They were Freaks too but nicer Freaks. I was taken away by a manipulative Freak called Dumbcore to my uncle, aunt and cousin who are my Masters and they took me in without a word. I do not know much of love, they do not love me and a Freak like me doesn't deserve their love. Maybe I do because they loved me enough to allow me to stay in their home. I am mighty grateful. I know that one day I will be thrown out of my Masters home to fend for myself. I would have to go back to the Freaks where I belong. Though there is one thing I am certain of and that is to not let manipulative Freak to tell me what to do. My Masters tell me what to do and if they're not there, I do what they expect me to do.

I go to school. I learn but nothing makes sense to me but I keep it all in my head, the books in my mind in an organised fashion. I make them make sense and it works. I need to remember otherwise my Masters will punish me for being stupid and a disgrace. I manage to be the top of my classes and get straight A's... whatever that means. But I do try to not do too well because other people need to be acknowledged more than I have to. I don't like school. The teachers make me stand in the naughty corner when somehow I lost my homework even though I was sure I placed it in my bag. Dudley is there with his friends that love him at break times and they hurt me. But I don't mind because I deserve it. I like the books in the library though. They are... interesting. Especially books about making things move and control things with the mind.

I like doing house work. It's... fun. I get to sweep the floor, tidy the rooms, wipe away dust, clean the kitchen, do weeding, plant some... nice roses in the rose bush, wash the car, wash the windows, do the dishes, help cook meals, sew up clothing and lots of other things. There is a lot of work but I like that. It makes me focus. It makes my glasses focus too.

Though their punishments and disciplining don't stop me from thinking. I can't speak out of turn. I can't complain but I can think and

that is where I am strongest. I remember a lot. I remember everything from that night my parents died. I don't like my Masters but they have the right to treat me the way they do. I'm a Freak. I'm not normal. I don't belong. The best thing about it is that I understand why. I'm different therefore I'm treated differently. I hate myself for being alive. Why didn't the evil Freak kill me too?

Soon it was Dudley's eleventh birthday. I woke up extra early. One look at the mirror and I was disgusted at what I saw. A Freak with a freakish scar. I brushed my straight dark red hair down with my long fingers. My hair's length covered my ears which flipped back up a little bit at the ends- like an aeroplane's wings and I patted down my fringe to cover my forehead where the scar was. Putting on my glasses and checking I looked alright, I got out of my cupboard which is usually unlocked now and went into the kitchen. Petunia was in the kitchen making breakfast and turned around to see me.

"Good morning, ma'am," I said.

"Good, you're awake early," Petunia said, smiling. "Do the bacon for me while I do the eggs."

"Yes ma'am." I said, entering the kitchen.

I got out another frying pan, turned on the stove and waited before placing some cooking oil on the flying pan. Then the bacon, it sizzled nicely.

"Soon it'll be your eleventh birthday, Harry." Petunia said softly.

I didn't say anything. What was I to say to that? Never get presents, not that I want any. But it was more that they don't do anything special for me on the day.

"You'll be getting a letter," she added.

"Okay, ma'am." I said.

I was curious but I didn't want to show it in case I get punished.

I flipped the bacon pieces over.

"Don't you want to know why?"

"Do you want me to know why, ma'am?" I asked quietly, watching the frying pan.

"Maybe we should wait till that day." Petunia said.

"Okay, ma'am." I said, putting the bacon on a platter.

"Now that the eggs are done..." Petunia murmured, wandering away from the kitchen to the dinner table with the eggs while I followed with the bacon.

We walked pass the breakfast table and I was horrified to see so many presents in one room. They were definitely bigger and many more than last year. No wonder we couldn't take the breakfast to the breakfast table. Vernon came into the room and breathed in the air in the house.

"Good morning, sir." I said. "How was your sleep, sir?"

"Lovely," Vernon replied, his eyes had a twinkle when he looked at me like he achieved something and it stayed. Dudley ambled into the room a moment late. He came through the door that immediately anyone could see the presents. His eyes lit up and a greedy grin was on his fat pig-like face. He frowned and began counting. Suddenly, Petunia and Vernon were looking nervous.

"Thirty-six," he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year."

"Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mummy and Daddy."

"All right, thirty-seven then," said Dudley, going red in the face.

I could see Dudley wasn't happy with that and when he's not happy, he throws a tantrum which honestly I couldn't quite understand. He should be happy that he got presents at all. He's a very lucky boy indeed. I thought for sure Dudley got more presents than last year. Maybe it really was just the size. That didn't stop me from eating my breakfast at my normal pace in the dining room.

Petunia, knowing her son too well probably could see what was going to happen. She didn't at all like her son to be upset or give Vernon a headache that makes him almost lash out at his son.

"And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today," Petunia said quickly in a motherly tone. "How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that all right?"

Dudley thought for a moment, his face scrunched up, thinking with a lot of effort.

Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty...thirty..."

"Thirty-nine, sweetums," said Petunia.

"Oh." Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then."

Vernon chuckled.

"Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. 'Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair.

At that moment the telephone rang and Petunia went to answer it while Vernon and I watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a video camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a VCR. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried. I watched them silently, sensing I should keep quiet if I didn't want a belting.

"Bad news, Vernon," she said. "Misses Spelthorne broken her leg. She can't take him."

She jerked her head in my direction.

Dudley's mouth fell open in horror. I wondered if they'd ever trust me enough to leave me at home. I didn't like Misses Spelthorne much. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger restaurants, or the movies. Every year, I was left behind to be taken care of by Misses Spelthorne. She was like Petunia only I have relation with Petunia and Petunia knows me and is much kinder. I didn't mind fixing and

working around in Misses Spelthorne's house but to have to hear her talking about her life and asking how mine was isn't very much appreciated especially when Vernon said specifically told me not to tell anyone about my living conditions. There were a lot of cats adding more scratches all over my body. The faeces that the cats create smell strange as well as the house. She lives across the street and had a habit of peering out the window at us.

"Now what?" said Petunia.

"We could phone Marge," Uncle Vernon suggested.

"Don't be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy."

A small sigh escaped me. I didn't like Marge much either. She hadn't exactly been making her stays enjoyable for me.

"What about what's-her-name, your friend — Yvonne?"

"On vacation in Majorca," snapped Petunia.

She didn't have many friends and I think it's probably because of Vernon's intimidating behaviour. I stayed quite.

"I suppose we could take him to the zoo," said Petunia slowly, looking at Dudley who was looking about to tear up if she said anything more. "...and leave him in the car..."

"That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone..."

Dudley really did begin to cry loudly after eating his breakfast when they couldn't find a better solution for me not to go. But I knew he wasn't crying- there were no tears. So many times he could get away with wailing, complaining and crying. The 'poor-me' tactic he uses. How about 'poor-me' me instead? Of course I wouldn't dare. They'll punish me for complaining. This is not my place to be. I shouldn't speak out of turn.

"Dinky Duddydums, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him.

"I...don't...want...him...t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp-spoils everything!" He shot me a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

Straight after, the door bell rang. It was probably Dudley's friend though I didn't know which one. Perhaps Lawrence?

"Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Petunia frantically.

They decided to leave me behind, shoving me into the cupboard under the stairs hastily and Vernon threatened me to be good and not ruin the house.

"If we come home to see the house in tatters, you'll be serving a punishment worst than your preceding ones."

Then the voice of Lawrence and his mother came into the door. They talked and laughed and I sat in the dark, waiting for them to leave. They left after twenty minutes and the house was empty. They would be out for hours and I had nothing to do but clean.

Getting out of the cupboard, I went into the kitchen where all the dishes, plates and cutlery were piled up. I washed and dried them off. After cleaning off the tables and swept the floor, I went to each room on the ground level except for Vernon's office- that is strickling out of bounds. Everything was clean and spotless. I went to the laundry area to see the laundry had been hung up thing morning by Petunia. Warily, I went up stairs to see if there was anything else that needed tidying. There was. Lots of strange strands of hair were on the floor of the bathroom. I swept them up quickly and shoved the parts into the bin before cautiously going into Dudley's room. It was a complete pig sty and he didn't quite like anyone touching his stuff really. I caught sight of a corner of something distinctively looking like a very naughty adult magazine. I didn't do anything further and rushed out of the room.

I didn't go into the spare room since that was full of broken toys nor did I go into Petunia's and Vernon's bedroom or the room Aunt Marge stays in when she visits. I decided to go up to the attic. I've never been up there and thought it a mystery what was up there. Jumping up into the air, I pulled on the string that brought down the ladder that go up to the attic. There was a lot of dust and coughed a few times before carefully walking up the rings of the ladder and into

the top room. It was low and hard to walk about because you had to watch your feet in case you trip over the bars of wood. I stopped and looked around. There wasn't much in here except for a few mysterious boxes that were as far away from the window as possible. There were small pieces of furniture here and there, a saxophone and an opened box full of books.

The mysterious boxes that were far away from the window and in the dark drew my attention and I walked over to those boxes, not caring if there were creepers or poisons spiders. The boxes had the name 'Lily' written on them. I wondered who Lily was and opened the box. Inside were many things. Books, paper, quills, photo albums, a diary... I sat down and looked through the photo album. What I saw was unbelievable. The pictures move! The more I looked through them, the more I realised that what I was seeing were my parents, Lily and James Potter, with magical abilities. Magical! Could this be the reason why I'm a Freak? I had my mother's green eyes and I looked almost like my father except for the hair colour and the scar. It turned out Lily was Petunia's sister!

Then I found a letter in an envelope and thought it was strange to see that it was addressed to the Dursleys. It was already opened. The envelope looked old and the handwriting looked ancient. Carefully, I took the letter out of the envelope and read the letter.

After reading it once, then twice and then again I couldn't believe it. My parents died but no reason was outlined except saying something of a war and an evil man called Voldemort. Probably a magical war because I knew of no war since. It talked about this letter writer being my magical guardian. It said I was getting a letter from the school called Hogwarts when I was to be about eleven. Then it goes on to say that he hopes I am treated fairly and that I am treated like a son. Signed by Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore! So that's his name. My irises turned red momentarily. That manipulative bastard! He got me here. He made me live and then expects me to go to his magical school like nothing had ever happened! The nerve! He didn't provide any information. He's not telling us anything!

I felt myself wheeze at the effort of trying to keep myself calm. I hate, hate that man! I've never met him before but I really do not like this man. He thinks he's so great. Bastard! How does he know so much about what happened to my parents? How come he had to decide where I had to go instead of sending me to an orphanage? Why is it

as though he's still controlling me by inviting me to Hogwarts? I never knew the reason why Petunia and Vernon muttered darkly about Dumbledore until now. Manipulative Freak! If he gives me more reasons to hate him... I can be really critical even if at the moment I could only do that in my mind. No one controls me but the Dursleys!

Okay I have to calm down. This is too much for one time. I just... never had been so angry in my life. Putting the letter back and closing the box, I left the attic, went down stairs and went to relax in my cupboard. If only I could see what that Freak was thinking of... I would have to take up his offer, wouldn't I? I punched myself to sleep. I hadn't listened to myself when I said I needed sleep.

TC

~Posted: 16th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Three

I thought maybe the letter wouldn't come and if it didn't I would still be adequate. I'd be attending a high school that Dudley wouldn't be going to and then everything would be fine after that. I'd be able to do my homework, finish off assignments and even make friends! Not that I need any friends. I was doing quite fine without any. Even though I was going to a comprehensive school, Dudley would be going to a public school with blazers and those fancy hats. Waste of money I say. But I don't say that out loud.

While that maybe the case, it didn't stop Dudley and his gang from joining in Dudley's favourite game called Harry Hunting. So I spent a lot of time outside of the house. I had made a few trips to the local library for books on mind skills and psychokinesis which I found the theory to be easy. The rest of the time I would be helping Petunia or practising my brain skills. I didn't know what Magic was like but I bet it's like psychokinesis only better. Since I'm a Freak what's the point in trying to be normal? But I stick to my words. I shall not be a nuisance, I shall not complain, I shall not speak out of turn, I shall listen and speak when spoken to, I will not do any wrong doing, I must never tell lies.

One day in July, Petunia took Dudley to London to buy his Lemingstons' uniform, leaving me with Misses Spelthorne. Misses Spelthorne wasn't as bad as usual. She didn't dwell on much about her life as much as she did. I had looked at her book case before and thought she was insane until I discovered magic was real and took an interest in the books. When she came out of the kitchen to see me reading the books, she was quite surprised. She managed not to drop the tea pot. I had managed to read every single book about magic on the shelf within twelve minutes- approximately a minute to each book.

"This fictional fact book is interesting, ma'am." I said, holding Hogwarts, A History. I placed it back on the shelf. "I didn't know you had such tastes."

She sat down in the chair silently, her hands shaking.

"I'm sorry, ma'am." I said sincerely. "I-I must have heard you incorrectly."

"That's okay," she said and began pouring us both some tea. "Reading up more about that school could probably help your understanding."

She looked at me and I saw the lie she nearly unleashed. A rare smile found itself on my face and I watched as Misses Spelthorne's memory of ever seeing me with the book erased. She must not know, pretending that I did not know who I am and that she wasn't a witch. She could be a spy for Dumbledore for all I knew. No letters for accidental magic came for that incident. That's because it wasn't magic.

That evening, Dudley paraded around the living room for the family in his brand-new uniform. Lemingtons' boys wore maroon tailcoats, purple knickerbockers, and flat straw hats called boaters. They also carried knobby sticks, used for hitting each other while the teachers weren't looking. This was supposed to be good training for later life.

As I looked at Dudley in his new knickerbockers, Vernon said gruffly that it was the proudest moment of his life. Petunia burst into tears and said she couldn't believe it was her Ickle Dudleykins, he looked so handsome and grown-up. I clapped politely with no smile on my face. My clapping was enough to tell them I absolutely look up to Dudley as being a hero. On the inside, I was laughing my head off... or as much as I can which really wasn't much but a mere chuckle. How little did they know. I was thought to be a hero by more than two million people than a mere count of two.

The next morning was like any morning. I woke up early, read the books I've memorised from Misses Spelthorne's library before practising making a force field of the size of a hand. I was capable to do much more but I'm an adult stuck in a child's body. I knew I was hungry for knowledge and waiting to confront Dumbledore about his ultimate mistake for letting me live with Muggles intending for him to mould me into the Chosen One once I arrive Hogwarts. Little did he know. From what I know, Harry Potter gave the magical world hope. No doubt that if the maybe life of Voldemort returns to full life that they might depend on me to make him disappear once again- which would risk my life. My life that is worth nothing now. I needed to

know more though if my life is going to be cut short. Questions like: 'Why me?' and 'What is the true story behind Voldemort and me?'

My senses told me once I walked into the eating room that nothing at all was going to be different today. Though Petunia seemed a bit agitated and I could tell she was waiting for the letter from Hogwarts.

"Good morning, sir, ma'am." I looked at Dudley as I sat down. "Dudley."

Vernon grunted. Petunia had a light smile on her lips and Dudley glared before going back to their breakfasts. As I began eating the small remains the Dursleys left me we all heard the small click of the mail slot and flop of letters on the doormat.

"Get the mail, Dudley," said Uncle Vernon from behind his paper.

"Make Harry get it."

"Get the mail, Harry."

"Certainly, sir." I said, my face expressionless. "Excuse me for a moment."

I stood up and left the table, walking to the doormat to collect the mail. I came back into the room quickly after that and went to Vernon with the mail.

"Here's the mail, sir."

"Good," Vernon said. "Sit down."

I sat back down in my seat. Some bits of my food had been missing but I didn't need to say anything to know it was Dudley. I ate the remains of the remains while Vernon went through the mail.

Vernon ripped open the bill, snorted in disgust, and flipped over the postcard.

"Marge's ill," he informed Aunt Petunia. "Ate a funny whelk..."

"That's unfortunate..." Petunia said, frowning.

"Oh dear me," Vernon said suddenly on the verge of fainting.
"Petunia?"

"Yes, Vernon?"

My head snapped up and watched him staring me. He was holding an envelope that had a yellow tinge to it and was a bit thick. I could only see the back of it which had a seal with four animals and a big 'H' in the middle of it. Vernon showed Petunia who had a faint smile.

"I see," she said.

They both stared at me. Dudley didn't seem to find this strange and walked out slowly but then ran up stairs seeing that his parents didn't tell him off about not going on the computer at the moment.

"What is it, sir? Ma'am?" I asked, feeling a bit weird out by the staring.

"It's a letter for you," Vernon said tightly before whispering to Petunia, "We have to move him into the new room. Look at this letter!"

"A letter for me, sir?" I asked, trying to look surprised which was convincing. "Wha..."

I looked at Petunia for confirmation. She nodded.

"Here," Vernon grumbled. "Read it yourself then ask questions."

Vernon all by threw the letter at me which I caught with ease to Vernon's disbelief. On the envelope it said:

Mr. H. Potter

The Cupboard under the Stairs

20 Grimdale Road

Stoke-on-Trent

"Huh." I looked at the envelope humourlessly.

I opened the letter and it detailed the date, what was happening, school supplies, school rules, information about the school. I was invited to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"Permission to speak freely." I requested.

"Yes." Petunia said.

"What is this baloney, sir? Ma'am?" I asked carefully, showing them confusion. "I-I know I'm a Freak but I didn't know... What does this mean?"

"It means you're a w-" Petunia began but cut herself off. "It means you can perform magic."

"Is it safe to presume that the Freak who gave me this disgraceful scar passed on his hocus-pocus onto me too, ma'am?" I asked, looking upset.

Vernon and Petunia looked at each other. Vernon stood up and left the table, muttering about moving things out of Dudley's second room.

"I have to tell you some things but you have to know that we don't know much ourselves," Petunia said.

"Please," I said calmly. "Please go on, ma'am."

"I had a sister," Petunia began. "I was jealous of her and angry because our parents loved her more than they loved me. Not because she was beautiful. Not because she was smart. But for being a witch."

I stared at her. I must not speak out of turn.

"Her name was Lily and she was your mother." Petunia said. "She went to this school called Hogwarts in Scotland. She learnt magic and how to control it and get stronger. Soon a magical war was happening and the last time I had spoken to her was when I blamed her for the death of our parents. There are good wizards and bad wizards. A very bad wizard made the war happen. He was called V-Voldemort," Petunia shivered. I sat, still staring at her patiently. "He murdered your father and then your mother sacrificed her life for you."

S-she died too," I was surprised to see tears rolling down her face. This was not on the letter I read. "When Voldemort turned to kill you, the spell hit you though you didn't die. Instead you got that scar and Voldemort died instead. You were only one at the time. Dumbledore said that he wasn't sure about how that worked but it seemed to me that Love was able to defeat Voldemort. Nobody knows if he'd come back. Though, how would we know? We live in a world without magic. Harry, you're famous outside this world of non magic."

I continued to stare at her. I looked at the letter in front of me before looking back up at her.

"Ma'am? Can I ask you a question if I may."

She nodded.

"Is magic inherited, ma'am?" I asked.

"I know that your magic is inherited, yes. Lily was the only one who could do magic in my family though," Petunia replied. "Your uncle and I had had this discussion about whether you should go or not a couple of years back. We'd decided you have to go to... the school in order to live with your own kind in the future."

"You can't be serious, ma'am." I said, frowning.

"I am. This isn't fake." She said. "You're going to that school and that's final."

Well, that went well, I thought.

After Petunia and I talked, I packed the little possessions I had and placed them in a box before heading up stairs to Dudley's second bedroom which was smaller than his first and is or was filled with broken toys. Vernon managed without us and threw everything out the window and into the bin outside. He did it without missing.

"I was on the school basketball team if you must know," Vernon said to my unasked question.

I nodded and carried my box up to the room. There was a bed frame with mattress, a small bedside bookcase (which the only book in it was a dusty Bible), a cupboard and a thin sized wardrobe. Placing

the box down on the ground, I found that all my hand-me-downs were in the cupboard. I placed the ceramic horses, knights and soldiers on top of the bedside bookcase. I took out my blankets and pillows and placed them on the bed. They looked too small to be on the bed. My glasses case containing blank frames was placed on my bedside book case too and that was about it. The letter in my hand telling me I'm invited to a school, an elite school that takes on their students by selection.

So when another owl came to the house the next day, Petunia stopped the bird from taking off and written a reply before allowing it to go back to Hogwarts. Yes, now I get to confront old man Dumbledore. The story behind Voldemort and Me shall become mine. Lying back on the bed, I stared up at the ceiling and listened to Dudley whine and whine. Doesn't that fat lump know when to give up? I don't hate my family for being the way they are. Discipline was very good and taught me very much. Now I know that Love was the reason why I was still alive, other questions began flowing into my mind. Why did Voldemort go for me in the first place? What did the scar symbolise? How much does Dumbledore know? How much is he involved with? Was he planning to do anything with me once I go to school? Then if worst comes to worst, will Voldemort come back? Knowing that magic and resurrection were possible, maybe Voldemort could come back. I'm just glad he hasn't yet, to our knowledge.

A couple of days later while we had breakfast, an unexpected knock was heard followed by a ring of the bell. The tune, for probably the fourth time in my time living here, played throughout the house. Vernon threw his news paper down on the table rose from his seat. He walked to the front door swiftly before opening the door.

"What do you want?" Vernon growled.

"Mister Dursley..." the man drawled.

Dudley, Petunia and I peeked out the door facing directly the front door in the kitchen and saw the man. He was tall, thin man who seemed very attracted to black because everything he wore was black. He wore a funny looking cloak, his black eyes were unfathomable and had the ability to make one shiver if they looked too long in those eyes and his hair looked greasy and was black that went to shoulder length. His teeth were uneven and yellow. His skin

is shallow. But the most noticeable of all was the man's long hooked nose. I wondered why the man neglected taking care of himself.

Petunia gaped and we looked at her. I saw recognition in her eyes.

"You're that Snape boy." Petunia said, stepping out into the foyer.

"Tuney. How wonderful it is to see you in the neighbourhood again," The man said with sarcasm. "I'm here to pick up Mister Potter to purchase his school supplies. Where is he?"

"Who does he think he is?" Dudley muttered.

"Boy!" Vernon bellowed. He then turned to Snape. "Who did you say you were?"

"I didn't. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Professor Severus Snape. Head of the Slytherin House and the Potions Master at the school... not that any of that would matter to your inferior minds."

I walked away from where I was hiding. I approached the door slowly and looked up at the adults- first at Snape, then at Petunia and last Vernon- who looked quite speechless at Snape's attitude.

"Yes sir?" I asked, facing Vernon without emotion.

"Professor Severus Snape here is going to be taking you to buy school supplies." Petunia said.

"Thank you, ma'am." I said, staring at Petunia. I turned stiffly to face Snape and gave a tight smile. "Hello Professor Severus Snape. It is... good to finally meet someone from the other world."

"Off you go!" Vernon said, pushing both Snape and I out of the door. He looked at me and growled, "If I hear that you've been misbehaving boy, you'll know what to expect upon coming back. Understood?"

"Yes sir," I said. "I understand."

The front door slammed us out and we stood outside the house staring at each other. I had never gone anywhere other than home

and school without the Dursley's. Now I was nervous. Not because of Snape's strange and neglected appearance though. I wasn't one who paid much fuss over who I should speak to by their looks... even if Snape is classified as 'ugly' to others. It's because I didn't know this man well enough to talk to him. This man sure knew how to scowl. I could sense he was angry and also mentally confused: these reasons I did not know of. I didn't know of what to expect either.

"I apologise for our lack of cordial reception towards your visit, Professor Severus Snape," I said formally. "It was quite unexpected and they would rather not be involved in anything... magical."

Snape gave me another look which I couldn't quite understand before holding out his hand. I stared at him in confusion.

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Professor Severus Snape," I admitted.

"Professor Snape' or just 'sir' or 'professor' will do," he said quickly, his mind seemed to be on other things. "I'm going to apparate us to Diagon Alley in London where you'd be getting your supplies."

I didn't say anything and stared at him. Snape sighed, looked away and began muttering to himself before looking at me again and grabbed my arm firmly. Some sort of need and desire- two things I've never felt at this maximum- coarsed through my body at his touch. This I was most confused at but I tried not to show it. I continued to stare at him impassively before feeling like I was being forced into a very tight rubber tube.

TC

~Posted: 17th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

edit: 17th/2nd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Four

Apparently we arrived because we were in a different location and Snape began to walk away. I felt light headed but the urge to give out my breakfast didn't come back again when I forced it all back down. The absences from Snape's touch left me feeling empty for some reason and I wondered if there was a magical reason for this happening to me but I didn't dare say anything. I followed him quickly and looked around. Nothing looked magical yet. Snape didn't say anything until we got closer.

"You see that over there?" Snape asked softly.

"Yes, Professor Snape. I do." I said.

"It's the Leaky Cauldron," Snape said. "Muggles can't see it unless they are lead to it."

I didn't need to ask him what Muggle meant since I knew what it meant already: non magical folk.

We walked into the bar; it was very dark and shabby. A few old women were sitting in a corner, drinking tiny glasses of liquor. One of them was smoking a long pipe. A little man in a top hat was talking to the old bartender, who was quite bald and looked like a toothless walnut. Snape walked straight past and I followed him. I didn't want to meet anymore strangers for now. We came to a small courtyard and Snape commanded 'open' to something and I watched as an archway was made from the brick wall opening up to the other side that looked crowded and very un-Muggle.

"This is Diagon Alley."

I nodded, scanning the place quickly before looking at Snape. Such a strange place and where ever I looked there was this puff of air that surrounded each person. Everyone's was different, even Snape's. I could tell he's powerful even though I don't know how that came to be.

"I will take you to Gringotts, the bank, first. You would have to withdraw some money from your vault in order to buy your supplies." Snape said.

"Yes Professor Snape," I said, a tone of confusion seeped in. Snape looked at me for a moment and saw my blank expression.

"I find it quite hard to believe that you're not asking any questions." Snape said as we walked down the alley passing a few strange shops. I didn't let my eyes stray from Snape's back in case I lost sight of him. He was walking too fast. His strides were long and I had to jog after him to keep up. "Surely you are curious?"

"I'm not allowed to speak out of turn, Professor Snape," I said quietly, trying to keep my breathing under control at the same time.

After we almost made it to a tall unstable looking building, Snape turned to look at me and gave me an intense look but frowned at the blank mind I laid out for him to see. He's been trying to read my mind... bastard!

"I'm allowing you to speak out of turn today, Mister Potter."

"Yes Professor Snape," I said, nodding. There wasn't a question on my mind yet. "I-I shouldn't have any money at all, Professor Snape, let alone in a bank account."

"You do," Snape said slowly, walking up the white stairs. "Nobody had mentioned it to you before now."

We entered the bank and Goblins were working away. They looked funny in real life. The books showed them looking evil and greedy which is clearly was not right. The two goblins bowed as we walked through. There was another door after the first one and on it was a message engraved in it.

Enter, stranger, but take heed

Of what awaits the sin of greed,

For those who take, but do not earn,

Must pay most dearly in their turn.

So if you seek beneath our floors
A treasure that was never yours,
Thief, you have been warned, beware
Of finding more than treasure there.

I stared at Snape curiously. He just raised an eyebrow back before we went through the door. Another pair of goblins was standing by and they bowed. Surely they weren't taught that, were they? I didn't like being bowed to since I don't actually deserve it. We entered a vast marble hall. It looked very extravagant. About a hundred more goblins were sitting on high stools behind a long counter, scribbling in large ledgers, weighing coins in brass scales, examining precious stones through eyeglasses. There were too many doors to count leading off the hall, and yet more goblins were showing people in and out of these. Snape led me to a counter.

"Good morning," Snape said curtly to a goblin there. "Mister Potter has come to make a withdrawal."

"You have his key, sir?"

"I do," Snape said and took out the key from his pocket.

It was tiny and gold. The goblin looked at it closely.

"That seems to be in order."

"I will have someone take you down to the vault. Griphook!"

"May I know your name, sir?" I asked quietly, stepping forwards.
"That is if you're okay with me knowing your name, sir."

Snape looked at me weird again.

"My name is Waldorf."

"Nice to meet you Mister Waldorf," I said.

Remembering from Vaults and Banking, the Potters are among the many rich people in the Wizarding world and they should have at least two vaults. Daringly and avoiding Snape, I leaned into Waldorf's ear and whispered, "How many vaults do I have, Mister Waldorf?"

The goblin looked at Snape and sneered at him before turning back to me. Testing my telepathic boundaries with care, I created a connection between us- a thin layer into the front mind. Waldorf raised an eyebrow at my mind communication invitation before accepting.

'Is this working?'

'It is quite well... for such a young age.' Waldorf thought suspiciously. 'You have six vaults, Mister Potter.'

'Could you help me remove Albus Dumbledore's rights from accessing them, please, Mister Waldorf.' I thought back.

I could see that Waldorf was wondering just how I knew Dumbcore was accessing a vault of mine. Dumbcore's my magical guardian then that meant he had accesses to my vaults. How else did Snape get my key? If they wanted any rights, they come to me for my permission.

'Certainly Mister Potter.' Waldorf thought, sending a nasty look over at Snape again. 'If that is all...?'

'For now, yes.' I thought and broke the connection.

I took a deep breath and blinked a few times. Waldorf did the same. Wow, that conversation was so clear!

"Thank you Mister Waldorf." I said loudly for Snape to hear and held out a hand to shake Mister Waldorf's hand.

"That's enough Mister Potter," Snape said, his hand shot out and pushed my arm back down sending strange tingles through it.

Griphook was yet another goblin and he lead us towards one of the doors leading off the hall. He held the door open for us and it opened to a narrow stone passageway lit with flaming torches. It

was like from a Indiana Jones movie... not that I've seen any. It was only from the illustration books I've read in the library. The trail sloped steeply downward and there were little railway tracks on the floor. Griphook whistled and a small cart came hurtling up the tracks toward us. We climbed in and the cart took off.

At first we just hurtled through a maze of twisting passages. It was impossible to watch its path but Griphook seemed to trust the self-steering rattling cart. I sat back too and waited. Not only was it impossible, the wind and cold air made it hard to think straight. I stayed silent and watched as we passed a dragon at the end of a passage. That was kind of unexpected. The cart plunged even deeper into the underground and I looked out to the side to see a lake where huge stalactites and stalagmites grew from the ceiling and floor.

The cart stopped suddenly making everything jolt forward before Griphook stepped out and went towards the vault. Snape indicated for me to get out first and I did before he got out. We watched at Griphook unlock the door. A lot of green smoke came billowing out, and as it cleared, I couldn't help but gape. Inside were mounds of gold coins. Columns of silver. Heaps of little bronze Knuts. James and Lily sure were rich enough to leave me with this much. Seventeen silver Sickles to a golden Galleon and twenty-nine bronze Knuts to a Sickle- word for word from the book I read. I probably have more than what the Dursleys could earn for ten years in this bank account, correction, vault. I've never even seen this much money in my life! I grabbed a money pouch off from the hook on the inside of the vault and waved my hand at it, making it five times as big on the inside and also less weight before shoving lots of Galleons and Sickles and some Knuts before attaching it to my belt and placed it in my pocket. I made sure my back was to Snape and Griphook the whole time so they wouldn't be able to see.

"I am done here for today, Mister Griphook. Professor Snape." I said, looking at the two when I was done

"Very well," Griphook said, handing me my key. He closed the vault. I placed the key into my pocket. "We'll go back then."

Snape got in before I did and Griphook made sure we were all in before he got in himself. Griphook murmured some words that didn't sound very English and the cart went off back to the surface.

A moment later we were back outside in the impossibly sun lit day outside of Gringotts with some galleons that had been exchanged into pounds in my other pocket.

"What do you recommend I purchase first, Professor Snape?" I asked, my eyes taking in the alley properly for the first time while patting my fringe down to cover my scar. Snape watched me as I did it.

"You would best start with your school uniform," Snape said after a moment. "Follow me."

Snape swept his cloak and began walking towards Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions without bee lining the path. I followed after him and his billowing robes and entered the shop. A few minutes later, we walked out with a package with my robes and went to buy a trunk. I brought a medium black one with many compartments before we headed to Flourish and Blotts to buy my school text books.

"Is Potions interesting, Professor Snape?" I asked, while picking up *Magical Drafts and Potions* by Arsenius Jigger.

"Depends on your interests..." Snape drawled.

While picking up some books there were a couple of books that caught my interest. One of them was *Curses and Countercurses (Bewitch Your Friends and Befuddle Your Enemies with the Latest Revenges: Hair Loss, Jelly-Legs, Tongue-Tying and Much, Much More)* by Professor Vindictus Viridian. I had managed to memorize everything in the book within a minute except for the last chapter detailing Life Threatening Hexes. I had also managed to memorize the whole of *Healer's Manual for Magical First Aid* before Snape managed to find the last book I needed from my list.

When I paid for my books, I glanced at the list again before deciding to go and buy a cauldron (pewter, standard size 2), a set of glass or crystal phials, a telescope set, brass scales and some other potion making equipment then heading to the Apothecary for a standard student potion ingredient pack. There were other very strange ingredients that I didn't want to even think about. Snape didn't look at all bothered and I thought it was perhaps he's a Potions Master at the school. I also brought some quills, a quill sharpening and care kit,

many rolls of parchment and five wells of black ink from the shop next door to a broom shop that I hadn't bothered looking at before heading to the Eeylops Owl Emporium. A few minutes in there, I left with a normal looking barn owl in a large cage and two bags of bird seeds. Everything but the owl and its cage was in my trunk.

Then following Snape we went to Ollivander's for the last item I needed. A wand. Not once did Snape complain. He probably didn't even volunteer to dealing with a Freak like me and was probably not his ideal day of outing. Why would he want to spend any time with a Freakier freak that I am? The wand shop on the outside looked narrow and shabby looking- but in much untouched, dusty sort of feel compared to the Leaky Cauldron's overused and grubby. Peeling gold letters over the door read 'Ollivander's: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C'. A single wand lay on a faded purple cushion in the dusty window.

A tinkling bell rang somewhere in the depths of the shop as we stepped inside. It was a tiny place, empty except for a single, spindly chair. I placed my things down near the front of the shop and Snape stood beside those things in the dark, waiting silently. We've been silent for most of the day so you wouldn't really call it silent but more first nature. It felt like as if I entered a very strict library. But anywhere I went, I stayed quiet, patient and watchful. There were a lot, maybe thousands of narrow boxes piled neatly right up to the ceiling. I felt some sort of magic tickling my heart but I wasn't going to jump to the conclusion that it is magic. I stood in front of the counter and waited patiently and quietly.

"Good afternoon," said a soft voice.

I turned to the voice and saw the body the voice belonged to. It was an old man and his wide, pale eyes were shinning like moons through the gloom of the shop.

"Good afternoon, Mister Ollivander," I said, nodding to him slowly.

"Ah yes," said the man after studying me. "Yes, yes. I thought I'd be seeing you soon. Harry Potter." It wasn't a question. "You have your mother's eyes and hair. It seems only yesterday she was in here herself, buying her first wand. Ten and a quarter inches long, swishy, made of willow. Nice wand for charm work."

Ollivander moved closer to me and I stared at him and his creepy silvery eyes.

"Your father, on the other hand, favoured a mahogany wand. Eleven inches. Pliable. A little more power and excellent for transfiguration. Well, I say your father favoured it — it's really the wand that chooses the wizard, of course."

His nose almost touched mine and I almost couldn't breathe. Nobody had ever stood in front of me like that before. So demanding, so intimate. He didn't blink and nor did I.

"And that's where..."

Ollivander touched the lightning scar on my forehead with a long, white finger with delicacy I've never experienced before. Rough and demanding touches like punches and grabs were what I was use to. Not this... soft and almost caring nature. Yes, I couldn't breathe at all.

"I'm sorry to say I sold the wand that did it," he said softly. I didn't need to ask what that meant while he had just touched the cursed scar. "Thirteen-and-a-half inches. Yew. Powerful wand, very powerful, and in the wrong hands...well, if I'd known what that wand was going out into the world to do..."

He shook his head and I stayed silent.

"Well, now — Mister Potter. Let me see." He pulled a long tape measure with silver markings out of his pocket. "Which is your wand arm?"

"That would probably be my right arm, Mister Ollivander," I breathed, holding it out.

He somehow with magic allowed the long tape measure work itself: measured me from shoulder to finger, then wrist to elbow, shoulder to floor, knee to armpit and round his head. As it measured, he said, "Every Ollivander wand has a core of a powerful magical substance, Mister Potter. We use unicorn hairs, phoenix tail feathers, and the heartstrings of dragons. No two Ollivander wands are the same, just as no two unicorns, dragons, or phoenixes are quite the same. And of course, you will never get such good results with another wizard's wand."

Ollivander went off to flitting around the shelves, taking down boxes.

"That will do," he said, and the tape measure crumpled into a heap on the floor. "Right then, Mister Potter. Try this one. Beechwood and dragon heartstring. Nine inches. Nice and flexible. just take it and give it a wave."

I took the wand and swished it but Mister Ollivander snatched it out of my hand almost at once.

"Maple and phoenix feather. Seven inches. Quite whippy. Try —"

I tried — but I had hardly raised the wand when it, too, was snatched back by Ollivander.

"No, no — here, ebony and unicorn hair, eight and a half inches, springy. Go on, go on, try it out."

I tried. And tried. 'Yew, Veela Hair, ten and a half inches, swishy' had felt like something but Ollivander shook his head saying that I needed a more compatible one. I had no idea what he was waiting for. I knew no words to say to make the wand do something. The pile of tried wands was mounting higher and higher on the spindly chair, but the more wands Ollivander pulled from the shelves, the happier he seemed to become. I would have thought he's be very furious for being such a nuisance.

"Tricky customer, eh? Not to worry, we'll find the perfect match here somewhere — I wonder, now — yes, why not — unusual combination — holly and phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple."

I took the wand and instantly felt what magic must be like. I felt sudden warmth in my fingers and I swished it through the air and what followed the tip was a stream of blue and yellow sparks with a hint of green from the tails of blue and red from the yellow sparks. It looked like fireworks- and maybe they are- throwing dancing spots of light all over the place. A rare and genuine smile showed on my face and my emerald eyes sparkled at my newly found powers.

Snape, I could see quirked an eyebrow in the dark while Ollivander cried, "Oh, bravo! Yes, indeed, oh, very good. Well, well, well...how curious...how very curious..."

I looked away from the joy Ollivander showed in me picking up a simple wand.

He put my wand back into its box and wrapped it in brown paper, still muttering, "Curious...curious..."

"I'm sorry for speaking out of turn, Mister Ollivander, but what is curious?" I asked.

Ollivander fixed me with his pale stare and I flinched as if expecting him to hit me but he didn't and I physically relaxed at that. At school, whenever I spoke out of turn I was smacked on the bottom with a ruler and made to stand in the naughty corner even though I was not being naughty. I'm still surprised that the teacher was willing to give me the grades I deserved. Vernon made sure I didn't speak out of turn in front of him by making me take cold showers.

"I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mister Potter. Every single wand. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather is in your wand, gave another feather — just one other. It is very curious indeed that you should be destined for this wand when its brother — why, its brother gave you that scar."

My eyes told him I was interested and surprised.

"Yes, thirteen-and-a-half inches. Yew. Curious indeed how these things happen. The wand chooses the wizard, remember...I think we must expect great things from you, Mr. Potter...After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did great things — terrible, yes, but great."

That gave me something to think about. I want to be powerful and do great things but it seems that's what Voldemort had been doing and what did it lead? It led to him being killed by his own spell. Pathetic.

I paid seven Galleons to Ollivander before putting the wand in my trunk and carried both trunk and cage and followed Snape leave the

door. I could tell the time right now in my mind. It was almost twelve. I felt a little bit hungry but one look at Snape told me he was way past his lunch break.

"Would you like to have some lunch before we leave, Professor Snape?" I asked. "I'm willing to pay."

The professor seemed to want to decline.

"I have to thank you for accompanying me today in some way, Professor Snape." I continued. "How about I buy you a drink, Professor Snape?"

A few minutes later, we found ourselves seated in the Leaky Cauldron in a dark corner where nobody could really see us if they weren't looking. I brought us both pumpkin juice as well as a chocolate éclair each. Snape had been about to pay for us before I had reminded him I was paying and gave Tom a galleon and he gave me two sickles in return. Snape had complained he didn't like sweets and chose to not touch any and I had smiled.

"I haven't had a sweet since the time Dudley made me eat the lolly pop he dropped on the ground. I think I was three." I had said without malice or emotion; without title and without lies. He had stared at me weird again before he had grudgingly accepted. "Oh and two chocolate éclairs too, Mister Tom."

So now we sat, slowly eating and drinking, watching as crowds went and come. He had given me the strange ticket and told me how to get on to the platform before falling into silence. After I watched Snape finish his chocolate éclair, I decided I should ask him another question. He hasn't been snappy or mean. He hasn't hit me for speaking out of turn but I always expected one even after he repeated that he allowed me to for the day. I knew that my flinching didn't go by unnoticed but relieved he didn't ask anything of it yet.

"Professor Snape?" I had asked quietly.

"Yes Mister Potter."

"What should I be expecting when I arrive at Hogwarts, Professor Snape?"

"You want me to spoil the surprises, do you?" Snape said nastily with a sneer.

I looked down at the table before looking up at him through my fringe.

"I assure you I've never been spoiled before nor do I ever," I said, quietly. "I just want to know what I'm expecting, Professor Snape."

Snape considered me for a moment; his eyes were staring at my neck for some reason before explaining,

"You'll arrive at Hogsmeade station," he said in a nicer tone. "Hogsmeade is a village near the school. From there, the second to seventh years are to arrive at the castle by carriages before the first years while the first years ride on boats across the lake to the castle. There, all the older students would have already arrived at the school and would be seated in the Great Hall at their house tables. There are four houses: Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Gryffindor which are named after the four founders of the school. The first years are to be sorted into these houses in front of the whole school before joining their house members at respective tables. Then, the headmaster would introduce the school year and the welcoming feast begins."

"How are students sorted into their houses, Professor Snape?" I asked.

"By a mouldy talking old hat," he replied distastefully. I didn't laugh. I was pulling my collar higher to hide the welts on my neck when I realised that was what he was staring at. He didn't comment about it. "As I had said before there are four of them. Slytherin students exhibit such traits as cunning and ambition. Ravenclaw is known for intelligence and cleverness. Hufflepuff students value hard work, patience, friendship and fair play. And Gryffindor," Snape said Gryffindor with dislike. "is known for courage and chivalry."

"Which house are you in, Professor Snape?"

"Slytherin. I'm the head of the Slytherin house."

"I think I want to be in Slytherin too, Professor Snape."

Snape paused and looked at me again with that same look. It's as if I'm surprising him by everything I do!

"Like a wand chooses the wizard, the hat chooses the house for the student," Snape said. Then as an afterthought he added, "You shouldn't let house rivalry come between friends if you make any from a different house."

"I see." I said softly, my pumpkin juice and chocolate éclair finished. "Thank you for sharing such information others may fail to provide, Professor Snape. It has been... insightful."

He took me back to the Dursleys without another word when we finished. Vernon met us at the door and Petunia quickly ushered me in to put away my things while Vernon held tight to Snape, asking if I've been misbehaving with a glint in his eyes. I watched at the top of the stairs. Our eyes met before Snape shook his head, said a small 'No. He's been quiet most of the time' and left. Little did Snape and Petunia know before Snape left that Vernon took 'most of the time' the wrong way.

"Right boy. Where are you? Don't try running. You have nowhere else to go." Vernon said in a sing-a-long voice.

He got hold of me in my room, closed the door and slammed me against the wall. Then while he proceeded to kick and punch me, he got out his belt. I looked up, fearing my blood staining the carpet and not my life as his grin flashed in the dark room. He knows I wouldn't use my powers to hurt him. He's been looking for an excuse to punish me for a long time. Now he's got one.

TC

~Posted: 18th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: Hello readers. I just wanted to let you all know that there might be a delay in posting the next chapter (But woot to three days in a row of posting so far). This is because that I realised there is much more revision that I had to do and didn't realise it until now and, well, semester starts again for me next week. So in advance, I apologise. Thanks.

First Year

Chapter Five

The greatest thing about being intelligent is that it allows us to use powers that even common witches and wizards don't possess. Open minded Muggles, I realised, were actually another name for Squibs whose generations of family lived a long line of non-magic. Sometimes their magic became less impressionable because of marriage of a different family- that's why Purebloods interbreed. Sometimes the Squib's magic was robbed, destroyed, bounded and or drained from by powerful wizards and witches- not the other way around as some Pureblood supremacists think. But the most unfortunate is that almost two thirds of the magic able children in the world wouldn't be able to be educated at an institution and either lived a Muggle life or was homeschooled.

My last month with the Dursleys went by like nothing out of the ordinary had happened- because nothing out of the ordinary happened in front of them. I still did my chores, helped Petunia when she needed some, practised strengthening my mind (almost strong enough for teleporting and flying) and did some exercises and runs around the grim neighbourhood. I remembered hearing Snape say something about seeing Petunia in the neighbourhood which meant he lived around here too. But I wasn't seeking him. I don't bother people who have the aura of 'stay away'. And I definitely studied my new school texts. Vernon and Petunia insisted I studied too and so I did.

I made charts and tables for potions that outlined clearly the properties of ingredients and in their different forms (chopped, sliced, diced and such). This made it easier to grasp for me and I hung it on my wall so that every night when I lay down, I would be able to see it and read it until I fall asleep without beating myself. My aim was to impress my teachers and show them I'm not just a name. Each text book I was able to just flip through and everything was installed into my organised mind. My index book was growing by the second while reading the books. I've noticed by reading through The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection and remembering Healer's Manual to Wizarding First Aid and Curses and Countercurses that the incantations were in Latin. On one of my walks, I had visited the local library and flipped through the Latin-English dictionary before reading books about writing and reading Latin. The books (only five)

were dusty, old and their pages were falling out. I made sure I flipped the pages without harming the spines anymore. I was always looking for a challenge, curious and hungry for knowledge.

Felicity, the name I call my owl hooted as she saw how happy I was with reading the interesting school text books. I smiled and asked her if she was alright.

"I'm happy for you," she hooted.

"Yes," I said, my eyes looked distant for a moment. "Happy..."

I flipped another page and re-read the chapter about Werewolves in The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection. I thought about the discrimination they must have faced through-out their life. It's not their fault for being what they are. Like it's not my fault I was a Freak. I flipped a few more pages to read about Vampires. I wondered what blood tasted like to a Vampire. Flip, flip. I closed the book and was sure to like Defence Against the Dark Arts. I opened the Potion book for the fifth time and went over it again. It was like Chemistry and Cooking. I went through each of the other books before coming back to A History of Magic. Surprisingly, they've written something about me.

Something unexpected happened outside.

"Vernon!" Petunia shrieked.

Dudley and I ran out of our respective rooms and ran down the stairs to see Petunia outside in front of the opened front door. We ran outside to see Vernon hanging from the attic window seal. Petunia and Dudley turned to me and I thought they were going to blame me for something I clearly didn't do.

"Help him!" Petunia yelled at me, flapping her arms about.

"Yes, ma'am," I said before rushing back into the house.

I wondered why he was in the attic in the first place. My mind was buzzing thoughts of 'hurry up' as I ran up the stairs. Suddenly I found myself in the attic already. I didn't think much about it and just walked over to the window where Vernon's fingers were almost

slipping. I held out my hands to him and he just stared at them like they were foreign cutlery.

"Grab my hands, sir." I said.

"Scrawny, weak, pathetic," Vernon spat at me. "You'll kill me!"

"Who's fault is that then?" I snapped at him for the first time in my life.

His eyes widened before he began sneering.

"You ungrateful brat. How dare you-"

"I want to help you, sir!" I stated, frowning.

Why was that so hard to believe?

"Vernon!" Petunia shouted from down below. "For once in your life, trust him!"

He didn't move and I realised he was frightened. Vernon Dursley and Frightened do not go well together. Against his ridiculous protests, I grabbed his arms and pulled and heaved him back into the attic. He was heavy! I could hear his feet scrapping the wall and then the window before falling on top of me. I couldn't move let alone breathe! I saved him. I saved his life.

Vernon got up and his body loomed over me. His shaken and frightened ego left leaving the Vernon I knew well. He grabbed my throat suddenly and squeezed, taking away my air supply. My glasses slipped off my face and I could feel my legs dangling above the floor. The sound of my suffocating made me feel strange. My vision became even more blurry than after the glasses found themselves of the ground. My hearing was going on and off in waves and crashes.

"Snap at me? The nerve of you. Ungrateful brat. Freak-"

"Vernon!" Petunia shouted and this time was in shock, disbelief and angry. "He just saved your life!"

"He snapped at me!"

"He saved your life without question!" Petunia said. "And he's right about just whose fault it was that made him so thin and weak. It was your fault. I told you time and time again before that we should treat him better. You never listen to me! Not once! How am I supposed to feel? Who do you take me for? Am Harry and I nothing?"

Vernon stared at Petunia before glancing at me and dropped me to the ground. I was sprawled on the ground, my throat felt rough and it was hard to take in breaths. I used my mind which began getting oxygen again to summon my glasses into my hand before placing them back on.

"Petunia..." Vernon said softly.

Petunia, her face screwed up turned away and left the attic with a wail. She was crying. She was upset. Vernon continued calling after her, leaving the attic soon after.

I slowly sat up and stared out the open window. The wind was cool and relaxed me. I almost died and my buddy was creating a tent in my two sizes too big hand-me-down trousers. How was that possible? I blushed, the only time I blush in embarrassment before getting up and leaving the attic too. I went for a walk after that. Petunia thought I was upset and allowed myself to brood. I could tell she was making sure I wasn't hurting myself.

I arrived at the deserted area where a swing set didn't move at all with the warm air. I looked up at the tree that looked like it needed water. I went climbing. At first, trying to get my feet to get grip was hard until I was confident and almost climbed to the top. I sat on the branch and looked out at the suburb. The area was dry, warm and humid. The tree's arms swayed a little bit, protecting me from the harsh sun light. I sighed and wondered how great it would be if I fly now and teleport with my mind. I could sneak my way into Diagon Alley and Flourish and Blotts and read books, expand my magical knowledge. I noticed then that my glasses had another crack in them and this time it was where it was in the way of the vision. I have to get some more strength to get rid of my impairment because there was no way Vernon's going to allow me to go to the shops anytime soon. Shops. Damn. I need some bed clothes as well as some clothes that actually fit me. I could always go down to Mark & Spencer... that was a thought. Why didn't I think about it before?

'Because you were narrow minded and listened and did to everything the Dursleys told you to do without thinking about yourself.' Thinking about myself? I'm a Freak! I shouldn't care what... my mind was right. I need some clothes and start making my own decisions. They Dursleys weren't offering to tell me what to do for the rest of my short life. Vernon made me promise not to tell any of the kids at school how I lived my life. My life, ha! What life?

Standing up on the branch, I prepared for a safe landing and jumped forward. But I didn't drop down to the ground immediately like gravity wanted me to. I was gliding. No, scratch that! I'm flying! Yes! I'm flying! I twisted my body in the air and did loops and dives. The hot wind smacking against me felt good. Putting my mind on it more I was able to go faster and further. I flew around the tree before going towards the swings. One loop. Two loops and up higher in the air! Wow. This felt great! This day is full of surprises! I smiled and then laughed. It was the first time I felt truly happy. Decided to land before anybody saw me otherwise Vernon would see it a sin and then beat me again. So I stared at the ground near the tree and slowed down, rolling onto the ground instead of landing on my feet. That was pretty good for my first try. I could try time travelling too! Urgh! My head. I groaned and got up, patting the dust off effectively and trying to massage my head. The pain eased by the time I made it back home. I shouldn't over use my mind at such a level- I'm eleven after all.

It was quiet- well, that is that nobody was speaking. Dudley was playing on his computer, Vernon was watching television and Petunia was nowhere to be seen. I went up stairs and passed the master bedroom to see Petunia sitting on the bed facing the window. Her shoulders were slumped and her face was in her hands. I didn't know what to do. Should I ignore what I see or walk in? What was this new feeling called? Compassion? What da hall? I walked into the room and sat down next to her. Slowly because I was afraid of her reaction, I placed a hand around her shoulder.

"I'm sorry Harry," she said after a moment.

"You don't need to apologise, ma'am."

For some reason that made her start crying again. When she calmed down she moved away her hands and looked at me. Her

eyes were puffy, dry tears and new mingled together and her eyes were red from crying.

"Go do some studying," she said quietly. "That's the only way you can leave this horrible place."

"It's not horrible, ma'am," I said softly. "I'm grateful that I was allowed to live here."

"Harry, just go." she said, turning away again.

I got up and just before I left I got a box of tissues and placed it next to her. I thought I heard her say 'thank you' but I decided that it was my head teasing me again. I walked out and heard her blow her nose into a tissue. I hope she was okay.

The next day after watching a boy called Chuck riding on a skateboard, I walked to the charity shop with coins and notes in my pocket. It wasn't busy and I could sense the volunteer at the counter looking at me with watchful eyes. Walking in, I browsed through the clothes. There were jeans, shirts, skirts, shorts, pants, socks, suits, dresses... almost everything. Something that was good. Something that would make others think that I'm uneducated, cool, stupid, child, naughty. I maybe quiet and answer like a fool but people just don't know how great I am. Just how powerful I really am. I like it when people under-estimate me. A real surprise to them when I show them. Perhaps a few black hooded sweatshirts, some t-shirts, black cargo trousers, jeans and that pair of slightly worn black lace up boots would fulfil that image. I brought all of the lot for less than fifteen pounds.

Before I went to the store though, I met a boy called Chuck. He skateboards and wears clothes stereotyped as skate punk. It was slightly surprising that after conversing with him about skateboarding and momentum that he was intelligent and liked science and mathematics very much. Talk about underestimation.

Then came September the first. Despite the temperate, I wore my hooded sweatshirt, standing outside of King's Cross station with my trunk in my pocket, my skateboard in one hand and Felicity in her cage in my other hand. Before the Dursleys left me Vernon had a nasty look on his face when he recalled the platform number.

"Well, there you are, boy. Platform nine — platform ten. Your platform should be somewhere in the middle, but they don't seem to have built it yet, do they?"

I had bit the inside of my hollow cheeks from snapping at him for stating the obvious. Of course it's between platforms nine and ten!

"Have a good term," Vernon had said with an even nastier smile. He had left without another word.

I had waited till they left and nobody was watching to shrink my trunk with the power of my mind. Snape told me how to get onto the platform without me asking which was nice of him. He probably didn't want me to be late is all.

Standing in front of the barrier between platform nine and ten, I looked around before walking straight into the barrier in a calm manner. I came out to the other side to find myself staring at a red steam train with Hogwarts Express written on it. The platform sign above me said Platform Nine and Three Quarters. I made it but really... a steam train? Doesn't that run on wood? I walked away from the entrance and looked at the crowd. There were families, boys and... Girls. I bit my lip. Girls. I realised I might have to speak to them. Boys were not much of a problem. Dudley was firsthand experience and so far the only one true experience of a conversation with. Chuck was the only kid I had had a conversation other than yelling at me for being a freak. I remembered I would have to make my own decisions now that I'm away from the Dursleys.

Calmly, I walked past the clan of redheads who had just came through, a boy who lost his toad, a boy with dreadlocks with a box and a crowd around him and some other families and kids running around and I went to a random opened compartment door before shutting it behind me. I placed Felicity down on the ground before checking the doors- both outside and inside doors were closed and were directly crowdless. Taking out my trunk, I un-shrunk it before levitating it into the rack above me. I sat down, blew a sigh and closed my eyes. So far so good.

I got out a book and Felicity hooted just as the inside door opened.

"Anyone sitting there?"

I looked up from my book to see one of the red-head boys I had seen from the family. Probably the youngest.

"Everywhere else is full." The boy continued.

I stared at him blankly.

"There are plenty of empty compartments further down," I said. "Why do you not check in those?"

"There are?" the red head said, blinking.

Then the boy walked off, the door slamming shut behind him. Were all wizards rude, not bothering to knock?

A few minutes later, a knock was heard on the door. Perhaps they're not all rude.

"Come in." I called.

The door opened and I saw a very pale girl peer in before seeing me. She was as tall as me, skinny and has chestnut coloured hair waving to her shoulder. She wore a modern blouse, knee length shorts with black converse sneakers. She looked unsure of where to go and seemed to want to back out.

"You're welcome to join me since you so kindly knocked." I invited.

She smiled and came in. She too had an owl and but had a purple trunk. I helped her put her trunk on the rack but it seemed she managed well on her own. Then she sat down on the seat facing me. I sat down too and looked a bit awkward before trying on a smile. She smiled back, almost a grin.

"Hi. My name's Kateryna Yuri," she said in a foreign yet beautiful accent. European.

"It's grand to meet you, Kateryna Yuri," I said. "My name is Harry Potter."

She tilted her head to the side.

"You don't happen to be The Harry Potter everyone who has grown up to the name is fascinated about?"

"I do not know, Kateryna. Am I?" I asked.

The door was knocked on again, again I called out and we both looked up to see an Indian boy.

"Hey," he looked nervous and spoke with an accent too. American. "Don't mind if I join you guys?"

"I do not mind at all," I said.

The boy was tanned with black messy hair, the same height as us, a bit muscular and wore a checker shirt with its buttons open over a plain t-shirt. He wore knee length drill shorts and sneakers. He carried a laptop in one hand and his blue trunk in the other. He came in and placed the laptop down next to Kateryna before pulling his trunk up and placed it on the rack next to Kateryna's trunk. He sat down beside Kateryna and looked at each of us, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Hogwarts, hey?" he said, fidgeting. He grinned. "I'm totally ready."

Kateryna stared at the boy in disbelief. Not at the attitude but at the laptop.

"You brought a laptop?" she asked. "Did you even bring a charger?"

"Yeah. Packed and ready. Ready'd." He did a geeky chuckle.

"I hate to be the one to tell you this but Muggle technology does not work in the castle of Hogwarts," I informed lightly.

"Really?" he said, frowning. He started shaking. "My internet access. My gaming. I'm doomed."

"Take a deep breath and relax," I said, shaking my head at the melodrama. "There are outside grounds outside of the castle which is still considered part of the Muggle land. You could just do your gaming in the fields."

"No way. Me and nature are totally not compatible," he said, standing up and began pacing.

Kateryna and I glanced at each other before staring back at the boy.

"Sounds like it's your only way," Kateryna said. "What's your name anyways?"

"Oh, I'm Sharma Parikh. Yorkshire. Muggleborn." He said. "You guys can call me Shawn."

"Well I'm Kateryna Yuri," she looked at me and at Shawn. "Kate for short. I'm Muggleborn too. And this is Harry Potter."

"Hello Shawn." I said with a small smile.

Shawn's eyes widened.

"Harry Potter? You serious?" Shawn asked before calming, raising an eyebrow. "Apparently you're famous."

"Yes, apparently I am, Shawn." I said, shrugging. "I have lived an entirely Muggle life so I am not sure what fame feels like."

"Fame isn't everything," Kate said, "Probably best you've never experienced it since childhood."

A moment later, the train started moving. We began talking about our lives before the Hogwarts letter. I decided I could break some of my testimonies ('I shall not speak out of turn' and 'I shall not question') while around peers. I couldn't help but feel as if our 'bond' was wrapped around the three of us with golden rope. I decided to dismiss the feeling for now.

"My parents moved from India to England. I came into the world a few years later. My folks are doctors. They wanted a change of scenery and moved to America when I was one," he looked distant and had glanced at me a few times. "I went to elementary school and stuff. Didn't make many friends except over the internet. Then in July this year I got my letter. Letter'd. I was staying with my gran in Yorkshire for the rest of the summer."

"I was born above Wales but lived my whole life in Ukraine. It was because my parents were flying over Wales at the time. Dad's a clinical psychiatrist and mum's a teacher. I went to primary school too. My parents flipped when they saw the Hogwarts letter. I've stayed in a backpacker's hostel in London until today."

"Why didn't I think of that...?"

"Think of what?"

"A backpackers hostel. We could have bunked. You're a bit like, young to stay at a backpacker's hostel, aren't you?"

"Uh, no thanks and I was fine," she turned to me. "How about you, Harry?"

"There is not much to say, really. Voldemort had killed my parents and I was taken to live with my aunt, uncle and cousin. We moved from Surrey to Stoke-On-Trent. Like the two of you, I went to primary school. I did not have friends but skateboarding has taken my mind off things like that," I left it at that. My history story finished.

I had never skateboarded until two days ago but it was the only way to blame for some of my bruises and scars. I had thanked a local kid, Chuck, for teaching me the moves and what they were called. Otherwise when questioned, I wouldn't even know how to answer.

Around one there was a great clattering outside in the corridor and a smiling, dimpled woman slid back their door and said, "Anything off the cart, dears?"

I looked at the others and they seemed to have brought their own food.

"Nah thanks," said Shawn opening a pack of Smiths Chips. "I've packed."

Kate ate her chewy gummy snakes slowly, looking out the window after shaking her head. I got out some money and brought each of everything. I was slightly hungry, was interested in the range of foreign sweets and I didn't have much for breakfast except for a bit of toast. Shawn and Kate stared at me for a moment.

"You both know that I am going to share, right?" I said seeing they were looking at the armful. "I cannot eat all of this on my own. I thought there would be Mars Bars but I guess not."

I spread the candy down onto the seat next to me and began looking at each in interest. Kate and Shawn looked at them.

"What is there?" Shawn asked, wrinkling his eyebrows in interest.

"Bettie Bott's Every Flavor Beans, Drooble's Best Blowing Gum, and Chocolate Frogs. Pumpkin Pasties, Cauldron Cakes, Licorice Wands..." I trailed off. "Some random rattle blood snakes."

"Can I have one of those?" Kate asked.

"Sure. However many you would like." I said.

The experience of sharing was different. I've never felt it before since I hadn't had anything to share before but it was fun and I was willing to give. They've been so kind to me so far. They called me Harry.

I got a Chocolate Frog and Shawn looked at it with an unsure look.

"So far, Kate's discovered the rattling blood snakes really do rattle. You don't think that would be an enchanted frog, do you?"

I looked at him and saw some red liquid dripping down from his forehead and Kate blushing.

"I am not sure, Shawn. Let us find out, shall we?" I said, feeling a bit nervous.

I started unwrapping the Chocolate Frog package and the frog jumped out before I even finished. Just then the door was knocked and then opened. The frog jumped onto the person, the person began squealing, frightened. My eyes widened and I stood up immediately with my wand drawn out.

"Subsisto!" I said calmly.

The frog stopped and fell into the girl's hands.

I dropped my arm and walked over to the girl.

"I am so sorry. I-"

"Chocolate frog," the girl mused. She calmed down quick but was still breathing heavy. "Enchanted?"

"We think so," I said. "The rattle blood snakes rattle."

"I guess I will have to get use to it," she girl said warily. It seemed she was Muggleborn too. Then she suddenly had a bossy attitude. "Has anyone seen a toad? Neville's lost one."

We looked behind her to see a round-faced boy called Neville.

"I've lost him. He keeps getting away from me!" Neville said, frowning.

"No, we have not. We are sorry." I said, shaking my head.

"Was that a spell? 'Subsisto'? I've never heard of it." said the girl.

"It is Latin for 'stop'." I said, wondering if she understood what I meant. "You can have the chocolate frog."

"Thanks..." she said, trying to read me or something.

My mind had a blank wall around it. Even if she could, she'll never be able to figure out me and my life though mind manipulation.

"You speak Latin?" Kate asked, looking at me.

"Yes, I do." I said softly, shrugging. "I had taught myself."

"Well, you'll have to teach me some time too. It'll make learning the incantation meanings so much more easier. I'm Hermione Granger. This is Neville Longbottom. We're two compartments in front of you."

Hermione Granger has wild bushy brown hair, buck teeth and was already in her school uniform.

"Hello Hermione. Hello Neville." I said. I looked behind me at my other companions.

"Hey. I'm Shawn Parikh," said Shawn, grinning. "Uh, that's Kate Yuri," Kate waved. "And that guy is Harry Potter."

"Are you really?" said Hermione, looking at me up and down with renewed interest. "I know all about you, of course — I got a few extra books, for background reading, and you're in Modern Magical History and The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts and Great Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century."

"Am I?" I said, feeling a bit awkward at this 'fame' element.

I would have to get use to it.

"Goodness, didn't you know, I'd have found out everything I could if it was me," said Hermione. "Do either of you know what house you'll be in? I've been asking around, and I hope I'm in Gryffindor, it sounds by far the best; I hear Dumbledore himself was in it, but I suppose Ravenclaw wouldn't be too bad...Anyway, we'd better go and look for Neville's toad. You two had better change, you know, I expect we'll be there soon."

And she left, taking the toadless boy with her. I blinked a couple of times. That girl sure knew how to... astonish.

"She's right," Shawn said. "I didn't do any extra reading."

"Neither did I." Kate said, sighing. "Do you know what she meant about houses?"

I sat back down where I had been sitting and looked across to Shawn and Kate and told them.

"There are four houses that we have to be sorted into," I began. "There is Gryffindor, Slytherin, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. Traditionally, Gryffindor is for students with courage and chivalry. Slytherin is for students who are cunning and ambitious. Ravenclaw for intelligence and cleverness and Hufflepuff is for students who value hard work, patients, friendship and fair play."

"How did you know this?" Shawn asked.

"Professor Snape had told me. He had took me to Diagon Alley for school shopping. He teaches Potions at Hogwarts and is the head of the Slytherin house."

"I went to Diagon Alley with Professor McGonagall," Kate said, frowning.

"Hey. Yeah, me too." Shawn said, grinning. "She sure can pull a look."

I looked at the two back and forth. The name was familiar.

"Professor McGonagall's the deputy head mistress as well as Transfiguration professor and head of the Gryffindor house." Kate provided.

"It was on the letter." Shawn said, clicking his fingers just as I got the link.

"I want to be in Gryffindor. It appeals to me." Kate said.

"I'm not courageous or cunning. Sounds like it's going to be Hufflepuff for me." Shawn said then dramatically showed a thumb up in the air with a cheesy grin.

"I am hoping to be sorted in Slytherin." I said, shrugging.

"So you say a hat sorts us into these houses?" Kate continued.

I nodded.

"Do you think it's a 'perverted' hat seeing as though it looks into our minds?" Shawn asked.

I didn't know how to answer and Kate just burst out laughing. Shawn followed with the laughter.

"You're an idiot, Shawn." Kate said when she sobered.

She was amused. Shawn grinned. I was glad they got along but I felt really awkward sitting with them. They were so alive, carefree and... young. I was so far away into maturity that I didn't get the joke at all. That was scary almost. At least this company was less... demanding.

I looked down at the card in my hand.

"It is a collectable card," I murmured. I turned it over and a flash of anger went through my body before calming again. Kate and Shawn must have noticed since they had been staring at me in silence. I smiled lightly. "It is Dumbledore," and I showed them.

"Huh. He looks a bit like Merlin, don't you think?" Kate said after passing it to Shawn.

"Beard and everything." Shawn said, chuckling. But he gaped. "Hey. He's gone!"

He showed us and the moving picture of Dumbledore was gone.

"Maybe he shows up sometimes and sometimes he doesn't." Kate said, getting her magazine out and began reading it.

Shawn looked bewildered, gave the card back to me and opened up his laptop.

"How long has it been?" he asked hurriedly.

"Since departure? Four and a half hours I think." I said, reading off my timetable of events within my mind.

Kate eyes were at the top of her magazine. She was waiting for me to say something else. She saw my curiosity. But I didn't say anything and Kate looked away in disbelief before looking at Shawn.

"Why did you ask?" Kate said.

We watched as Shawn typed like there was no tomorrow on his laptop; his eyebrow knitted together with concentration and his fingers going at incredible speed. I could tell he was fast, just like me. I needed to be fast to avoid Dudley... I could see Shawn was fast because of a virtual battle. Shawn waved one hand, the other expertly typing before both hands focussed together. Kate sighed, looking like she knew what that gesture meant and went back to her magazine. I stared at her or to say it correctly, her magazine, before looking out the window and its blurs of landscape. Dumbledore.

Dumbcore. What was the difference? I placed the card into my robe pocket for safe keeping.

A few minutes later, the compartment door opened again with no knock or waiting for a reply. I thought about placing a personal locking charm to stop these ruddy intrusions. Nobody was decent enough to knock except for Kate, Shawn and Hermione. At least they did it politely because a blonde haired boy with an arrogant smirk appeared at the door flanked with two tubs of fat body guards came barging in and not giving a damn about anybody else but himself. The fussy outline- I'll call it an aura for now- around the blonde was interesting. Arrogance and superiority: two things I would not tolerate when coming from someone else other than the Dursleys. I presume Pureblood. There is such prejudice in this world but it was obvious that the boy was ignoring the two Muggleborns for a personal reason. Kate put her magazine down and Shawn continued tapping while watching the new arrivals. I knew this boy was trouble and Kate and Shawn realised this immediately. I was beginning to grow... fond of Kate and Shawn.

"Is it true?" said the boy in a sooty attitude I have become accustomed to with Dudley. "They're saying all down the train that Harry Potter's in this compartment. So it's you, is it?"

I stared at him. If this is fame, I didn't want it. I would like privacy. The Dursleys were considerable enough to give me that even after knowing I was famous in another world and that I am a Freak. They treated me like I was nothing special. Neither did Shawn and Kate after a while of 'getting to know each other'. I was ordinary.

"Yes. I am Harry Potter." I said simply, staring at the boy without blinking.

The boy looked lost for a moment, even uncomfortable, before jabbing his thumb in both directions of his guards.

"This is Crabbe and this is Goyle. And my name's Malfoy, Draco Malfoy."

I continued to stare at him before I slowly stood up and walked over to him. I was about five inches taller than Malfoy but made no move to shove the fact in his face by standing at least five inches away from him. Kate and Shawn continued to watch in silence.

"Grand to meet you Malfoy, Draco Malfoy," I said, emotionless. "State your business for being here because it's obvious that you aren't looking for a seat or informing us of anything."

"I wanted to see you in the flesh..." Malfoy said, looking me up and down, his chin lifting up after his assessment.

I stayed silent. The silence was uncomfortable but not to me. He slowly looked at my company and sneered. "I'm surprised by the company you've landed yourself with, Potter. You do realise that they're Mudbloods. Such company isn't worth your time. You don't want to go making friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there."

He held out a hand. I didn't even acknowledge it. First mistake he made was over look the fact that I enjoyed Shawn's and Kate's company. Second mistake was to presume I needed help with choosing my... friends.

By now, Shawn and Kate were glaring at Malfoy with distaste.

"I do not think it's prudent for you, a mere stranger, to decide whom I spend my time with, Malfoy," I said coolly. "I am more than capable to tell who the wrong sort are for myself thanks."

Draco Malfoy didn't go red, but a pink tinge appeared in his pale cheeks.

"I'd be careful if I were you, Potter," he said slowly. "Unless you're a bit politer you'll go the same way as your parents. They didn't know what was good for them, either. You hang around with unworthy shits like them; it'll rub off on you."

Shawn and Kate jumped up immediately. I could tell they wouldn't let Malfoy stand there and try to denature them from being my companions or to hurt me. My parents? What did he know about my parents? I knew nothing of my parents except they were good people. I don't think I would want to hear anything more about the strangers that made it possible to bring me into the world. I acknowledge that they are my parents and protected me the best they could but that was all.

"Oh, you're going to fight us, are you?" Malfoy sneered.

"Unless you and your body guards remove yourselves from our presence now, Malfoy." I said coldly.

"But we don't feel like leaving, do we, boys? We've eaten all our food and you still seem to have some."

"You have after all overstayed your visit," I continued over him. "It would do you well to remember that I do not take your kind of attitude lightly."

I gave them a handful each of candy.

"Just a reminder: next time you try, I would not be as civil as I am now," I said. "Now get out of my sight!"

Glaring, Malfoy and his cronies walked out of the compartment without another word. I closed the door and went back to my seat. Shawn patted my shoulder and I stopped myself from flinching at the unexpected touch.

"That was really cool the way you defended us." Shawn said, grinning.

"How could you stand there and act so calm like nothing he says matters?" Kate asked, frowning.

"It is because everything he said did not matter at all, Kate," I replied, sitting down. "Such opinions shouldn't be taken whole heartedly."

Kate smiled slightly and joined Shawn and I sitting. She looked troubled while Shawn went back to his laptop.

"Why did he speak so ill of us as if we were a... disease?" she asked.

Shawn paused as if he had just remembered. Only a moment ago was he able to focus on both laptop and the civil argument Malfoy and I were having. Now that he was involved in the conversation, he looked up with full attention to the conversation. "Yeah, what's a Mudblood?"

"I think he thinks he owns the place because he is a pureblood wizard and nobody else knows better," I said, looking thoughtful. "Of

course, that is just a presumption. Purebloods do not own the place and they are not the only ones who know better," Then I paused. "Mudblood is an offensive derogatory term for Muggleborns. It literally means dirty blood which also is not true. The bigot purebloods who believe in blood purity thinks that Muggleborns had stolen their magic when we all know that from research, everyone is capable of magic."

TC

~Posted: 19th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Six

After a few minutes passed, Kate looked out the window. It was getting dark and we could see mountains and forests under a deep purple sky. It seemed the train was slowing down.

"Almost there!" Shawn said in excitement, biting his lip.

"We should put our robes on." Kate said, taking one out of her trunk. "No peeking!"

I nodded, we got our robes out of our trunks. Then with our backs facing each other, we quickly dressed in our uniform. A voice echoed through the train: "We will be reaching Hogwarts in five minutes' time. Please leave your luggage on the train, it will be taken to the school separately."

A feeling of dread went through me. I knew what was happening tonight since Professor Snape told me but it wasn't that. It wasn't because of the expectations the elite and selective school. Nor was it that there might not be cubical showers which would make me feel vulnerable and allow people to see the whip marks. It was the dread of people treating me like a true celebrity after knowing who I am. Shawn bit his lip again, his face gone light. But Kate's face was flushed, her eyes twinkling at the prospects of Hogwarts ahead of them. She didn't at all seem nervous.

"No signal," Shawn said a moment later, sighing.

He closed his laptop but I could tell it was still on and working and that he was still hoping it would receive signal and still be able to work it. The train slowed right down. Kate placed her magazine into her trunk. I made sure my trunk would only open to me before stuffing the remaining sweets into my pockets, telling Kate and Shawn to do the same for themselves.

Finally the train stopped. I said goodbye to Felicity and walked out of the compartment to join the crowd. People pushed their way toward the door and out on to a tiny, dark platform. The cold air hit us and I watched as everyone around me shivered. I frowned but decided not to think too much about it. A lamp came bobbing over our heads.

"Firs' years! Firs' years over here!" said a voice.

We looked up and saw a big man holding the lamp, his voice was loud and clear which made sense why he was the one calling our attention. He wore a grubby looking coat with many pockets and had a big black beard. His black eyes held warmth and kindness. I heard Malfoy walking past me muttering about half breeds which I ignored. Kate, Shawn and I went over to the big man.

"C'mon, follow me — any more firs' years? Mind yer step, now! Firs' years follow me!"

Slipping and stumbling, we followed the big man down what seemed to be a steep, narrow path. It was so dark on either side of us that I thought there must be thick trees there. Nobody spoke much. Neville, the boy who kept losing his toad, sniffed once or twice.

"Yeh'll get yer firs' sight o' Hogwarts in a sec," Hagrid called over his shoulder, "jus' round this bend here."

There was a loud "Ooooooh!"

The narrow path had opened suddenly onto the edge of a great black lake. Perched atop a high mountain on the other side, its windows sparkling in the starry sky, was a vast castle with many turrets and towers. I looked up and around at the beautiful landscape with nothing but a picture in my mind.

"No more'n four to a boat!" Big Man called, pointing to a fleet of little boats sitting in the water by the shore.

Kate smiled and pulled us to follow her to a boat. We got in and waited for everyone else to get into the boats. I saw Hermione walk by with Neville, hopping on into a boat with two other people I didn't recognise. Someone joined our boat. A girl by the name of Lisa. Shawn. Kate. Harry. End of introduction.

Moments later, we were in some kind of underground harbour standing around while waiting for the rest to get out of the boats and step onto the rocks and pebbles.

"Oi, you there! Is this your toad?" said Big Man, who was checking the boats.

"Trevor!" cried Neville blissfully, holding out his hands and received his toad back again.

Then we clambered up a passageway in the rock after Big Man's lamp, coming out at last onto smooth, damp grass right in the shadow of the castle. We walked up a flight of stone steps and crowded around the huge, oak front door.

"Everyone here? You there, still got yer toad?"

Big Man raised a gigantic fist and knocked three times on the castle door. Whatever was beyond these doors would change my normal life upside down. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. This is it. Before I could close my eyes again after opening them, the door swung open as if expecting us already. A tall, black-haired witch in emerald-green robes stood there. She had a very stern face and I knew she would be one of the teachers that I would be easy to please.

"The firs' years, Professor McGonagall," said Big Man.

"Thank you, Hagrid," she said to Big Man Hagrid. "I will take them from here."

She pulled the door wide. The entrance hall was so big you could have fit the whole of the Dursleys' house in it. We followed McGonagall across the flagged stone floor. I could hear muffled voice of hundreds speaking and chatting away from the doorway to the right- the Great Hall full of the rest of the school. McGonagall lead us to an empty chamber off the hall. It was crowded as we entered. The others were peering around nervously while I looked at the architect with a bit of interest. It was old. Its ceilings so high no giant like Big Man Hagrid could reach it. There were flamed torches a light through every corridor mounted on walls and windows as big as the door we just walked through looked absolutely cathedral as seen in a book I'd read back home. I didn't notice that we were standing squashed up against each other, Shawn, Kate, Hermione, Neville and Lisa were surrounding me. At least they weren't as unknown to me as the other strangers.

"Welcome to Hogwarts," said McGonagall. "The start-of-term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the Great Hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room. The four houses are called Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup, a great honour. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours. The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting."

Her eyes lingered for a moment on Neville's cloak, which was fastened under his left ear, and on a red head's smudged nose. I need not worry about my appearance. Neat clothing, straight dark red hair. It was as good as it could get. I took my fringe to the left which effectively covered not only my scar but my left eye too.

"I shall return when we are ready for you," said McGonagall. "Please wait quietly."

She left the chamber and I stood real still, waiting for her to come back. I listened to the quiet and nervous chatting. Actually, it was only about three people who were talking. Hermione was reciting spells she had studied at home and I smiled. I could tell she didn't want teachers to think her as being below average. I hadn't practised the spells myself but I was capable of reciting every word and every practical attachment to our text books. I didn't want to fall behind. The red head and a boy who had a sharp face with rectangular shaped glasses were conversing. Everyone else was terrified. Neville looked about to wet himself.

Then something happened that made me flinch— several people behind me screamed. Something strange had gone through my body and flew into the air above us. A moment after that, the material of the same thing flew out of the wall. I concluded that they were ghosts; about twenty of them in fact. They were pearly-white

and slightly transparent. Ghosts are real. They didn't spare a glance at us and were talking amongst themselves or more like they were arguing. What looked like a fat little monk was saying: "Forgive and forget, I say, we ought to give him a second chance —"

"My dear Friar, haven't we given Peeves all the chances he deserves? He gives us all a bad name and you know, he's not really even a ghost — I say, what are you all doing here?"

A ghost wearing a ruff and tights had suddenly noticed us first years. I stared coldly at them and their lies.

"Ah! New students!" said the Fat Friar, smiling around at us. "First years, yes?"

Some of the others nodded.

"Hope to see you in Hufflepuff!" said the Friar. "My old house, you know."

"Move along now," said a sharp voice. "The Sorting Ceremony's about to start."

McGonagall had returned. One by one, the ghosts floated away through the opposite wall.

"Now, form a line," McGonagall told us first years, "and follow me."

I along with everyone else followed the teacher out of the chamber, back through the hall and into a pair of open double doors that lead us into the Great Hall. The hundreds of faces staring at us looked like pale lanterns in the flickering candlelight. Dotted here and there among the students, the ghosts shone misty silver. I felt the stares and smiled, looking around at those second to seventh years stare with smirks and knowing looks. The tables were long- four columns of them with golden utensils such as gold goblets and gold plates. At the front was the head table where I recognised Dumbcor- I mean Dumbledore immediately. Big Man Hagrid was at the end of one side of the table and Snape was sitting between him and a man with a strange turban. I didn't know the others. Up above us were candles lit up floating above everybody and a night sky ceiling above those. It was amazing.

McGonagall led us first years up to the head table, so that we came to a halt in a line facing the other students, with the teachers behind us. I heard Hermione whisper, "It's bewitched to look like the sky outside. I read about it in Hogwarts, A History."

I quickly looked down again as McGonagall silently placed a four-legged stool in front of us first years. On top of the stool she put a pointed wizard's hat. This hat was patched and frayed and extremely dirty. Petunia wouldn't have let it in the house. This is the hat Snape told me about. He wasn't lying after all.

For a few seconds, there was complete silence. Then the hat twitched. A rip near the brim opened wide like a mouth — and the hat began to sing:

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see,

I'll eat myself if you can find

A smarter hat than me.

You can keep your bowlers black,

Your top hats sleek and tall,

For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat

And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head

The Sorting Hat can't see,

So try me on and I will tell you

Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,

Where dwell the brave at heart,

Their daring, nerve, and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart;
You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil;
Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,
if you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;
Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means
To achieve their ends.
So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And don't get in a flap!
You're in safe hands (though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

The whole hall burst into applause as the hat finished its song. I clapped slowly. The hat bowed to each of the four tables and then became quite still again.

"So we've just got to try on the hat!" the red head whispered to the sharp faced boy. "I'll kill Fred, he was going on about wrestling a troll."

The sharp faced boy chuckled while I smiled weakly. It was only a matter of time before everyone in the hall knew the body to my name. McGonagall now stepped forward holding a long roll of parchment.

"When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted," she said.

Names began getting called out. Each one that was sorted into a house, the house would clap and woot. The first of the group of people I've met so far to get sorted was Hermione Granger. She almost ran up to the stool and eagerly jammed the hat onto her head.

"GRYFFINDOR!" shouted the hat.

A few more people got sorted before it was Neville's turn. He fell over on his way up to the stool. He looked so nervous, sitting on that stool and it seemed a long time for the hat to decide and place Neville in Gryffindor. Neville ran off, forgetting to take the hat off he had to go back and hand it to the next kid, MacDougal, Morag McGonagall had called out. She was sorted into Ravenclaw. Malfoy swaggered forward when his name was called and got his wish at once: the hat had barely touched his head when it screamed, "SLYTHERIN!" Well, I'm at a lost now about going into that house even though I had wanted to. I didn't like the fact that I would be joining that bigot just to be in the house of a professor I thought was... I don't know how to end that sentence.

"Parikh, Sharma." McGonagall called.

"See you both on the flip side," Shawn said, winking before heading up to the stool.

It took a while to sort him too. The hat must be reading our thoughts and memories because after the hat yelled, "HUFFLEPUFF!" Shawn handed the hat back to the professor and walked down from the stage, his face white as snow and he shook like a leaf. He looked at Kate and me, and then glanced behind him at the man with the turban before collapsing onto the ground right there.

"Shawn!" Kate yelled.

I watched as she ran over to him, kneeling by his side. She was checking for a pulse and breathing before looking behind her and straight at me. Should I help him or should I not?

"Harry! Please help him." Kate cried.

I slowly walked up the stairs and over to Shawn who seemed to be having a fit, his eyes rolled to the back of his head with a light glow of blue around his body. Already knowing what this was, I kneeled down beside him and placed my finger tips on the side of his head. This was for a stronger connection between our minds. Whenever someone is having a violent vision, they do this but they would have to be careful if they don't want to damage either of their minds. Taking a deep breath, I plunged into his mind.

I immediately hit a barrier. I blinked and saw myself facing a door. I knocked on it and the door swung opened. I walked through and right there in front of me was a strange scene. On the outside, Kate touched my shoulder and she was suddenly by my side.

A wave of images crashed down upon our brains and we watched the confused jumble of visions Shawn had experienced just before he collapsed. The Turban man had two faces. One was Turban man's which at first was confident and arrogant before he fell to his knees, tears running down his face; his eyes showing true fear.

"No, please. No more." he begged, his voice quivering.

The other on the back was harmless but then it turned ugly to show a snake like face behind his head. It hissed and snarled. Its red glowing eyes grew wide as it sneered at us. I felt the power rolling off the dark form. There was a stone, a red stone, sitting in the middle of a room in front of the mirror.

"The Philosopher's Stone will be yours Master." whispered the Turban man's mouth, now his lips were curling.

"Excellent Quirrell and make sure you don't get caught! Punishment will lay beyond your path," said the voice behind Turban man's head.

"I will get it soon. I seek it but I cannot find it..."

The stone was clearly in front of him but he could not see it.

The image of the stone in the mirror in the middle of the room swirled out of sight leaving Turban man and his back face in the dark corridor with a door at the end of it and a gargoyle statue that looked like it was grinning with a patched eye. Shawn, Kate and I found ourselves facing against Turban man in the skin. Kate bit him in the neck, Shawn light blue tentacles reach out from his mind and wrapped it around Turban man's head and I flew and grabbed his face. Quirrell began disappearing with screams and cold laughter ringing from the back of his head and bouncing off the imaginary walls of reality. It was the same laugh from Voldemort on the night he killed my parents. I pushed and pushed, healing the patch in Shawn's brain with surprising ease. The echoes were gone but not the memory.

TC

~Posted: 20th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Seven

So Kate's a Vampire, Shawn possessed the inner eye and I was psychokinetic. Vampires, especially powerful ones like Kate is can not only have super speed, strength, agility, balance and extra sensory perception but she is also a Day-walking Vampire with the ability of telepathy. People with the inner eye have the ability to see auras, get visions, telepathy and extra sensory perception. People with psychokinetic ability can do much more than the other two since it's closely linked to super human ability. They could also time travel, teleport, shape shift, deform objects, fly, heal, and alter the universe and all by mind power- though the part about altering the universe is a bit beyond me at the moment; time travel too if what would be happening in a moment wasn't considered time travelling.

We all knew our secrets before coming to Hogwarts. We all mastered the skills that came along with our infliction. We all had a secret. We all knew the secrets together in a place of sensitivity. I and along with Kate and Shawn wished that this sort of intimate connection happened at another time and not in Shawn's mind. I felt like we violated his mind. We weren't exactly friends but we accepted each other. We can trust each other with our secrets. From just entering each other's minds, we were without meaning to knew everything about each other. That meant they knew about my... living conditions. I would have to be careful the next time I set a close contact connection of telepathy- I wouldn't want to reveal everything that I knew.

We finally pulled apart and found that time had went back to the moment of Shawn beginning sorted. The yell of "RAVENCLAW!" rung in our ears and we opened our eyes to see where we were, back before Shawn fainted. Shawn stood where he was and we looked at each other. Kate smiled and the three of us nodded to each other though there was shock evident on Shawn's face as well as Kate's. What had happened felt like a month had passed between us and the rest of the world. Time reversed at my will. Shawn walked down to Ravenclaw table which greeted with enthusiastic claps and congratulations.

"Oh Harry," Kate sighed, placing a hand on my shoulder and surprising enough, I hadn't flinched. "We will have to stick together."

"We will see." I said curtly, shrugging her hand away from me.

It didn't matter what house we were sorted to because we would be together no matter what. Our rare 'friendship' was hard to come by. It was perhaps coincidence that the three of us with different but also same abilities came together. Then at last —

"Potter, Harry!"

As I stepped forward, whispers suddenly broke out like little hissing fires all over the hall.

"Potter, did she say?"

"The Harry Potter?"

I rolled my eyes and sat down on the stool, placing the hat over my head and covering my eyes. The hall disappeared leaving me with the darkness inside of the hat. I waited.

"Hmm. I wondered when I would be seeing you Mister Potter."

I almost groaned at the irony of the hat sounding like Ollivander.

"Interesting mind you have here, Potter. Intelligence like no other. There is defiantly talent! Oh yes. A hard worker and a thirst to prove yourself. Very strong willed. Pity that you don't see anything wrong with those Muggle's treatment towards you. So where shall I put you?"

"Somewhere other than Slytherin, please." I thought in my mind.

"Are you sure?" the hat asked. "A few hours ago you wanted to be in Slytherin for the sole reason of being under the house of the first wizard you had met after such an absence. Now you don't want to in fear of dealing with Mister Malfoy over there...but I wouldn't call it fear. No, it's more like dread, isn't it? In your blood dwells the blood of the Potters, Peverells, Evans, Gryffindor and Hufflepuff. But a Slytherin in soul... Hm, hm, hm! Let it be... RAVENCLAW!"

I took the hat off and watched as the hall, or more specifically, the Ravenclaw table erupt in a full on party mode receiving the loudest

cheers yet. I handed the hat to the professor and nodded. I noticed Turban man's tense state, Snape's frown and both Dumbledore's and McGonagall's thoughtful look. I smiled and walked over to Ravenclaw table. I was greeted with a lot of people wanting to shake my hand which I did and I didn't notice some of the girls faint as soon as I did.

I sat down next to Shawn and we watched as the ceremony continued. After the sharp faced boy, Simon Runcorn was sorted into Gryffindor and a few kids later, the red head, Ronald Weasley, got sorted into Gryffindor, it was Kateryna Yuri's turn. She all but jumped up onto the stage as if she was about to make the biggest and happiest announcement the world would ever hear. She sat down and the hat was placed on her head. She took a while too before the hat yelled, "RAVENCLAW!" Ravenclaw students cheered and wooted. I noticed they only went full on party mode for me but I didn't let that go into my head. Shawn and Kate grinned when she sat down and I just nodded my head. The last kid, "Zabini, Blaise," was made a Slytherin.

"Dude, thanks for covering for me." Shawn said, while McGonagall rolled up the scroll and took the hat away.

"You're welcome." I replied.

Dumbledore had gotten to his feet. He was beaming at us students, his arms opened wide, as if nothing could have pleased him more than to see them all there.

"Welcome," he said. "Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts! Before we begin our banquet, I would like to say a few words. And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!

"Thank you!"

He sat back down. Everybody clapped and cheered. The three of us looked at each other.

"He's a bit mad isn't he?" Shawn asked, hardly able to contain his laughter.

"Perhaps," I said, shrugging.

"We know your views on the man." Kate said. "I agree with you. That guy can be manipulative."

"Yeah. What Kate said."

There in front of us, food suddenly appeared. A lot of food. The sight made me feel sick. Our house ghost was Lady Grey. She seemed nice if not a bit... dreamy. She casted us three a curious look before a small smile appeared on her face and she floated past us.

"I do not think I could eat anymore." I declared.

"You haven't eaten anything yet." Shawn said.

"Yes, well, I think I need a bit of fresh air. Yes, that is perhaps what I need."

I got up and left the Great Hall immediately but calmly as if nothing was wrong and nobody would follow me. Not only did the sight of food make me ill but now knowing two people in the world knew exactly everything about me was worrying. Would I be able to distance myself? I could wipe their memories. That was a thought.

Shawn's parents split up when he was two after moving to America because of the fiasco happening in India only to re-unite for their son's sake because he possessed the inner eye. They are very kind people except they could get a bit judgemental when it came to scores and results received in school. Shawn and his family were teased and bullied, receiving total racism from some bigots of the American public but they stayed strong and I was glad they did. Shawn's ability gave him some advantage against the other kids at his old elementary school. It allowed him to win numerous community awards and win high distinctions in every academic competition he went into; though mostly it was his diligent efforts in studying and working hard with only a little help from his third eye. They live in Boston where everything they needed to function in life was at their hands. Plus his parents could just walk to work which is probably one of the reasons why they were so fit. Both of his parents have the inner eye too but that didn't mean they saw eye to eye on a few things. If anything, Shawn felt isolated from his parents in the busy city life and academic achievement seemed to be the only thing that would get his parents' attention.

Kate was a different story. Despite the differences between her parents, they managed to stick together to raise a happy family. They too were very different kind of people. Her father could be a bit scary with all his scientific speak but her mother has such warmth towards everything she did. Like Kate, her father was a vampire. Her parents live in a place that was isolated in the woods. It was because of this reason that her father was bitten in the height of the magical world war. After her parents refused to join, her father was forever cursed with no reagent that could stop the acid from spreading and thus made him become a full vampire. Then they had a child, Kate, who also turned out to be a vampire but by birth. Kate too went to primary school but she didn't have any friends like Shawn but it was because they thought she was 'a strange little bitch' and she received discrimination against her gender because of how well she was able to perform in school. Her father thinks he knows everything about child emotions and always seems to point it out to her in a patronising way whenever she acts outside the 'norm'. The worst thing was her mother just parrots what her father says.

Now I'm somewhere where I belong. That was hardly what I had initially thought. Everyone here is so bone dead stupid. How could anyone get an education here? I should be back out there training myself and then make a better life for myself, away from these simpletons. But I needed to know my past and how Dumbcore was involved. I need my revenge. Dare mess with my life and throw me to the side like garbage? Yes, I'll kill him slowly and watch his blood ooze right out of him with a sharp carving knife plunged into his heart, staining the cold stone floor in the great hall where everyone could see...

"Child of Gryffindor and Hufflepuff," said a voice and I suddenly halted in my steps.

I turned around, looking for the source of the voice but there wasn't any.

"Reveal yourself." I demanded.

"You are within me, child. I am Hogwarts Castle and you, my child, have suffered long enough."

It was a female's voice, cool and collected.

"Kateryna?" I whispered.

"I am not your companion. I am who I said I am: Hogwarts."

I paused, processing all of this and the sorting. I have blood of the Potters, Peverells, Evans, Gryffindor and Hufflepuff. But a Slytherin within my soul.

"Why did you call me 'Child of Gryffindor and Hufflepuff' if you do not mind me asking, Miss Hogwarts."

I must be getting delusional, talking to myself in this fashion.

"I see you have been neglected of so much from the current headmaster who forcibly became your magical guardian. Making your living conditions. Keeping information from reaching you. It is time that I step in to guide you on your path."

"My path. Right. And what does this have to do with you?"

"I am a castle built by the four founders of Hogwarts: Salazar Slytherin, Helga Hufflepuff, Godric Gryffindor and Rowena Ravenclaw."

"I know this. Could you please get to the point?" I said in a kind tone.

The castle sighed.

"Child of Gryffindor and Hufflepuff, your mother came from a long line of squibs. Her parents found out about this, the magic that grew and grew by generation to generation, and were able to give only one of their children the ability to do magic. Your mother was granted this ability. It turned out she and her sibling are descendants from Helga Hufflepuff but her parents died before she and her sibling, your aunt, Petunia Evans, found out. Your father on the other hand came from a long line of pureblood Wizards and Witches, one that could be traced back past Godric Gryffindor and right to Ignotus Peverell- one of the famous Peverell brothers who had possessed the three deathly hallows. I suggest you look them up in the library."

"Would it be safe to presume that I am in fact a... pureblood wizard?"

"Not a presumption, dear but a fact. I can tell you that Albus Dumbledore was not happy when he found you have stopped his rights from entering your vaults. That is perhaps very wise."

"Can you tell me more about him? Albus Dumbledore?"

"Not yet, my dear. Tonight is too much. We will continue this conversation at another time. For now, I suggest you return to the Great Hall and try to stomach some potatoes... you look quite underweight."

"Thank you Hogwarts." I said politely. "But I do not think I can. Could you show me where the Ravenclaw dormitories are?"

The castle paused and then I felt her smile.

"I can transport you there directly but I think in the future you'd manage yourself with that lovely ability of teleporting you have developed- a Muggle ability but no less very useful in places that prevent apparition."

I stood, waiting and then felt as if I was pulled and forced into a rubber tube.

A few seconds later I was spat out and tumbled on the ground. I jumped back on my feet and straighten my robes.

"I very much dislike apparition. It was not quite as bad when I travelled with Professor Snape."

The castle chuckled.

"I'm sorry for causing you to fall. Perhaps a copy of the school map would suffice for your navigation if you'd like to teleport rather than my methods."

"If you could." I said.

A map appeared in the air, hovered for a moment before descending slowly towards me. I took hold of it while it was still in air and it ceased to hover or float. It was a thin piece of paper which expanded if you wanted to zoom into a particular place on the map.

"This would prove to be useful." I muttered.

I looked up and saw a wooden door with a brass knocker in a shape of an eagle. It was a dead end. The eagle began to speak.

"I cut through evil like a double edged sword, And chaos flees at my approach. Balance I single-handedly upraise, Through battles fought with heart and mind, Instead of with my gaze. What am I?" said the eagle.

I snorted, rolling my eyes.

"You would be Justice." I said with confidence.

The door swung open and I stepped right in.

The Ravenclaw common room was wide and circular. Its windows were high and arched and the walls hung blue and bronze silks with a raven and the letter R. The ceiling was a dome shape with stars in midnight blue mirroring the soft carpet. There were tables, chairs, and bookcases that cover the expanse of the floor, and a white-marble statue of Rowena Ravenclaw sits next to the door that leads to the dormitories above.

"Welcome to the Ravenclaw common room," Hogwarts said, "The boys' dormitories are through the left staircase. The girls' dormitories are to the right. Through the respective corridors would be eight doors: one for each year and the eighth door is the rest and shower rooms. Opening the one labelled 'one' would take you into your homeroom which would have five more doors. Each door leads to a bedroom. This set up is almost like the Slytherin dormitories but very different to the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff dormitories since they share a big room with five people instead of having a homeroom and individual rooms. The reason is to gain independence and allow a peaceful environment. Your belongings would be in the homeroom. Pick a room, take your belongings in them and stick with it. Inspection of rooms would happen tomorrow morning and also again at the end of the year."

I nodded and walked up through the left staircase. I was indeed met with a corridor with eight doors. All the doors were opened and I went to the one labelled 'one'. There were five other doors in the

home room. I picked the one on the right, opening the door and inspecting the room before coming back to the home room and got my things, shutting the door behind me.

Once I placed my trunk at the end of my bed and Felicity released from her cage, I sat down on the bed and looked all around me. It was a bit bigger than my bedroom at the Dursleys but I didn't mind since I wasn't going to use much space anyways. The bed had pillows, blankets and covers with sapphire velvet curtains, a bedside table, a wardrobe and a cupboard. There was a window and I looked out to see mountains surrounding the castle with tall trees which easily calms anybody.

I changed into a faded old t-shirt and baggy old jeans before hopping into the surprising coolness of the bed. I took off the glasses and placed it on the table before looking up at the ceiling. I sighed, blinking and then relaxing. That vision Shawn had was interesting and it was a very strange way to make companions with a strange unbreakable bond. I fell asleep, the vision haunting me.

TC

~Posted: 21st Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

Year One

Chapter Eight

Where ever I went, there were whispers and people pointing me out.

"There, look."

"Where?"

"The one who's scowling."

"Wearing the glasses?"

"Did you see his face?"

"Did you see his scar?"

One glance at them made them turn into stone: quiet, frozen and unsure. I scowled at them and their pathetic attitude of flaunting over me. My eyes held detachment, blankness and a lack of emotion which was the reason for them to react in that way. I didn't like the way people pointed at me rudely and gaped like fish missing water. I didn't like or ask for this fame or this positive feedback towards me being the hero. Plus I don't deserve this unrequited attention. I barely knew what I was doing at the age of one and nobody should like a freak like me. Until I've achieved something to show that I wasn't just a name, I'd be acting nonchalant thanks. I'm just here for an education. Nobody dared to jest me or treated me like a god damn angel fallen from the heavens after my silent message got through to everyone.

The way the school was set up was unnecessarily big- but that's my opinion since I'm so use to living in places of little room. There were hidden corridors and rooms, moving staircases at the Great Staircase, doors that were too stubborn to open unless you're polite, ghosts came and go through everything and magical passageways out of the castle... and parts of the castle that are simply too far away to get to without being told off and made to walk back. I almost knew every bit of the main and unrestricted parts of the castle from top to bottom within the first two days which from then on prevented me from arriving to class late. Filch and his cat was always on patrol,

looking for trouble where there isn't any. He and the cat, Misses Norris, looked quite strange together.

I was enjoying my subjects if only the teachers made it interesting. These are the teachers I like or at least I respect: Snape (respect but I do not like), McGonagall, Sprout, Flitwick, Hooch, Sinistra... actually every teacher I've had so far except for Quirrell and Binns. Quirrell because Kate, Shawn and I knew he is evil but also his stuttering and smelly room was not an environment we could learn with ease and Binns is a ghost who drowns on and on without failing to make most of the class fall asleep. We got our time tables the first day of school from our head of house Flitwick at breakfast after room inspection. I had erased their memories of the vision and the background exchange from them that morning in the common room when we met up. They seem to have not suspected a thing.

"Have you guys read the expectation sheet?" Kate had asked.

Shawn rolled his eyes. "It's the most stupid thing I've ever seen!"

I walked right past them. They waved and I just simply nodded.

I was fast with my homework, doing them the night we got them and worked on my assignments freely leaving a lot of time to 'chat' with Hogwarts and 'relax'. It was apparent that I liked organisation and getting things done as soon as possible. Quality and quantity for me were important and studying alone in silence was an advantage in remembering facts and theories. I had since drawn up more charts and chanted, practised wand work and spells. I could tell that I would have no problem dominating the rest of the first years if I continued doing absolutely smashingly. Though this I had to resist. I didn't want any more attention if I did very well in class. Other people have to be acknowledged after all so I made sure I made wrong statements and quoted things incorrectly- that insured I was at least in the top ten of the first years and didn't stand out too brightly from the others.

Now the reason why Snape has become only someone I respected was because of our first potions class. Snape from then on had been horrible and not the teacher I had expected back at Diagon Alley. He was horrible but his teaching methods drove us to aim high every time. I think it's because of his skill of placing stress on us.

It was the first potions lesson. The Gryffindor and Slytherin students had double potions in the morning of Friday while we had ours in the afternoon. It was clear that Snape didn't have a very good mood by the time we walked into the potions classroom which is situated in the dungeons. He had been pinching the bridge of his big nose, his back looking all tense and facing the door. For the Hufflepuff students' sakes, we Ravenclaw students sat at the front of the class. They were a nervous bunch- probably heard from others that Snape was a horrible git.

He turned around and with one sweeping look at us made us all quiet. He began taking calling out the roll like Flitwick and like Flitwick; he paused at my s name.

"Ah, Yes," he said softly, "Harry Potter. Our new — celebrity."

I continued to look impassive.

When Snape was done he walked to the front of the class, facing us with a almost un-noticeable sneer on his face.

"You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion making," he began. "As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic. I don't expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses...I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death — if you aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach."

More silence followed this little speech.

"Potter!" said Snape suddenly.

While others flinched, I turned my head slowly to face him.

"Yes Professor Snape?" I asked as I rose up from my seat.

"What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

'By adding powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood, you would get the Draught of Living Death, Professor Snape which is more commonly known as the sleeping potion and the most powerful of sleeping potions ever made as of today.' Was what I thought to myself but instead I said,

"I do not know, Professor Snape."

"Potter, where would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?"

'A bezoar is a stone taken from the stomach of a goat and it will save you from most poisons, Professor Snape.' I was thinking but I continued to pretend that I didn't know and said,

"I do not know, Professor Snape."

There was silence in the air. He was smirking.

"And what is the difference, Potter, between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

I took a deep breath. Now or never.

"There is no difference except for the name. They are aconites, Professor Snape."

"Yes," he drawled. His eyes narrowed. "Five points from Ravenclaw for let's see... not being Ravenclaw enough to answer the first two questions."

Was that a jab at me for even hoping to be in Slytherin? If it was anyone else he was looking at, that person would have shrunk away. I stared right back, my empty eyes opening into my mind giving whoever who looked skin deep the illusion that it was blank and empty and full of white clouds and dark smog. Of course behind that would be the wall that Kate and Shawn have also. He looked into my empty green eyes and a moment later turned away in an attempt to hide the shiver that ran down his back.

I sat back down calmly feeling his treatment towards me worst than somebody ignoring me. I shouldn't have suspected the Wizarding world was different.

People were crying in our rage.

"Silence!" He snarled making everyone shut up at once. "Quills and parchment out."

After we began writing notes and listening to the professor lecture about properties of potion ingredients and safety (he seemed to be looking at the Hufflepuff students at the describing of safety), the second hour was a nice practical which we had to brew a simple potion to cure boils. We were placed into groups of two and he made sure it we didn't end up with friends. But I had a sneaky suspicion that it was because he wanted the 'smarts' to make sure the 'dumbs' don't explode the classroom. Kate went with Hannah Abbot, I went with Stephen Cornfoot and Shawn went with Wayne Hopkins.

Stephen was silent for most of the time, except for asking me why we had to do the potion my way instead of what the book said. He looked at my book to see my notes and hints were all over the pages before falling silent and read from my book instead. It was getting far too annoying with him peering over my shoulder.

"I can transfer a copy of the notes to your book if you like." I said quietly as I was cutting up some roots.

"Oh I wouldn't want-"

"You are my partner," I said. "If it would help you understand this subject better, I insist."

Stephen slowly smiled. With my wand, I tapped his potions book, then my own and then back on his while muttering a few strings of words. Both books glowed for a moment before it was gone. Opening his book it still belonged to Stephen only with my notes inside. My one still had my notes in it.

"I thought I stated clearly, Potter, that there would be no need for foolish wand waving in this class." said a voice.

The voice was no other than Professor Snape. I bowed my head.

"Sorry Professor Snape." I said quietly.

"Unfortunately, that isn't enough for disregarding the rules," Snape drawled. "Five points from Ravenclaw."

"He was just giving me a copy of his notes, sir!" Stephen called out of turn.

Snape seemed not have heard him until he snatched my potions book. It was inspected twice and both times by Snape who had expressed something close to surprise but hid it well enough nobody who couldn't sense people could see it.

"What's this? You take it upon yourself to make up your own methods while you have absolutely no experience? Really, Potter. Who do you think you are?"

"I am nobody." I answered with conviction. Then I whispered, avoiding looking at anyone, "I am a Freak."

After a moment, silently, Snape handed me back my potions book before walking away.

"Well, that was odd." Stephen said, having not heard what I whispered.

"It definitely was." I said, turning back to our potion.

Did he hate me? It seemed he does. Maybe he was just speechless of me for speaking the truth.

"Idiot boy!" Snape snarled a moment later. "What was the rule about awareness of your surroundings while in the laboratory?"

We all turned around to see Shawn sprawled on the stone ground with a look of emptiness before humane emotions of embarrassment and thoughtfulness returned. Snape was standing a few feet away from him and was adjusting his clothes. Shawn failed to answer him.

"Five points from Ravenclaw for complete disregard of the rules," Snape spat. "Now get up."

"Y-yes sir." Shawn stuttered, standing up quickly with Wayne helping him.

Decent teacher but not a decent guy at all.

When the bell rang, we packed up and handed in our samples with our names labelled on the vials. I left the room quickly but Shawn and Kate caught up to me.

"Hey guys." Shawn called.

On a closer look, Shawn looked different. I slowed down and waited for them to catch up.

"I have to tell you something." Shawn said, looking at me.

"We can talk now, Sharma." I said.

"No, I mean, in private. It's top secret kinda."

"I know of an empty classroom. We can go there." I said.

"Good. Yeah. Let's go there."

Then I began walking away to the classroom with Kate and Shawn following behind me.

Once we got there, I flicked my wand and privacy charms were placed all over the room.

"What is it you wanted to tell me about?" I asked.

"I had a vision when I... You know. Snape."

"What?" Kate asked, excited.

Shawn nodded. I pretended to not know what Shawn was talking about.

"What is this about visions?" I asked carefully.

"I... I wasn't intending to tell you this but I've got the third eye."

"He told me yesterday when we somehow knew each other's past up until last night and after he found out a snippet of Voldemort's past." Kate said.

I looked from Kate to Shawn.

"Why are you telling me?" I asked.

"The vision was a prophecy about you. There was two parts in this vision though." Shawn replied.

Kate seemed to be thinking and Shawn replied with a, "Right."

I was interested. What was this vision he saw? And that one they mentioned about Voldemort when he was younger.

"Right. Well the first one was of Snape. I don't know what he was doing in a pub but he, Dumbledore and that creepy lady were already in the pub, talking. And then a guy who looked like Dumbledore but was probably the bar owner made a racket. Totally fake and had threw Snape out. Second one was a prophecy was being made in the same pub, yeah? Dumbledore was ordering her and stuff, making sure she remembered to include the necessary information. The creepy lady began saying stuff in a weird voice. You know, like someone was suffocating. And..."

Shawn glanced at us, hesitant and a bit unsure.

"What things were said?" I asked.

""The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches" erm... "Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies" uh... "And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not" huh... "and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives." Word for word."

"And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal..." Kate looked thoughtful before gasping. Everything made sense for some reason. Shawn and Kate looked at scar which was hidden behind my fringe. Kate thought it was necessary to gasp, "Harry!"

I turned away from them. The anger that was swelling up within me was nothing compared to that moment when I found out I was a wizard. My eyes were ablaze now. Here is the proof that Dumbcore was controlling not me but my life. Voldemort only went after me

because of the prophecy that Dumbcore made chose me. Now the question of why was confused with what. A prophecy that Dumbcore made happen to make sure I was involved in his elaborate plans to destroy Voldemort. Bastard! It didn't go too well that first time, did it Dumbledore? Thought he was dead and I'm useless, didn't you? Leaving me with the Dursleys and wanting them to keep me from knowing who I am... he didn't care about me or my living state! He simply didn't care who was going to suffer because he didn't say anything that would risk my life.

My Ravenclaw mind was made up. I could never trust Dumbcore. Now that Shawn's vision of Quirrell with Voldemort's laugh convinces me that he hadn't died at all and that I might be used again makes me hate Dumbcore even more. I bet if I find a will from my biological parents it'll say not to send me to the Dursleys or allow Dumbcore be my magical guardian. Well! Dumbcore wouldn't be manipulating me no more. The demeanour Dumbcore shows... fake! Mad? Yes, he's mad! Wait till I wrap my hands around his neck... for now I would have to do loads of research about Voldemort. I'll be defeating Voldemort alright but with my own purpose and by myself. The guy who killed my parents. I'd be the lone soldier. An independent child. But how is Voldemort still alive and how the fuck do kill him off permanently? Okay, I'm being paranoid now. Must calm down. Living with the Dursleys made me like this I guess... that doesn't stop me from thinking Dumbcore's a manipulative bastard! I'd have to rely on my acting skills to get some information from Dumbledore. Bastard.

"Harry?" a soft voice called.

Two different hands were touching my shoulders in the empty classroom. I came back and looked at the two figures in front of me.

"Promise me not to tell anyone of your visions." I said.

"Sure! I wouldn't want to anyways." Shawn said. "Kinda creepy and dark. Hey, if I get any more, I'll keep you in the loop."

I smiled slightly, only slightly. They could be useful for me. They are smart but not as smart as I am. They have abilities, abilities that are so very different to the other simpletons. They looked so easy to crush...

"Thank you. And thank you for informing me." I said. "I... I have to be alone for a moment. Excuse me."

I left the classroom and walked down the corridor. A prophecy! That's why Voldemort came running to me. Was this the only other thing Dumbledore had done in my life? Or was there more behind this? I was frustrated, realised the only person who had the answers was Dumbledore.

TC

~Posted: 23rd Day/2nd Month/2010th year

Author's note: I have been diagnosed with clinical depression yesterday (or two days ago which ever way you see it) by my psychologist of four months. I have now taken a break from teaching for I cannot watch my illness infect the beautiful young minds and if I did stay to teach I would surely be labelled as being a very selfish man. I do not know when the next update will be but there will be one. The chapters have been written up as well as the next three installments. All that they need is some editing and posting... I think. Thank you. Nat.

First Year

Chapter Nine

My thoughts on my first few weeks at Hogwarts are that the wizards and witches here are very very stupid- just like 'Muggles'. It took a lot of effort not to snarl and to keep my calm and stoic demeanour when seeing their stupidity. They have all this magic and yet they don't use it in the right places. Muggles and Squibs at least have an excuse. There was absolutely no difference between the two groups in terms of behaviour and attitudes- the only difference was Wizards and Witches have magic while Squibs and Muggles don't. Voldemort had it right though, soaking everything up and then marched right into the rest of the Wizarding world and tried to take over it. Maybe I could try that... and actually succeed!

When I was at the Dursleys, they were the masters of my life. I did what they told me to do and be punished when I didn't do something right. I wondered how that felt. I could try being the master of both worlds and make these simpletons do what I tell them and punish them for not following or do something right to my expectations. I would have the Dursleys (especially Vernon and Dudley) serve me the way they made me and kill Dumbledore and Voldemort. I don't need to listen to what the Dursleys say. They can go stick up themselves where the sun doesn't shine. I do what I like. I control myself. Not them. Especially not Dumbledore. I should be the one ruling over them! They're wrong. They're the bad people. They made my life miserable, making me out as being a bloody House Elf. But I don't hate the Dursleys as much as the person who made me live with them. I will have my revenge. I would be a freak but a very powerful freak and ruler of the world. Nobody would dare to control me then! I would be famous for something that I did knowingly.

I have begun organising myself. I confirmed to myself that Voldemort is alive and inside the school at the moment. Somehow, he had gotten Quirrell to be his host and lived within him. Like in the vision Shawn had, the head of Voldemort was perhaps on the back of Quirrell's head thus the reason why there's a turban around his head. There was also the magical signature- not aura as I had initially called it- that showed one so familiar to the one I had seen when I was one and another. One belonged to Voldemort and the other belonged to Quirrell. Did Dumbledore notice this? I think he did not and it was then I realised just how powerful I was. And I began

to let my true strength show in my classes, impressing the teachers. But I wasn't very interested in impressing, just showing my true potential and getting the marks I deserve.

Now I need to find out just how Voldemort became immortal and what that stone he seeks is.

I had asked Hogwarts but she said it wasn't any of my business.

I also really want to know about my past! I would have influenced Dumbledore somehow...

On a separate note, I realised I wouldn't be able to leave the Dursleys unless I change my guardians. I would have been able to grow a guardian out of me if I had learnt how to do so already. So in my free time, I began pushing my boundaries of what I can do.

That morning after a quick breakfast alone in my bedroom, I went to the library just as Hogwarts suggested I should. It was empty save for Madam Pince and a girl with wild bushy hair. I walked in slowly as Hermione looked up at my arrival. She quickly hid herself behind the big book again.

"Hermione Granger," I said, walking over to her. "Hello."

"Hi Harry Potter," she said, looking up again.

"Do you always come in this early?" I asked.

She shrugged and flipped a page.

"Would you mind if I join you?" I asked.

"Knock yourself out."

"Thank you." I said, sitting down.

There was silence between us until Hermione flipped the page again.

"Do you know what people think of you now?" she asked, her eyes on the page but not reading.

"No, I do not. Enlighten me, Miss Granger."

She glanced at me and shook her head in almost what looked like disbelief.

She shut her book closed and folded her arms on it, leaning in.

"They think you're heartless, cold, lonely, miserable and dark." she whispered, her eyes looking into my own.

"Why is that?" I whispered back, not blinking away from those lovely brown eyes.

"You show absolutely no human emotions. Your eyes hold emptiness and your expressions are blank. Whatever comes out of your mouth sounds so unnatural for your age. You act differently. It's in the way you carry yourself. It's as if you're lifeless and miserable."

"Is that so?" I questioned, seeing some truth in the 'lifeless and miserable'. Now knowing another point of view on me made me think. Is that really how I come across as? Maybe I could change their perceptions without changing myself... now that was a thought. "And you, Hermione Granger who is most probably the most intelligent student in first year, think the same as 'them'?"

"I wouldn't say the most intelligent..." Hermione said, her eyebrows knitted and giving me a pointed stare. "I now think the same as them simply because of the fact that I've now met you."

"Life makes my identity difficult and complex to those who do not know me so well." I said, a smile slowly appearing.

A frightened look crossed her features before she huffed, packing her things up and left the library immediately.

I frowned. I was acting friendly and she just walked off! How rude of her. They are definitely all the same. I stood up and strode over to where Hogwarts guided me. She showed me a shelf, like any shelf, filled with books. I rolled my eyes until I read the spines. Slowly, my hands reached up and touched the fragile binding. Knowledge. I love knowledge. It made me smarter and that I could use against people.

Picking the book out, I placed it down on the study desk, my upper body looming over the dusty book. I thought to myself, what kind of stone would Voldemort want? What is a Philosopher's Stone? He's immortal, isn't he? I pulled out the chair under the desk and sat myself down, pondering. The only reason something would feed off a host was because the host had something the parasite did not. Life, a body... and strength.

I sighed and opened the book, from the back and went straight to the index page, looking up 'life'. I flipped to page ninety six- it wasn't the right page. It suggested another page and I flipped to that but it still wasn't what I was looking for. And then I flipped to the last suggested page, page three hundred and twenty five. I had closed my eyes, hoping it is the right page I was looking for before opening them.

The page read, 'The ancient study of alchemy is concerned with making the Philosopher's Stone, a legendary substance with astonishing powers. The stone will transform any metal into pure gold. It also produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal. There have been many reports of the Philosopher's Stone over the centuries, but the only Stone currently in existence belongs to Mister Nicolas Flamel, the noted alchemist and opera lover. Mister Flamel, who celebrated his six hundred and sixty-fifth birthday last year, enjoys a quiet life in Devon with his wife, Perenelle (six hundred and fifty-eight)'

I frowned, unconsciously tapping on the wooden desk. I've found the page but how could a stone belonging to this Flamel person be at Hogwarts? The description suited what I was looking for. That name, Nicolas Flamel, was familiar. My hand went into my robe pocket and took out Dumbledore's chocolate frog card, I looked at it absently, my eyes scanning the words lazy before widening.

"Nicolas Flamel!" I gaped. "and his work on alchemy with his partner, Nicolas Flamel'. Merlin's beard..."

The castle laughed.

"So it definitely is the Philosopher's Stone then? It's in the castle somewhere, that's why Voldemort's here. He wants to steal it."

"That is what is happening. It was he who made Quirinus try to steal the stone at Gringotts, a few weeks after your trip to Diagon Alley with Severus."

It made sense. Flamel and Dumbledore are friends and Dumbledore's helping to protect it now that Voldemort seeks it. Now that I have the evidence, the vision must be true!

"The current headmaster has it hidden with many obstacles preventing anyone from getting it." The castle supplied.

"Does Dumbledore know we're communicating?"

"He does not. Its one thing to be a castle under the headmaster's control but it's another to whom the castle likes to speak to. The headmaster is perhaps a bit ill in the mind and would be more if Tom Riddle comes back to life."

"Tom Riddle?"

The castle was silent. My hands clenched in an effort not to shout.

"Tom Riddle is Voldemort?" I asked. "Where's the stone hidden?"

The castle still didn't reply. Scowling, I slammed the book shut and shoved it back on the shelf. Pushing the chair back in roughly, I shoved my hands in my pockets and left the library. After walking around through empty corridors for a while, I began to calm down. The castle wasn't so bad. She told me things where as Dumbledore didn't.

"I over reacted." I said to myself, shaking my head.

If I was still living in the Muggle world with no knowledge, I wouldn't have so easily lost my temper. I wanted more knowledge; the Dursleys were able to give me all they knew. Here, people knew things but they're not telling me anything. It was bloody not fair.

A few days later on Tuesday, a notice to first years was on the notice board. I went down to the common room that Tuesday morning and saw Kate and Shawn were there talking to Penelope Clearwater and Mark Austin: the fifth year Ravenclaw prefects. They were placing a notice about flying lessons held on Thursdays after

lunch time with the Hufflepuff students. We learnt the basics such as grip, mount and how to steer the broomstick. That first time I shot into the air was the best feeling I've ever had. It wasn't a reason for me to go Quidditch crazy but it was enough to make me want to buy a broomstick and fly above Stoke-on-Trent in the summer. It was like Flying without aid but with a broomstick, there's support. Madam Hooch said that Kate, Shawn and I were good enough to join the Quidditch team- Kate was bouncing around the place in joy. She likes adventure and fun.

I have been keeping an eye out on Quirrell. He hasn't done much suspicious things except wandering about the third floor corridor on the right- the forbidden corridor. The funny thing was Filch and Snape at different times have been catching Quirrell before he made it to that door at the end of the corridor.

I've been distancing myself from a lot of people and many of those people kept away from me- even Peeves. I was glad they saw that I appreciated being alone. Or maybe they were afraid to get me annoyed. But that didn't stop them from whispering and pointing at me rudely- and that was annoying enough.

I was still adjusting even though I didn't look homesick (why would I look homesick?). Most times when I wasn't doing homework, assignments, in classes, reading third year material, sleeping or practising my powers, I sat by the lake and wondered about things that I had never before. Such as my parents, the things I own but do not know of yet, why Dumbledore was such a control freak and doesn't give a swat about me now I'm at Hogwarts, what made Tom Riddle think different from the rest of the simpletons... those such things.

I needed to talk to someone who knew things, who had connections. I couldn't just ask anyone at school. Not even Malfoy even though he looked like the right person to turn to... This place is downright boring! I'd rather be cleaning the house than sit here with nothing else to do. I also need a hobby... something other than skateboarding.

I stood up and began pacing. I was so frustrated at myself. I came here for knowledge. An education and information about my past and here I am wondering what to do to pass the time. Bloody ridiculous! I looked down at the dusty dirt ground, at those pathetic

little ants. I stomped my feet on them and smirked, watching the ants hurry away from me. I brought my hands together above the ground and pushed some power from my core and through to my hands. I began creating a little sand storm. It uprooted some ants from the ground and into the air, spinning helplessly in the spirals of wind. I was suddenly bored again and dropped my arms. I watched as the sand storm disappears immediately and the ants free falling back onto the ground.

I summoned my wand into my hand wordlessly, looking into the forbidden forest nearby. Maybe there were some interesting ingredients I could use to make an energy rejuvenation potion. My owl, Felicity met up with me in the forest, perching on my shoulder after a tiring journey of flying in the air. I could fly too but I should not do so here.

A few weeks later, I was in the library again. It was after a few trips there that I had noticed another part of the library that was restricted. While Pince was having lunch with the staff, I went in there with ease with the help of Hogwarts Castle. There were so many books in there. I looked behind me to see the main library- so many books that I had yet to read. But I felt the restricted section was more worthwhile, turned back around and entered the dusty and dark room.

I conjured up a small ball of weightless light with a click of my fingers. This trick I had been working on for a whole day before I could do it easily. The orb hovered level with my head and travelled beside me as I ventured in deeper in the eerie library.

Dark books, advanced texts, ancient history, animal translating books, how to be an animagus, dark arts... It was a young Dark Lord's dream to enter such a library with vast information. Picking out a book from random I found myself holding a book called Introduction to Necromancy. I leaned against a bookshelf and carefully flicked through the book quickly, my eyes writing down everything into my mind. Two minutes later, the whole collection of books written by R. Pandora were in neat little rows on shelves within my mind. Inside my mind library, there were a lot of books. As soon as I've read everything in the library, I would be far more intelligent than anyone could be- thanks to my photographic memory and my ability to digest everything, summarising things automatically and understanding it all. It was also a good thing to have an index

book to go with it all. If asked to write everything I've read in my own words, I would be able to.

But for now, my mind was exhausted. I put back the last book I was holding of R. Pandora's collection, Mind Protection and Invasion before teleporting right out of the library.

TC

~Posted: 26th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Ten

Soon it was Halloween. I couldn't help but snort at the descriptions of Halloween coming from Shawn at breakfast. The delicious smell of baking pumpkin wafting travelled through the corridors.

"They send cards saying 'I know what you did last summer' and then a wink smiley. Hilarious. Their faces would fall and they'd be wondering exactly what did they do last summer." Shawn said grinning. "Not only that. You go up to the front door of some random house and say 'trick or treat'. You know what I'd do? I'd get a vision from them and say it. The reactions would be bloody hilarious."

"You're an idiot, Shawn." Kate said with a bemused smile.

"I know, right?" Shawn said laughing his head off.

Then in Charms with the Gryffindors, Professor Flitwick announced (finally) in Charms that he thought we were ready to start making objects fly. We had to swish and flick and wasn't surprised that I managed to make the feather fly up into the ceiling immediately. Kate and Shawn were able to do it too. We were awarded five points each which we were grateful for. The rest of the class continued saying the incantation (Wingardium Leviosa) with the swish and flick motion.

We silently watched Seamus Finnigan who was partnered up with Simon Runcorn. Seamus had gotten so impatient that he prodded the feather with his wand and set fire to it, Simon quickly putting it out with his hat.

Ronald Weasley, at the next table, wasn't having much more luck.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" he shouted, waving his long arms like a windmill.

"You're saying it wrong," I heard Hermione snap. "It's Wing-gar-dium Levi-o-sa, make the 'gar' nice and long."

"You do it, then, if you're so clever," Ronald snarled.

Hermione rolled up the sleeves of her gown, flicked her wand, and said, "Wingardium Leviosa!"

Their feather rose off the desk and hovered about four feet above their heads.

"Oh, well done!" cried Professor Flitwick, clapping. "Miss Granger's done it too! Five points to Gryffindor."

Ronald was in a very bad mood by the end of the class but I didn't bother paying attention to that!

"Harry!" Kate called.

I turned around and saw Kate and Shawn walking over to me. I smirked.

"Hello Kate and Shawn. Well done in there." I said.

"Thanks." Kate said brightly.

"Hey, we were wondering... since we're, well, I dunno how to say it but we're pretty smart, right?" Shawn said.

I pushed my glasses back up and watched them for a second.

"I guess we are." I answered.

"We've been thinking, well... do you want to get involved with this discussion club we're forming?" Shawn asked.

I raised an eyebrow.

"Discussion Club?" I repeated.

"Yes. A club to discuss the importance of practise and what we think about the theories set out." Kate supplied.

"Really?" I said, sounding interested again.

"Yeah, you know. For instance: Mister Jugg's theory of magically enhanced velocity," Shawn began. "You can exert any force of energy, for example accidental magic, into the air and it can expel

objects from the reaction area outwards with a force which is scaled on the age frequency."

"Yes," Kate said, nodding. "He stated that it depended on the age of the person expelling the objects but we think that the actual reason is-

"That it is actually the amount of energy inputted when one expels the energy force for everyone of any age, gender excreta has different magical levels and different quality of magic," I finished for them. "Yes, I know what you both speak of."

They were beaming. They were very different to me: intelligent but way too happy.

"Will you join?" Kate asked.

I stared at them a moment longer.

"Who else has joined?" I asked.

Kate and Shawn glanced at each other.

"Well..." Shawn began.

Kate sighed.

"Just Shawn and I."

"I see..."

They will be very useful. Much more smarter than the simpletons around here. Open minded, with a stumbling behaviour of not being sure of which side to lean towards: just the way I like them.

"I am honoured that you two have asked me to join," I said kindly which sent them into nervous bean bags. "But I am willing to join if it is just the three of us. Good day."

And I walked away, suddenly remembering my parents and that Halloween night many years ago.

For the rest of the day, I took my classes and when there weren't any classes I diligently did our homework pieces given that day. Upon entering the Great Hall, I had noticed the Halloween decorations with at least a thousand live bats fluttered from the walls and ceiling while a thousand more swooped over the tables in low black clouds, making the candles in the pumpkins stutter. The feast appeared suddenly on the golden plates, as it had at the start-of-term banquet.

We sat ourselves down merrily, I was helping myself to a baked potato when Professor Quirrell came sprinting into the hall, his turban askew and terror on his face. Everyone stared as he reached Dumbledore's chair, slumped against the table, and gasped, "Troll — in the dungeons — thought you ought to know."

He then sank to the floor in a dead faint.

There was an uproar: screaming, jumping, yelling and banging.

'Bloody hell...' I thought, closing my eyes.

It took several purple firecrackers exploding from the end of Dumbledore's wand to bring silence.

"Prefects," he rumbled, "lead your Houses back to the dormitories immediately!"

"Hang on!" I exclaimed loudly. "The Slytherins and Hufflepuff dormitories are down in the dungeons."

Everyone paused and turned to look at Dumbledore and his stupidity.

"Yes, very well. Everyone remain where you are. Thank you Mister Potter."

I sneered.

"What an idiot!" Kate said, shaking her head. "You'd think with him as headmaster and staying at Hogwarts for more than forty years that he'd know that, wouldn't you?"

"My thoughts exactly." Shawn seconded, shaking his head. "He's probably gone senile."

"Come on. I want to check out the troll." Kate whispered.

I looked at them.

"You are both in no position to-" I began.

But Shawn cut me off, "Oi! Where's Quirrell?"

The three of us turned and saw that he was gone. Looking around, I saw the end of his turban filtering out the door that was to the side of the staff table. Snape got up a moment later, following Quirrell. I couldn't help being curious, wondering if this was a diversion created by Quirrell.

"Let's go." I whispered, grabbing hold of Kate and Shawn before teleporting right out of the Great Hall.

We landed in a corridor in the dungeons and looked around. The first thing that came out of Kate and Shawn's mouths were not 'how you did that' but they were,

"I don't see any troll..." Shawn stated.

"That's because the troll's no longer here." Kate said.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I have senses." Kate replied simply.

But I knew that she's a Vampire but they don't know that.

"Well, where do you think it is now?"

I watched as Kate sniffed but unnoticed if one wasn't watching.

"Third floor." She said.

I nodded, grabbed hold of them before teleporting to the third floor.

This time we landed unsteadily because Kate fell against us, holding onto her nose.

"Erk! What reeks?" Kate exclaimed.

"That would probably be the troll, would not it?" I said, raising an eyebrow at her.

It was then the smell met my senses as well as Shawn's.

"Yikes. That's nasty." Shawn shouted.

"Understatement of the year." I said, rolling my eyes.

Then we saw the troll. It was tall, big, bulky and very smelly... and ugly. It was dragging a wooden club with it and wandered through a door. We began to follow it to get a closer look, my heart beating fast in my chest.

"That's the girl's bathroom!" Kate said instead of talking about the troll she had wanted to see.

"And that is relevant, how?" I asked, summoning my wand into my hand.

"Well, Hermione's in there and-"

There was a scream.

"That's her screaming as you might be able to tell." Shawn added.

"Wands out and ready." I commanded and smirked when they did as I had said.

We rushed into the girls' bathroom and saw Hermione, eyes wide and terrified with her back against the wall and the troll in front of her, bat raised high in the air.

"Explodacas!" Shawn and Kate yelled.

And before I knew it, the club exploded and the fragments fell to the ground. The troll looked up at his empty hand with a look of confusion. Hermione looked from the troll to the doorway where we stood.

"Get out of the way, Hermione!" Kate shouted.

Hermione, so agonise slow, shuffled away from the wall only to dive under the sink as the troll stomped after her. If I can prevent a death, I would do it. I raised my wand at the troll.

"Repello!" I bellowed.

A strong flow of energy ripped through my body and exploded out of my wand. The red and gold shield smashed into the troll and sent it flying backwards and into the wall where Hermione would have been squashed if she hadn't moved. The head of the troll impacted the wall, its bricks and pieces fell on top of his head along, leaving a gaping hole in the wall and revealing an empty classroom. The troll didn't move. I took a deep breath.

"Think it's dead?" Shawn asked, blinking.

I shook my head, the first to be by the troll's side. I checked it. It was still breathing smelly breath.

"No. It is just knocked out." I said, waving the stink away from my face.

"Wow. A troll! You knocked out an alive troll." Kate said, clapping her hands together in glee. "My heart is absolutely racing at the moment."

We knew Kate is a thrill seeker so we really didn't blame her.

"Yeah. A real life troll. They're ugly enough on screen. It's surprising they're not uglier in real life." Shawn said, grinning. His interest in the unconscious troll showed in his widening eyes but he stayed away from it. "Look at those moles!"

"You're an idiot, Shawn." Kate said approaching the troll, she prodded it with the toe of her foot.

I looked up at them slowly before turning to Hermione.

"What exactly were you doing in the bathroom while a mountain troll was stomping around the school?"

"How am I supposed to know there was a troll?" Hermione said shrilly, still looking fearful. "I was in the bathroom the whole day."

"Why were you doing that?" I asked softly.

They always answer when I act friendly and kind. Oh yeah, and the charming smile I flash at them. It made me look 'cool', 'awesome' and kind. I actually wanted them all to see me as being that instead of my real self. Stupid simpletons.

Hermione blushed and told us hesitantly.

"If you must know I was crying over what Ronald had said about me. After Charms, he said I was a nightmare and that I didn't have any friends and that I was ugly."

Kate went over to hug Hermione and Shawn stood awkwardly between the girls and the freaks. I stood up. There was only one Ronald I knew and that was Ronald Weasley. Because of what he said, she almost died.

"Why was there a troll?" Hermione asked.

"Quirrell set it off. I am sure of it."

"But why?" Shawn asked.

"To cause a diversion."

"Yes, but why?" Kate questioned.

I rolled my eyes. Dunderheads.

"People are coming." I said, hearing feet.

Kate and Shawn helped the shaky Hermione out the door with me leading.

We turned left but someone was coming our way. We turned right but a couple of other people came. We were trapped. Flicking my wand to the left side of the corridor, I whispered 'lumos'. The tip of my wand lit up and we saw Snape limping over. To the right, Dumbledore, McGonagall and Quirrell approached a moment later.

They went past us and looked into the bathroom. Quirrell clutched at his heart, giving off a small whimper. Snape bent over the troll and was inspecting it. McGonagall was looking at the four of us with disbelief and Dumbledore took in the whole scene with curiosity. As I waited, Hogwarts Castle was giving me an update on what was happening. She didn't tell me where the door leading to the obstacles and the stone were but she told me Quirrell was the one who set the troll off and Snape went to head Quirrell off. She also gave me word about where the other students were. Some went to the dormitories after the troll wasn't at the dungeons or in the towers.

"Good evening professors," I began in the silence, lowering my wand. "My companions and I managed to knock this troll out just before it headed towards the path the Ravenclaw students' were taking to return to their dormitories."

This wasn't exactly a lie since the Ravenclaws' had to walk onto the third floor, pass the Charms room and up those flights of stairs. The professors looked at me strangely except for Snape. He seemed pensive. They struggled to say anything, I decided to help them.

I stepped forward.

"I assure you professors, we knew exactly what we were doing." I spoke again in my empty voice.

"Yes, we've read all about trolls in our text books," Kate said.

"And learnt their behaviours after finding interest between Muggle folk lore and Wizarding folk lore." Hermione said.

"And we also know how to knock one out." Shawn said.

"May I suggest to you professors that your next course of action would be to find the culprit who issued authorisation on allowing the troll to enter the castle's premises," I said still in monotone.

Our heads slowly turned upon Quirrell with eerie preciseness and in union. Then all our eyes were boring into Quirrell's blue ones.

"Someone who has experiences with trolls might be a place to start." I continued.

More silence. I nodded to them and turned away. The others were going to do the same.

"Not so fast," Dumbledore called.

We turned back around.

"I think points are in need of awarding," Dumbledore said softly, his damn twinkles in his eyes. "Five points would go towards your houses for the each of you."

I held back my sneer at his attempt to make us like him.

"Thank you Headmaster Dumbledore." We murmured.

"Now you may be dismissed."

We turned and walked in the same stride back until we were at least two floors above.

"That was fun," Kate said.

"Yeah, we should do that more often." Shawn said, grinning.

"Very well. Very well. But you three weren't the ones being followed by a full grown mountain troll!"

"Understandable," I said, inclining my head.

"Oh and you!" Hermione snapped. "How did you know that Professor Quirrell had experiences with trolls?"

"He told us in our first lesson." I replied calmly. "You were not in the same class as us. It was a Ravenclaw, Slytherin class."

"Another thing: how are you so sure Professor Quirrell set a diversion? Why would he?" Hermione continued.

I could tell Shawn and Kate wanted to know too.

"I can't." I said.

"Harry. We have to know." Kate said.

"No, you do not." I said.

"You know stuff. You made sure that tonight nobody was to get hurt." Shawn said.

I pinched the bridge of my nose. It wasn't their fault that they don't know a thing. I should be congratulating them for having enough intelligence to question. If I was with a gang of Purebloods or Half Bloods instead of Muggleborns, they would have been just as clueless. This time, I could not erase this from their minds. It could save me a lot of trouble in the future is what I'm thinking. I looked at them.

"Quirrell wants to steal something for his master who he began following this school year. The something is hidden in the castle by Dumbledore and had belonged to his friend. It was hidden in Gringotts before Dumbledore moved it into Hogwarts and-"

"The day the vault was broken into which had been open earlier that day!" Hermione quoted.

"Yes," I said slightly tersely at being interrupted. "I am quite surprised you found a newspaper worth memorising."

"Well, I have a photographic memory is all." Hermione said her face reddening.

"I see," I said, staring at her for a moment before looking at everyone else. "All the students have returned to their dormitories. I would very much like to have a nap. Another school day tomorrow."

"Hang on." Shawn said. "What is it that's being hidden?"

"That, I have absolutely no idea." I lied smoothly.

The next day, Malfoy and Weasley were having a shouting match outside the castle. Actually, it was Weasley who was shouting and Malfoy was just gloating Weasley about being rich and smarter than Weasley. I stepped forward.

"If you know what's best for you, Potter, you'd step right away." Malfoy sneered.

I raised an eyebrow.

"Oh no. I am not here to fight you. On contrary! I am just admiring how well you are making Weasley all worked up."

Malfoy looked surprised and quite taken back. I summoned my wand into my hand and pointed it at Weasley, sending a stinging hex at his leg. He yelped but I just stared at him coldly.

"That's for insulting a companion of mine in the lowest form." I said emotionlessly before sweeping away as if nothing had happened.

A couple of days later lead us into November. It was so cold and the mountains around the school became icy gray and the lake like chilled steel. It was depressing to see this everyday when one wakes up and every morning the ground was covered in frost. Since it was November, Quidditch season began. Hagrid could be seen from the upstairs windows defrosting broomsticks on the Quidditch field, bundled up in a long moleskin overcoat, rabbit fur gloves, and enormous beaverskin boots.

It was a shame no first year was allowed to play because Ravenclaw would have gotten the best Keeper (me), Beater (Kate) and Chaser (Shawn) on the team. Maybe next year. For now, we could enjoy un-guarded flying. Malfoy had tried to get himself on the Slytherin team a few weeks back but he was unsuccessful even though his father was on the school's governing board. The first game was Gryffindor verses Slytherin. I wasn't sure which team to go for: and McGonagall was looking very smug while Snape was looking increasingly disturbed for a different reason to McGonagall.

I didn't know much about Quidditch and neither did the gang so Kate went out of her way to borrow out a book: Quidditch Through the Ages. Since the troll incident, Kate, Shawn and I became a bit more like what people called 'friends' and had helped Hermione find her own 'friends'. The three of us read in the snow in the middle of the Transfiguration courtyard. They complain we don't get out more often and so now here we are outside when almost everyone was inside than the other way around. The tiny snowflakes were falling upon us and a little fire Kate conjured up for us, we stood around it with our backs facing the fire, passing the book to the next person to read out loud.

It was an interesting book and just as I finished chapter two, Hermione, Neville and Jenny Spinks walked into the Transfiguration courtyard from one end and out through the other. I didn't wonder where Simon was because he and Weasley became 'friends'. Simon usually 'hung out' with Hermione, Neville and Jenny. Hermione smiled, a pink blush spread onto her cheeks when our eyes met. She fumbled with words but ended with a simple "Hello". I smirked.

"Hello Gryffindor classmates," I said, smiling lightly.

We all nodded to each other in passing before they were gone.

I passed the book to Kate.

"Wonder why she's acting so weird..." Shawn muttered about Hermione.

Kate coughed, not meeting our eyes before she began reading the book. As she read a few paragraphs, I noticed the trees some of the trees weren't covered in snow. Turning a little to look up at the sun, a snow flake dropped onto my nose. I smiled softly. Just imagine, this much beauty in the environment and thinking about out of space. Another universe, another Earth, another place where rare times as this to be experienced...

"Harry," Shawn said.

I came back to earth and Kate and Shawn seem to have finished reading their paragraphs. They were looking at me with the same look Snape does- that weird one. I took hold of the book and read the next chapter as Snape crossed the yard. I stopped, my mouth hanging open as I saw Snape was limping- like the other night. Looking down, I saw something very... odd. One of his legs were bloody and mangled. I thought came into my mind as Snape quickly covered it and I looked up to meet his eyes.

"Catching flies are you, Potter?" he sneered but he looked pale.

Snapping my mouth closed, he continued to stride as close as he had use to towards us. It didn't look like he saw the fire.

"Good evening Professor Snape," I greeted politely.

"What's that you've got there, Potter?"

I handed the book over. "It is a book entitled, 'Quidditch Through the Ages'."

Snape scanned the book, flipping through a couple of pages before snapping it shut.

"Library books are not to be taken outside the school," said Snape. "Five points from Ravenclaw."

If Snape was expecting us to argue he was mistaken and he looked slightly disappointed.

"Fair enough Professor Snape," I said slowly. Then softly and beginning to play out my thoughts I said, "I know that it is none of my business but I could not help to notice that injury in your shin. It looked to me that you have caught an infection."

Kate tsked and Shawn shook his head. They stood on either side of me, the fire still gone unnoticed behind us.

"Madame Pomfrey isn't just a healer to heal students, Professor Snape." Kate said, dully.

"And an elite Potions Master as you Professor Snape should always have a spare vial of flesh re-growth lotion." Shawn added in monotone.

"We would not want a leg from our favourite Potions professor to be amputated or deteriorate," I said, my eyes widening slightly. "Not the Muggle way."

"We would not allow it!" we said together, now determined. I love mind control- especially when the ones I'm controlling and so willing to do everything I wanted them to. I summoned my wand into my hand, my eyes showed blankness. Unconsciously, he stepped away from us. We must have looked intimidating which really wasn't our intention.

"What would you, Potter, know anything about infections?" Snape all but spat which didn't at all surprise me.

"Believe me, Professor Snape, between you and us, I know a lot." I whispered. Healer's Manual for Magical First Aid came into my head naturally.

"I think Professor Snape should sit down." Kate said.

"I second the notion." Shawn said.

"Very well." I said, waving my wand to the left of Snape who was beneath a tree by the time we finished.

A cushioned chair from my dorm room appeared.

"Please sit Professor Snape. I assure you we bring no harm. We wouldn't think of it." I said calmly in a soothing tone that I was sure would convince Snape. "I am about to heal that leg of yours against your bitter pride. If you refuse to have Madam Pomfrey help, I will do it. I don't take a refusal easily especially an injury like this."

Shawn had his wand out and moved the floating flames a few feet away from Snape. I stared hard at Snape and made him sit down and we watched, slightly amused as Snape did as he was told. We approached and I kneeled down in front of Snape. He muttered something like 'stubborn, just like Lily'. But perhaps I heard wrongly. Kate and Shawn were still communicating to me through our permanent telepathic link and they were laughing in surprise of Snape's less than reluctant attempts to get rid of us. He looked around, seeing nobody. One hand was in his robe pocket. He thinks we couldn't see.

"Nobody is sane enough to walk into this area at this time of day." Kate said.

"Nobody is sane enough to walk into the cold." Shawn said.

"Please hold onto your robes to your knees, Professor Snape." I said, avoiding looking anywhere but at the shin area.

I could feel his eyes staring into my head as I pointed my wand at the horrible area. Had he expected us to gasp at the horrid sight? Well, we did gasp in our minds; Shawn commenting on the hairless legs of all moments.

I tilted my head to the side.

"This looks like a dog bite. Massive jaw, if I am not mistaken." I said, glancing up at Snape's face. "When did this happen, Professor Snape?"

"Last week." He muttered.

His face was unreadable. I presumed it was on Halloween. I sighed, focussing back on the bloody area.

"Reconcilio ac restituo totus hic. Reconcilio ac restituo totus hic. Reconcilio ac restituo totus hic..." I murmured, my eyes fixed on the injury and determined to fix my first patient successfully. And slowly, very slowly, the open wound began to close up. I continued until the wound was closed, leaving a few small dots that resembled a bite mark of an average dog. I took out one of my handkerchiefs from my pocket and wiped the blood away gently to which Snape hissed slightly at, his eyes were shut but not tightly.

'Well done mate!' Shawn said, whistling.

I chuckled humourlessly. Kate had gotten out her flask, her eyes still stuck on where the blood had been. She gulped two mouthfuls of the blood replacement potion before putting the flask back, her eyes wandering over to the fire.

I folded the handkerchief and pocked it in an empty pocket before standing up.

"We will be off Professor Snape." I said, smirking. "Farewell."

Kate waved her wand over the fire and made it disappear. We stood together and walked away. I've been healing myself for a while now and it was the first time that I healed someone other than myself- and I proved successful! If controlling or influencing two people for a short amount of time and heal a really nasty injury, I could achieve so much more. I have so many more things to test other than mind control/influencing and healing. Such as duplication and true time and space travel. I wondered what was behind the door guarding the stone... wherever this door is that had given Snape that awful bite.

"That was... bloody brilliant." Shawn said.

"Harry? Could you tell us the next time you influence our speech?" Kate whispered. "I hardly believe I can speak so... formal."

"Of course." I said, nodding. "Now, I need some alone time. Why do not the two of you run along and see how Hermione is going."

"Alright." "Sure thing." Shawn and Kate said before disappearing.

I smirked. Kate and Shawn were so easy to be used, to be manipulated and to be controlled. Just simply smiling and acting kindly and everyone suddenly falls for you. Was this what Dumbledore felt when he had everyone doing his bidding? Does that make me worst than Dumbledore? Very soon, as soon as I take out Voldemort and Dumbledore, I would be controlling the world.

The next day, I made sure Slytherin won the Quidditch game against the Gryffindor team- and they did by two hundred and six to nil much to Weasley, Dumbledore and McGonagall's disappointment and to Malfoy and Snape's enjoyment. Snape especially when he won the bet, collecting a bag of gold from McGonagall as I walked past them.

TC

~Posted: 28th Day/2nd Month/2010th Year

WARNING!

The following chapter contains dark thoughts, imagery and mild coarse language.

It could cause headaches in seeking understanding and confusion as to the change of behaviour.

Feel free to ask any questions and I will try an answer them.

First Year

Chapter Eleven

Soon Hogwarts began to snow, creating a snow wonderland. The lake was frozen and the trees didn't sway as if had allowed to do. News about the Weasley twins getting detention flew around- well, their snow balls flew into the back of Quirrell's turban and bounce off shattered all over his back. Poor bastard. He always looked so... tortured; probably on the brink of insanity too judging by the intensity of his mutterings to himself.

A few days before the special day, McGonagall took down the names of people staying over the holiday season. I put my name down immediately. There was no way the Dursleys would want me ruining their holiday and probably the first time Dudley and Vernon didn't need to worry about me getting scraps. Of course Petunia always saved some food to the side so I wasn't really living it rough for those three days. Kate and Shawn had signed up after me, not wanting me to be alone and wanting to spend more time because I was smart, if not smarter.

When Christmas did come, I treated it like any other day. I don't get presents usually and I told Kate and Shawn not to give me any since I wasn't in any position to get any anyways- being stuck in the castle and all. 'Friendship' was enough for us to last for eternity. Dressed in black trousers and a green hooded sweatshirt on top of a blue shirt, I walked out of my dorm door and was about to lock it when my eyes landed on the small Christmas tree in our home room. Shawn was seated on a beanbag on the floor unwrapping his presents. Shawn had a few candy boxes, cards, PC games and magazines.

"You've got some as well." Shawn said, looking up.

"I do? But..." I began, looking confused.

"Come on mate." Shawn said, moving his head to the other beanbag.

I slowly sat down and found three that belonged to me. I opened the first one. It was a thin envelope and inside it was a card that said 'Merry Christmas Harry, Petunia' in Petunia's own neat handwriting. I smiled, how thoughtful. I got hold the next one. It was a box shape. Taking the small bits of tape and opening the wrapping I found a small box of Chocolate Frogs from Hermione. I glanced at Shawn who shrugged.

The third one was big but light. I unwrapped it carefully and something fluid and silvery gray went slithering to the floor where it lay in gleaming folds. I gasped. I picked it up and felt the texture. I couldn't see my hand but it felt unique.

"Is that-" Shawn began but cut himself off. "What is it?"

"I think... I think it is a genuine invisibility cloak..." I said, frowning. "The Cloak of Invisibility once belonging to Ignotus Peverell..."

"That's real rare then." Shawn said, blinking.

I showed Shawn who held it with a look of awe. Picking up the note, the words were written in narrow, loopy writing we had never seen before were the following words:

Your father left this in my possession before he died.

It is time it was returned to you.

Use it well.

A Very Merry Christmas to you.

There was no signature. I stared at the note.

"I was right. You see, my father was a descendant from the Peverells... I wonder who sent this to me." I said, showing Shawn.

Had it really once belonged to my father? My father... if it wasn't in the vault then it could have come from one of his friends or... I sensed the magical signature behind the handwriting.

"Dumbledore." I growled. "Why would my father leave it in his hands?"

"Probably he needed to use it?" Shawn suggested. "I dunno. That guy's pretty mental, messing with your life and stuff. Probably been hiding and stuff, avoiding death like that Ignotus bloke."

I started at him.

"What? It's kinda hard to pass by a book like Tales of the Beetle Bard, a Wizarding story tale. I wanted to know what kinda stories Wizarding people read."

I looked away. A Wizarding story tale? I would have to look the book up.

"You are probably right." I said, nodding. "Come on, I want to update Kate."

After we sorted out discarding the wrapping paper and placing our things in our dorms, we went down to the common room and paced around. A moment later, Kate walked down having heard our telepathic shouts.

"Thanks guys," Kate said sarcastically. "A way to get a headache in the morning."

We told her the presents we've got until Kate's eyes narrowed.

"Cut to the chase." Kate said.

I told her about the cloak and she looked at it, glancing at the note.

"Why now?" Kate said. "Why not at the beginning of the year?"

Then she sighed.

"We won't know at this moment in time." Kate said.

Shawn's stomach growled.

"Sorry." Shawn mumbled, blushing slightly.

"Let's have breakfast and then we will figure out what we are going to do for the rest of the day." I said, trying to forget about the cloak.

"We're going to play in the snow and play lovely music." Kate said.

We stared at her.

"I can play the harmonica." She said, looking at us pointy.

"I remember," Shawn said.

I remembered too but they don't know that. Well, actually, we didn't remember. We knew from that night our memories up to that time were exchanged. Good thing I erased their memories on the first day of school about my side of the exchanging, I do not think I would like them pitying over me.

"HARRY!"

Shawn and Kate were screaming my name when they realised I was missing but I took no heed.

It was night time and while everyone who was still in the castle was at the feast, I was outside standing on the edge of the bridge of the viaduct. The water here was frozen and the sharp rocks below were too. In one hand, I clutched the cloak, the other was clenched in a fist, the note crumbled inside. My whole body shook. I said no presents. Hermione's and Petunia's were fine but Dumbledore just had to push it, didn't he? Use it well? What use do I have for this except for a reminder that my parents died for the sake of ending Voldemort? What fucking use was there?

The cold air caressed over my naked body; my clothes and my glasses on the bridge walkway. Bare, vulnerable, without a mask. All these years I've been hiding myself behind The Mask and now I've began to allow myself resurface. I feel human now. I can actually feel something other than anger, confidence and calm. I feel happiness, usefulness but also uncertainty, confusion and tiredness. I was also afraid. So very different. Something about the cloak broke

through my shield and into me, my core of emotions. No man should hide themselves. And I perhaps learnt that- but only my abilities to reach to higher levels though I hadn't with myself, who I truly am. I wanted to prove something. Something about myself. That I wasn't cold and heartless and dark... But with all this knowledge, this power, this strength... Perhaps being wise wasn't such a great idea. I could hardly stop myself now, the feeling of grief, loneliness and isolation from the rest of the world. I could blame the Dursleys for forcing me to grow up too early but I have only myself to blame to follow through their persuasions. The worst thing is I keep thinking and I'm always stuck thinking about what I've done wrong, what seems not be my fault but I think it definitely is. I could do anything. I could commit genocide tonight if I tried. I could plot to destroy the whole galaxy if I wanted to. I could make things to what I want. I could hardly stop myself too... unless I end one life and that is my own.

I hadn't thought much about the future. Objectives that seem so farfetched for a 'kid', for someone that people would look down upon and not taken seriously. They're probably all thinking 'For Fuck sakes, Harold. You're eleven years old and you already have depression!' Yeah? Well actually I'm an eleven year old whose life is so screwed up its fucking with my brain. It's almost as if it was human against the rest of humanity. One: create an intelligence squad of darkness. Two: kill Voldemort. Three: Kill Dumbledore. Four: make everyone do my bidding. Five: destroy the whole universe before I die... it was pretty much boring. The only problems other than being a child is that there needs to be steps towards these things, there are many things in between that aren't predictable (which leads to many possibilities of failure) and would I be happy with the outcomes?

I need to stop! If I think more, my alter ego (if I have one) would start saying I'm a monster for having those life goals and I should clean up my act. And I do not what to admit that I need help.

I look in my mirror these days and had seen what I was. I really was a freak with the fucking scar and my doomed, marked life. Either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives. Voldemort's too powerful. He's waged a war and killed so many with so many of his own men still alive. How many were out there to seek revenge against me? One step out of Hogwarts, one step out of the Dursley's- I could die instantly. There was no fun and happiness in that. I hadn't founded happiness for a long time. Will I

be strong enough to resist from being controlled? Will I be able to stay calm when the time of confrontation with Voldemort comes? What else is there to live for other than world domination? There was absolutely nothing else. The world would be so bland... so boring... I broke too many rules here. At least what I'm doing next, I would be free.

I was calm. I am calm. I shuffled my feet forward, my toes hanging above the frozen ice land below the ice land. I closed my eyes, the bloody cloak in my hand and the note in the other.

"HARRY!" "NO!" "POTTER! GET DOWN FROM THERE!" "HARRY DON'T DO IT!" the voices shouted.

Voices. I smiled. The voices are always in the fucking way, teasing and fucking around; messing with my head. I laughed a bitter laugh that rang through the whole valley with my eyes still closed.

"THIS IS FOR YOU ALBUS DUMBLEDORE!" I yelled to nobody but to what I had thought was an absent Dumbledore, where ever the fuck he is.

With that finally thought, I jumped forward. Screams filled my ears before the wind beneath me turned me deaf.

I open my eyes, the dark sky above me.

"Am I in hell?" I muttered.

"No, you are not." said a voice I knew too well.

I snapped my head to the direction but I didn't only see Dumbledore but Snape, Quirrell, McGonagall, Flitwick and Pomfrey. Shawn and Kate were standing a few feet away with Sprout and Hagrid. They seemed to all gasp.

"His eyes..." Pomfrey said, her hands holding onto a vial of blue liquid were shaking. "They're... red..."

I noticed I was still naked and I was laying down on the stone walkway on the bridge. I didn't care. I jumped up on my feet, my wand summoned into my hand and walked backwards away from them with all of them in my sight. I pointed my wand at Dumbledore

and I was so fucking glad to see the twinkle gone. Quirrell's eyes looked worried and looked like he was trying to hide as if it was his fault. Snape's eyes were calculating and he was thinking very quickly. McGonagall was speechless. Hagrid's eyes were full of tears. Flitwick was biting his lip. Shawn and Kate looked very upset.

"Stay away from me, Dumbledore." I growled in a voice that was way too deep and rough.

"That's Professor Dumb-" Snape began.

"I don't fucking care." I snapped at Snape but glaring at Dumbledore.

"Harry," Dumbledore said in a soft voice, taking a step forward. "Let us help you."

"You've helped enough, don't you think?" I spat, venom in my voice. "Sending me to a place where I'm hated and abused."

"I'm sorry," He said. "But they were the only relatives you had."

"'Sorry'? How could you say that?" I screamed and I looked at the others before back at Dumbledore. "After all these years, ten long years of my life enduring harsh and inhumane treatment and you say that? Surely I had god parents requested by my good for nothing freak father! Oh, I guess you ignored the will too?"

He took another step, not answering me.

"Stay the fuck away from me you manipulative lying freak!" I snarled. "Where were you when I needed protecting? Where were you when I was imprisoned in my relatives' home in the cupboard under the stairs? Where were you when I was starving? They hated me. I wasn't allowed to express myself. I had no knowledge about my parents, why I had this fucking freakish scar. You told me nothing! Where were you when I was bleeding to death, huh? Where were you when I was holding onto my last breath? I didn't know that I was a wizard until I got my Hogwarts letter! You're supposed to be my magical guardian! ANSWER ME YOU BASTARD!"

Dumbledore continued to approach me in careful steps. He didn't deny being my magical guardian but he wasn't answering me. I realised he didn't care about me. But I knew that already. He really

did throw me to the side like a used bit of scrap. I ran but as I tried to open the entrance/exit door (however you see it) I realised it was locked! I began panicking. What was Dumbledore's intention? Coax me in? I wouldn't get manipulated again! He was too close to me. The power, unbelievable power. His eyes glistened in the moonlight, showing coldness. It was intimidating. But I was more powerful and had yet to unleash it. I aimed my wand at him.

"Stay away from me!" I shouted, power suddenly radiating from my body. "YOU WILL REGRET THE DAY YOU RUINED MY LIFE!"

"Harry. Think logically-"

"I am thinking logically." I said sarcastically and sent a deep gash into his leg with a flick of my wand without a second thought.

I watched, satisfied, as Dumbledore tripped and fell onto the ground, groaning. Pomfrey ran forward but to our surprise, she rushed right past him and towards me.

"Albus! The boy is in distress and you are the one causing him this distress." Pomfrey said with disapproval and disgust, taking hold of my wrists. "You must leave this instant!"

Pomfrey then turned to me, her eyes kind and I could tell she didn't like Dumbledore and didn't want to harm me.

"Dear, you must calm down otherwise I would have to find the need to cast a binding charm on you."

I stared at her, my breathing was harsh. It was hard to calm down while I was happy and angry at Dumbledore at the same time. Pomfrey placed her cloak around me and brought me close to her, my head rested above her heart. The calm heart beats of a human had my own heart rate lower back to normal, my breathing back to its usual and my thoughts clear and day light.

"Take some of this dear," she whispered, pushing the opening of the vial onto my lips.

I knew I could trust her, which was strange for me to trust a stranger so easily and opened my mouth. Cool liquid with the taste of blueberry went down my throat.

A moment later, I felt my mind go mushy, my eyes glaze over and my body relaxing against her even more. She sighed in relief.

"The red irises gone... Mister Potter's back with us." She said to her colleagues and my companions.

"Hmmm." I mumbled, licking my lips. How did my eyes flash red? I had felt a flare but... "What was contained in that vial, Madam Pomfrey?"

"A calming drought. It could make you a bit dizzy depending on how strong it is." She said. "How are you?"

'Harry!' said a voice in my head: Kate.

'Mate, you scared us!' Shawn thought.

'We couldn't use our connection. We couldn't reach you. We thought we lost you,' Kate said. "Your eyes... they went-"

'Real red. Like evil.' Shawn said.

I looked up to see his eyes were wide. Dumbledore was gone and so were many other people. The only ones who remained were Shawn, Kate, Pomfrey and Flitwick. Hagrid lingered for a moment, his eyes were wet and the sight of McGonagall and Snape were leaving with Quirrell in front.

"I am... better. I-" I cut myself off. I looked up and shook my head. Then I said in a tone that would seem I had found a miracle, "I am calm."

I covered my face in an attempt to hide myself. I was so very vulnerable now. My mask... I couldn't find it. Calm. I'm just... calm. But I'm still bloody thinking! I took a deep breath. It wasn't the calming drought that calmed me down- I knew that was for sure- but the heart beats of a human and human... contact... You see, I became immune to such things after accidentally making an anti-drug affectant potion (which would stick in my DNA) when I was suppose to make a rejuvenation potion. A bloody mistake to drink too. So far I was unaffected by snake venoms, alcohol, Muggle poisons and now calming droughts. And yes I was 'eager' enough to test myself.

But my mind was racing. What to do now that I failed to half heartedly kill myself?

Hmm. Maybe I need to think this through.

Maybe I need... I need a new mask to hide what I truly feel (distant or human), what I think (a jumble of 'saving people' and 'genocide'), what I have of interest since now I'm in such a muddle! It was confusing and I need to settle on a mask so I could sort myself out between wanting to punish everyone or wanting to help people behind it- and everyone wouldn't see any difference between insanity (which I sometimes feel like on the brink of when I think dark thoughts) or fluffy giddiness. And they just simply see it as happiness. I mean, the old one was lame and boring! I really like people underestimating me so maybe I could act a bit more... childish and simple minded. Then I could scheme the hell I please. That sounds like a-

"Harry?"

I looked up and saw that Madame Pomfrey had went to pick his things up while his friends were staring at me. I felt slightly frustrated but I could say I've got the gist of my aims in the hat.

"Are you okay?" Kate continued. "You looked like you were in your own planet."

I cleared my throat. Here comes the change, I thought to myself. Then I beamed at them before wrapping my arms around them.

"Yeah. I'm all good." I said.

I could sense their surprise and I felt very smug. Maybe pretending to be a good little boy wouldn't hurt as much as I had initially thought.

I was made to stay in the Hospital Wing for the rest of the holiday to get fixed up and rested. Shawn and Kate visited me as long as they were allowed- sometimes even able to convince Pomfrey to allow them to stay overnight so we could chat. It was nice when we chat about random things.

Everyone who saw my naked body that night- which was impossible to look away from because of the obviously out of place sight that dominated when looking at me- saw that I had lots of bruises, welts, belt marks, strange finger marks all over my body (from slaps, spankings, grabs and choking) and with un-professional stitching done by Petunia when Vernon refused to admit me to a hospital. Not only that, Pomfrey took the medical examination a step further to find I had some broken bones in my right hand which explained why I could only use it for a short period of time before resorting to the left one and for the awkward strides I took when walking. There was also a slipped disk in my spine which I remembered it hurting for a long time in fourth grade but gradually I was able to put the pain aside. I thanked her a lot for spending some of her holiday just to help and heal me. She had quickly waved it off; perhaps she was afraid I would try to end my life again. Never again... for now.

"I don't know what to think about the headmaster anymore," Pomfrey had said to herself.

I'm going to get away with so much with this new mask.

The day after the incident, Dumbledore had visited Harry. Pomfrey gave him the cold shoulder after ranting a whole list of injuries from abuse Harry had received but Dumbledore replied something about 'blood bonds with his aunt', 'love from Lily' and 'home'. Harry, while the exchange took place, pretended to be sleeping until he heard enough and began to wake from his sleep. The conversation ceased, Pomfrey walked away and Dumbledore turned his attention to the boy.

"Good morning, Harry." He said softly.

"Good morning Headmaster Dumbledore." Harry said, smiling in a way a 'normal' small boy would.

Dumbledore thought he could see his chance to persuade, wondering if Pomfrey had made her performance a mere act to coax the boy into taking potions. Potions Dumbledore hopes were to calm the boy into submissiveness. Little did he know that that was Harry's intention for Dumbledore to perceive him now. Harry very much liked people to underestimate him so then he could trip his enemies without his enemies realising until its too late.

"How are you today?" he asked.

"I'm feeling brilliant today." Harry said, grinning like an idiot. "Though Madam Pomfrey has been fussing over me for most of the morning," Dumbledore chuckled and Harry slowly frowned. "I can't blame her really after frightening her last night... frightening all of you..."

Dumbledore gave a questioning look, ducking his head a little to see the troubled look on the young boy's face.

"I'm sorry sir." Harry said and seemed very sincere. Sincere enough that it even convinced Dumbledore, the best actor in the world that Harry was genuine when Harry himself is an excellent actor. "For over-reacting and the gash. I hope your leg is alright. I mean, we all make mistakes, right?"

"Yes. We're human after all." Dumbledore agreed.

Harry wondered how much Dumbledore was trying to convince him rather than himself of that fact.

Harry whispered, "I thought I should have died along with my parents." He paused, searching for a reaction and the reaction from Dumbledore was quite placid. "I know you gave me that cloak, headmaster."

Harry looked back up at the headmaster and saw that the twinkles were back.

"Do you like it?" Dumbledore asked before he could stop himself.

But Harry didn't seem to see anything wrong with the statement and shrugged.

"It is... interesting." he said.

Dumbledore and Harry shared a look but neither was sharing the same thoughts. Harry slowly reached over and touched Dumbledore's hand, taking a hold of it and squeezing it lightly. Dumbledore frowned ever so slightly and looked at Harry questioningly. Harry either was pretending to be passive or really was for his eyes were slightly glassy- Dumbledore was thinking the last while Harry was doing the first. Harry smiled before looking back

up at Dumbledore. It was a smile that made someone's heart ache and make them want to reach out and truly help them but Dumbledore of all his scheming for the Greater Good he had edged himself away people, hurting them and not caring- just for the sake of the Greater Good. It was a failing for being so wise and knowing and it was something that Harry had tried to escape but for the Greater Bad. Harry was still trying to find himself.

"You are my magical guardian, right?" Harry asked, uncertain.

"Right." He said, smiling warmly but it really was slyly.

"Can I stay with a friend for the summer holidays straight after the end of term?" Harry then asked, testing him.

Dumbledore was silent and watched a bird flying outside through the opened window.

"It's important that you stay at your Muggle relatives for the summer at Stoke-on-Trent."

"Why is that sir?"

"When your mother sacrificed herself, she died protecting you. Since your mother and your aunt are sisters, it meant that you could be protected by living with her."

"So I cannot even step out of their property without Petunia's guidance? For the whole summer?"

Dumbledore seemed hesitant but Harry caught a glimpse in his eyes that told Harry that Dumbledore was about to lie.

"Exactly."

"Protected from whom?"

"Voldemort."

"Uh-huh..."

"Anymore questions?" he asked, a tone of frustration seeped in.

"There are some things that I would like to know, if you can tell me," Harry said in a young and lost voice. "Things that I would want to know the truth about..."

"The truth." Dumbledore sighed. "It is a beautiful and terrible thing, and should therefore be treated with great caution. However, I shall answer your questions unless I have a very good reason not to, in which case I beg you'll forgive me. I shall not, of course, lie."

"Voldemort said that he only killed my mother because she tried to stop him from killing me. Why would he want to kill me in the first place?"

Dumbledore sighed very deeply.

"I cannot tell you. Not today. Not now. You will know, one day...put it from your mind for now, Harry. When you are older...I know you hate to hear this...when you are ready, you will know."

Harry frowned and had of course expected Dumbledore would say that.

Dumbledore removed his hand from Harry's, trying not to seem cold. It was hard to change when there was so much weighting one down. Dumbledore has so much power, so much influence and he couldn't help but use that to his advantage.

"Harry, I have to go." Dumbledore said softly. "I'm glad you are coming to and are well."

"Yeah. Alright. See you around Headmaster."

Dumbledore smiled and patted Harry's shoulder before leaving the hospital wing.

Harry, once Dumbledore was gone, blew out a sigh. He was glad Dumbledore didn't suspect that he was feeding off his thoughts and memories from that brief skin contact. He closed his eyes and in his mind he watched from the beginning of the life of Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

If anything, Harry's thoughts about the man after analysing the man's life went down a more hateful path.

TC

~Posted: 3rd Day/3rd Month/2010th Year

Author's note: The cloak and it being from Dumbledore was the trigger to Harry's mind going 'slightly haywire' and unlocking Voldemort's soul that is latched onto his own. Now Harry is still alive, he is trying to define who he is without any luck so he yet again makes a mask to hide himself from society until he finds himself. Feel free to flame and comment. I would like to know what you all thought of this chapter.

First Year

Chapter Twelve

I had stayed in the hospital wing for a week and a half before Madam Pomfrey claimed me fit. When I left, I thanked and apologised Pomfrey until she blushed, trying to fight against the feeling of being praised so much. She is a nice lady. My body felt new and I was ready for anything. I went to apologise to Hagrid who was sobbing by the end and we shared an awkward hug. We talked, or should I say he talked about my parents and how alike I looked like them. I smiled a little and thanked him for one of the rock hard tart desert pieces he made. Note to self: never eat something Hagrid had made.

Next was Flitwick. He patted my shoulder and gave me a toffee. He too told me about my parents and Lily's ability in charms. McGonagall had shed some tears as well but not as noticeable like Hagrid. She offered me some tea and I sat with her while she too talked about my parents. She seemed to be fighting against feeling happy or disappointed for my father's behaviour in school in his younger years.

"If I were asked to say who you were more alike, I would say your mother." She had said. "Such determination and kindness... of course both your mother and father lost their temper from time to time but never at each other. Well... maybe Lily does when James goes off into his little tangents with his friends and their pranks..."

It was afternoon by the time I walked my way down to the dungeons where Snape stayed at while in the castle. I wasn't sure if he was still in the castle but I was sure that he would be if school was starting again in two days time. I came to what I thought was Snape's office, the 'Professor S. Snape's Office' which was a big giveaway. I knocked on the door and waited patiently, calming myself. It was a few minutes before the door swung open.

"Potter." He greeted stiffly.

"Good afternoon Professor Snape. I am sorry to disrupt you Professor Snape but I have something that I feel that I have to say," I said, staring at the professor. "I am truly sorry for my inappropriate behaviour that transpired on the twenty fifth of December. It was

selfish and attention seeking- I should have realised that before attempting to end my life. Please forgive me."

He was silent. His face unreadable and his lips formed a white thin line. He opened his mouth, the blood returning to those thin lips before saying, "Is that all?"

What else did I expect from this man? I asked for forgiveness, for him to have the upper power but he didn't accept it or that he wanted me to feel stupid. He didn't exactly say it in nasty or cold way but it wasn't exactly warm and kind either. He acknowledged my... effort which was good enough for me. I nodded.

"That is all, Professor Snape," I said. "Thank you."

"Potter, promise me one thing."

I looked at him again. I hadn't expected this.

He grabbed my chin with one hand, looking me in the eyes and gave me a long hard stare. The touch again sent me in a whirl. What is this and why was I reacting this way? It's completely stupid! He didn't attempt to penetrate my mind. He just stared with... longing?

"Do not do that again." He whispered finally but in a strained voice.

"I apologise but I cannot promise something like that, Professor Snape."

He let go of me quickly as if he was burnt. I turned on my heel and walked away before he could shut the door in my face.

Last but definitely not least, Quirrell. He was there on the night and since I apologised to everyone but him, it didn't feel right to leave him out just because I knew what the heck the turban was hiding. All this walking was good exercise, I thought. As I neared Quirrell's office that was adjacent to the Defence classroom, his door was slightly ajar.

"H-hagrid owns the Cerberus. D-d-dumbledore, without meaning to, gave away a clue to calming it. Musi-i-ic. Yes, music. No need for getting the dragon egg for the giant now. Music is the key-y!" said Quirrell. "The stone will soon be yours."

"Not now. The rest would see your absence and the return of students would lead to the corridors being over crowded. No. After exams should do. The staff would be busy marking and the students would be enjoying the summer sun." A voice hissed back. "Yes... they'll be less reluctant to staying indoors..."

"B-but, Master! It's too long a t-time!"

"There are unicorns in the forest, is there not? Feed on their blood for me Quirrell." The unseen voice answered which seemed to be coming from the turban. Voldemort.

"M-master?"

"You know exactly what I ask of you and you will do it for me. For power."

"Y-yes Master."

"Also. You deal with that brat."

"B-but Master. No!" Quirrell cried before falling silent, biting his lip.

"No? You dare say no to me?"

"Forgive me Master. I-I thought you'd want to kill H-h-harry P-potter in your own body. I-"

"Silence!" Voldemort hissed. "Your thoughts are worthless," he paused. "But nevertheless for once you're right. So I need that stone, Quirrell and you will get it for me. I need-"

I knocked on the door. Without intending to, I've found the time he would steal for Voldemort. I could tell from his stuttering that he was afraid. Making sure my shields were still secure, I was ready to apologise for the incident and leave immediately after to figure out why Quirrell would try to save me or didn't want to be the one to kill me.

And once I told my companions, they were even more convinced that Dumbledore was insane as well as being manipulative, reckless and getting far too old. A Cerberus in a school! Who else would

warrant such a creature? Oh having people go against Dumbledore felt sweet.

School began again and nobody else knew about what had happened. I was still regarded as the silent one and only those I allowed could talk to me freely.

Days and months passed like a pack of cards being sorted through a card shuffling machine. I studied, revised, practised and stayed ranked one instead of ten. Disturbing images about Dumbledore and his life were pushed way out to the back of my mind. I was quite an idiot to rob him of his privacy. But I so wanted to know what happened to my parents, what made Voldemort become who he is today through Dumbledore's eyes.

I was truly a distraction so Dumbledore could buy some more time. I was supposed to die and Voldemort was supposed to be killed by Dumbledore's hand. But neither of us did and only one of us seemed to be. Dumbledore would start to wonder how Voldemort hadn't died and I can tell that he would then use me. Dumbledore was there the night my parents were murdered, to kill Voldemort right there. He was under the invisibility cloak that belonged to my father. There was guilt but very little. I had watched him pound in the half ruined Potter house and went to the conclusion that love, the sacrifice my mother gave, saved me. He had done a ritual, blood magic on the house at Surrey and then again at Stoke-on-Trent when he discovered before my eleventh birthday that we had moved. I saw him thinking over not if I would be happy but if he should place a magical block on my magical core. I saw him remember that he perhaps didn't need to and Vernon would beat me to stop me from practising magic before Hogwarts- preventing another Tom Riddle beginning. He made sure the prophecy was made, he made sure it held Voldemort's attention through grief stricken but bravely determined Snape. But there was so much more in between, it hurt my head to think about it. I got more than what I bargained for and I was trying to hide from my mind as well as from the rest of the world. How ridiculous was that?

I had tried to look up Voldemort and Tom Riddle but nothing interesting was found that I had not already known. Voldemort was no longer something I bothered to try researching further. There was not a trace of his previous life explained or discovered. My mind, so clever and smart could take in so much- much more than a person

who had lived in the Wizarding world. I moved on to third and fourth year material with the help of Jasmine Jenkins, a fourth year Ravenclaw who was more than happy to help me, Kate and Shawn expand our intelligence. I was brilliant in mathematics in school and considered doing Arithmancy for third year. Definitely. I love numbers and finally seeing a subject that would use numbers other than astronomy was a class I wanted to take.

The study of Ancient Runes was hard. There was so much history behind it yet it was very interesting and curious- two of the traits I've been damned with. The magic behind runes was so vast that one could rely on a pen knife to protect one's self. It would be helpful so I was definitely considering it. Though then there is Divination. If Trelawney was still there by the time I'm in my third year, I wouldn't even think of it. From what Jasmine and her friends said, the lady was a complete fake even though her great-great grandmother was a true seer.

"Seer inheritance does not skip three generations. It's impossible. You either have it or not. Then it depends on whether they have a carrier gene..."

Then there was Muggle studies. We had a laugh about that.

"Muggle studies." Shawn said with a sigh. "We would be sure to get Outstanding in that."

"Will it be worth it?" Kate asked, looking a bit sceptical. "We've almost forgotten everything about the world we were born in."

"We'll catch up," I assured, folding my arms behind my head. "Besides, Shawn has the internet at our disposal. The internet has become a useful place for research."

Care of Magical Creatures was a definite though. No doubt about it.

Malfoy being ranked eleven in the first year learning curriculum thought he could threaten the top ten. I knew that Hermione was ranked four and Shawn and Kate two and three. Hermione's three Gryffindor friends, Simon, Jenny and Neville, along with two Hufflepuff students, Hannah Abbott and Megan Jones and fellow Ravenclaw student Su Li were the other seven students. I was still ranked one which wasn't much of a surprise since I do study and

revise hard and know the topics very well. It's of course of the gift of photographic memory and my thirst for knowledge.

"Oi! Pothead!" said a familiar voice while we entered the Great Hall at one break time.

I didn't turn around and continued heading to the Ravenclaw table, knowing that that was Malfoy's pet name for me and if I answered, I would be confirming that that is my name. I would not lower myself to that level so no way was I going to answer. Plus Shawn was starving and so was Kate and I... sort of. Weasley was snickering from the sidelines. Weasley and Malfoy have their differences but I could read from their thoughts that they thought the same thing when it came down to me.

"Potter!"

I turned around and smirked.

"Draco Malfoy!" I said happily and very fake but nobody knew that. "I hope nobody is selling you drugs."

Malfoy reeled back in shock at the change of demeanour compared to how it was before Christmas.

"You think you're so smart-"

"Draco- I can call you Draco, can't I?" without waiting for his reply, I continued, "I don't think myself as being smart. If this is about academics, I assure you I made sure the teachers were not favouring me at the beginning of school. You see, I do not take favouritism lightly. I am where I am because my diligent and eager attitude towards learning and knowledge got me there. Thus the reason why I am in Ravenclaw."

"Thus the reason why I am in Ravenclaw'. Just shut up already."

I showed no emotion and neither did Shawn and Kate. I didn't like Malfoy and his intentions.

"Tonight. Wizard's duel. Wands only — no contact. What's the matter? Never heard of a wizard's duel before, I suppose?"

"I maybe German but I'm not stupid," I said, rolling my eyes. "We would have to ask for permission to duel in the school though. It's against the rules to duel without authorisation in the castle."

"What? You're scared Potter?"

"Ha. You wish, Draco." I said, knowing quite well Malfoy didn't intend on having a crowd. "I am merely doing this the right way. I daresay, an official duel sounds more fitting. Were you hoping I did not know the customs? How very wrong of you Malfoy. Draco Malfoy. How very wrong indeed."

Before Malfoy could react, I was at the head table talking to Flitwick and Snape. They turned to Dumbledore with worry and disbelief but Dumbledore nodded.

"Albus! They're only first years." McGonagall said in an exasperated voice.

"It's not up to me to intervene. You know as well as I do when challenged, the one challenged has no say in wanting to participate or not. They would have to start the duel before one could leave." Dumbledore said.

I walked back over to Malfoy who had a look of horror when Dumbledore stood from his seat to which everyone fell silent when seeing the signal.

"Good afternoon all! I have an announcement to make. Mister Draco Malfoy has challenged a Wizard's duel to Mister Harry Potter and Mister Potter, following school protocol, asked for permission to do so in the school thus making it an official duel. Mister Malfoy, who will be your second?"

Malfoy looked uncomfortable but tried really hard not to show it to everyone.

"Vincent Crabbe." He finally said.

"And Mister Potter, who will be yours?"

"Professor Severus Snape." I replied calmly.

The school gasped at the unexpected candidate and turned to look at said candidate. I smirked and watched Snape glare furiously at me for making him my double... against two of his Slytherin students. He had no choice but to do it now. Backing down would be shameful.

"Tonight after dinner in the Great Hall is when and where this event would be taking place," Dumbledore continued. "To those who are interested, they are free to watch. But let me remind all of you that a duel outside of class without permission will lead to immediate detention and house point deductions. That is all."

With that, Dumbledore sat back down.

"Now it is official." I said to Malfoy. "I'll see you tonight, Draco."

That night, Kate, Shawn and I with the rest of the school finished dinner and was made to leave to set up. Hermione, Neville, Simon and Jenny hung around with us first year Ravenclaw students while we waited at the door. Malfoy was somewhere in the crowd with his Slytherin buddies. Everyone else, not only first years but the older students were milling around, simply being spectators. There were a few but not everyone was there which I didn't particularly mind.

About eight o'clock, the doors opened. The tables and benches were moved on either side of the hall. In the middle was a duelling platform which was as long and wide as a row of one house's tables-connected table. The high table remained where it was where Quirrell, Dumbledore, Sprout, Snape, Flitwick, Pomfrey and Filch all stood in front of. They were looking at each other. McGonagall had opened the door. Her lips were perched and had the look of disapproval. There was no need to tell anyone to be silent because the crowd silenced themselves.

"Draco Malfoy, Harry Potter, Vincent Crabbe and Severus Snape," She called. "Please come forward."

Shawn patted us on the back.

"Good luck, mate," Shawn whispered.

"Yes Harry. Good luck." Kate said.

"Knock him out!" Shawn then said, grinning wide.

I chuckled, exchanging glances of thanks and walked away into the Great Hall. Malfoy and Crabbe followed; they too had received 'encouraging' words from their 'mates'. Snape appeared soon after and we went to the far end, where we would have the pleasure to feel the eyes of the staff on our backs. We waited as people were allowed to enter, sitting themselves on the benches and tables that were pushed to the sides.

Malfoy, Crabbe, Snape and I met McGonagall in the middle of the table. Rules were run through even though he did tell McGonagall that we knew them, she insisted while giving Malfoy a look of distrust.

"Professor?" Malfoy said rudely in the middle of McGonagall lecture. "I just want to lay out to Potter that we can do any spell as long as they're not above third year duelling material so he'll know how far I'd be going."

There were whistles of impressiveness. Malfoy's cocky grin reached his face but when he looked at me, it flustered a bit- I wasn't complaining or showed any change in behaviour. I was empty of emotions which made it harder to read me. Kate was the same. People must think we're boring!

"Mister Potter?" McGonagall said. "Do you agree with Mister Malfoy's term?"

"I am fine with those terms, Professor McGonagall." I said slowly. Then tapping my chin a few times I added an afterthought. "And let there be no interference by anyone until an opponent says so, or are... unable to continue,"

"Do you agree with Mister Potter's term Mister Malfoy?"

"Yes." He said shortly.

"Very well." She said, leaving the stage and standing within the audience of students on one side in the middle of the duelling table. "You both may begin by bowing to each other."

We bowed. I took note that Malfoy did it in a rather show-off-y way while I bowed quite normally. McGonagall continued to guide us and

a moment later we were standing in the middle of our own ends, wands out and ready in the proper starting position. Kate and Crabbe were at their ends of their sides of the table.

"On the count of three," McGonagall said. "One. Two. Three."

Before McGonagall said 'three', Malfoy was already casting a spell.

"Confundo!" he yelled.

I waved off the confusing charm with my wand hand easily and wordlessly. Some people gaped. I didn't wait.

"Cheat!" I snarled.

I gave a growl and thrust my arm forward, I imaged Malfoy flipping backwards and the word 'flipendo' was in my mind. A white light shot out and it hit Malfoy in the chest hard. He flipped back in the air before landing heavily near Crabbe. He pissed me off, I have the right to rip off my mask for a while.

"Draco Malfoy. I may be considered complacent but I am not stupid enough to know that that confusion charm is sixth year level." I bellowed, anger was hinted but it didn't show in my face but in my eyes which at that moment turned from green to a raging red.

While I waited for Malfoy to stand up patiently, people were murmuring. Someone was growling about giving Malfoy the 'red card'. Football fan I would presume. Some people were pointing at me. I only caught some words such as 'wordless', 'his eyes look strange' and 'no hesitation'. I couldn't see the other staff members but I was sure they were getting curious about me. Kate and Shawn were silent. They were still with me since I still had control over myself while the red took over.

When he was up, I had my glasses folded in my hand. My vision, discovering that my psychokinetic ability could do it, corrected them self accordingly. Malfoy along with everyone else watched as I dropped them on the ground. I lifted my foot and then slammed it into the damned glasses, the glasses shattering under my school boots. It was then everyone was able to see my blood red irises and my strained and tense body.

"What is stopping you, Draco Malfoy?" I said emotionless but the red lingered. "Sixth year spells: do as you please."

"Shut up, Potter." Malfoy snarled. "Offendo!"

I was caught and felt myself trip and fall to the ground. The side of my face prickled as I felt the shards of glass penetrate my skin. There were howls of laughter which I didn't pay any heed to. I stood up, ignoring the glass and waved my wand at him. I imagined a flock of birds charging and attack Malfoy, and the word that fitted that would be 'Avis Oppugno'. Just as I imagined, a flock of beautiful canaries flew out before going straight for Malfoy. I watched as Malfoy looked alarmed.

"Flipendo Contendo!" he yelled.

The birds came back at me and I commanded them to fly back into my wand simply.

Straight after, Malfoy shouted, "Vox Dementis!"

I began complaining which came out with me blabbering. People laughed and I chuckled along. Malfoy wasn't though upon him seeing me chuckle. I couldn't stop because the chuckle was all gibberish and it turned into a laughter of gibberish.

"Contristosempra!" Malfoy bellowed.

"NO!" Pomfrey shot out from the head table.

Seats at the head table scrapped the ground. From where McGonagall was, she had stepped a few feet toward the stage. I knew exactly why. It was the depression hex.

Immediately, my laughter fell and my eyes glow blood red. Depression at the moment for me resulted in anger and desire to die. I could feel a major depressive episode climbing into my brain. I lost control soon after the red deepened; a wide maniac smile reached my features.

"Thank you for releasing me, Malfoy." I loudly hissed at him with resentment.

I pointed my wand at myself, at my throat.

The sound of Vernon's shot gun rang through the hall. I fell to the ground and didn't move a muscle while my blood gushed out of my throat; a blood bed formed around me. I heard screams of frightened people but I didn't move. Couldn't. There was no Vernon in the hall and the sound came from my wand which was the effect from a bullet being released. My vision began swimming. I smiled in relief. I was finally going to die.

TC

~Posted: 6th Day/3rd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Thirteen

I've begun thinking of Harry Potter in the little part in my mind that was still mine and private. Harry Potter for most parts is a good boy. He gets top marks if not restrained, studies hard, has friends, polite, calm, considerate and very mature for his age. It is only the way he carries himself and the way he speaks and convey emotions that lacked which made him isolated from his peers other than his friends. He doesn't know this and some may not see it too but I do. He's trying to blend, to fit in- trying to act his age. It's not working but somehow he's making it work and he's getting along with people whenever he needed to. It's as though he has the world on his shoulders, he's no longer a child. But he could handle it. But there's something he's hiding and that's why he has a mask over another mask.

That Christmas night was the first time I have seen him lose control and showed his dark side, his anger. His attempt to end his life was serious. The way he stood up there naked with the moon's light shining against him creating shadows. Something about the cloak made him snap, revealing his hatred towards Dumbledore. It was clear he was hurting inside as well as on the outside. Literately outside for the fact that we were able to see the physical abuse laid down on the thin and malnourished body of a boy. One glance at the boy's Magical guardian that night told me he was responsible for placing the boy with a Muggle family who despised magic. I know a lot about Muggles and enough of them to be able to live in the Muggle world for the rest of my life without relying on Magic. There would be some who would accept the fact that there is magic and some who are completely ignorant because of the secrecy. I felt truly sorry for those Muggle parents and parents who were raising magical children in the Muggle world.

Harry Potter is an innocent boy with a tortured past and with the Dark Lord hammering the back of my head most of the day, it was hard to say no to follow his plans which would create a path that the boy would be involved in. It was only a few days after Christmas that I told the Dark Lord a straightforward no. He would want all the glory to himself of course. I'm a considerate man. I wanted to delay Harry's death. He could learn so much once I find a way to escape the Dark Lord without getting the stone and help Harry, tell him

things about the Dark Lord so he could fulfil Dumbledore's darn prophecy. I could tell Dumbledore's trying to keep as much information from Harry as possible. It just wasn't right. Someone has to tell the poor boy soon! The boy was like a bomb. He looked sweet and kind with the two layers of masks but he was angry. So very angry and mad and betrayed and so so isolated from everyone. Someone needs to help him manage that anger. Tell him the truth. Perhaps the child within Harry wasn't all gone in the core of his soul. One who perhaps wanted true happiness and a happy family as the Dark Lord had oh so long ago...

I was a decent and proper man too before meeting the Dark Lord when travelling on my adventure last Summer! Good and Evil he said there was no such thing except Power. Oh, I loved the feeling of power. The Dark Lord showed me. I didn't need anything but power and he told me he could give it to me but now... Oh what a terrible mistake! But I have no choice. I had to follow through if I wanted a chance to survive.

For having the Dark Lord share my body, I was able to discover everything about the Dark Lord and his past, Tom Marvolo Riddle. It was not what the Dark Lord had wanted but he had no choice at the time and I became his host. His faithful, foolish host, who keeps messing up and as punishment, received the worst migraines one does not want to ask for. The only reason why the Dark Lord was still alive was the Horcruxes he had created- his soul split into pieces. The Dark Lord too was like Harry now when he was a child with slight differences. Dumbledore kept everything away from him, which allowed his curiosity manifest into what he has become now. I wouldn't let Dumbledore make the same mistake again but how I do that, I am unsure. The boy needed to know that before Dumbledore throws the boy in too!

Then that night when Draco Malfoy challenged Harry to a duel. It was interesting to watch. Harry was able to do wordless and spells that were higher than sixth year level- since Draco had started the duel at 'two' with a sixth year level spell. I was worried that Harry didn't know any top year spells to deflect Draco's but was wrong. It was when Draco sent the depression hex that the staff who knew bits of Harry's mental health condition (such as the suicide attempt) was immediately at attention and I remembered the red that replaced his mother's eyes. They looked like the ones in the mirror on the back of my head. Could part of the Dark Lord be... in him? I'd

think about it in depth later, I had thought. Dumbledore shook his head at Minerva who had wanted to intervene. Of course, Harry without really thinking deeper than he thinks had asked for no intervention until one backs out or is unable to continue.

Immediately after Poppy shouted 'no', we knew she saw what we couldn't see without standing right in front of Harry. The boy's eyes had gone blood red. I had gotten out of my chair at the same time and speed as Severus was by the boy's side. He too looked worried, surprised and a bit pale as I had. He must really care for the boy after having wanted the mother, Lily be spared but wasn't. But the sight of the boy's blood spurting out of the hole that punctured his throat: it was horrible. Severus was trying to stop the bleeding by pressing down on the open wound. But it kept on flowing and the panic in his eyes was frightening. I thought he would have gone insane right then.

The hall was full of screaming and shouting from the students. I remained where I was at the time since the Dark Lord was alert, he seemed to glow seeing that the boy took his own life and looked like he succeeded. It was sickening. Severus didn't move away from the boy until Poppy was by the boy's side as well. Minerva, Filius, Pomona and Dumbledore controlled the students, making them evacuate quickly while Argus and his cat Misses Norris made sure they went. Draco and Vincent were sent on their way too looking quite frightened. Harry's friends, Kateryna Yuri and Sharma Parikh (both Muggleborn much to the Dark Lord's disgust) tried to stay behind but were ushered out by Filius with the help of Harry's other friend Hermione Granger and her Gryffindor friends and the Ravenclaw Prefect Penelope Clearwater. It must have been a shock to have seen such a thing.

I haven't seen the boy since that night. The Dark Lord insisted the boy wouldn't survive saying that it was a killing curse in the disguise of 'gun incendia'.

"The boy is so ordinary that he decided to kill himself for me. How thoughtful of him." The Dark Lord thought to him with a lazy attitude. "At least he had the sense to read a Latin dictionary. Now he's out of the way, I have a body to create and a world to rule."

That attitude changed immediately when Minerva followed by Severus entered the staff room, their eyes either wide or thinking

wildly while announcing that Harry Potter managed to survive despite the amount of blood the boy lost and the fact that he was dead for almost a week.

Madam Pomfrey told the anxious children who were Harry Potter's two closest friends of his condition. The two had been clearly disturbed by what has happened but nevertheless visited their friend loyally. Their intentions were to hope that Harry get's well and then to help build Harry back to normal. For Harry Potter, there was no definition for him that he could call normal.

All over the school, every person whether living, non-living, portrait or animated furniture knew what had happened since most had been present to watch. Draco Malfoy had been receiving a lot of glares, jabs and verbal slurs that was way beyond what Draco was capable of. He didn't have the time to retort or snap or reply nonchalantly to the first person when an eleventh person began yelling over the noise saying, 'how about we place the hex on you? Would be worthwhile to see your blood splat on the dirty floors.' The person was a Slytherin much to Draco's confusion. If he didn't have Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle, he would have been physically bullied and find himself in the hospital bed next to Harry Potter. Yes Draco regretted challenging Harry but in all honesty, he didn't know Harry would react in such away from the depression hex. Now that Draco thought back, challenging Harry over academics wasn't worth the duel. But his Slytherin pride steered him away from apologising.

Notwithstanding with what had happened, classes when as normal and meals were taken in the Great Hall. The duelling stage was gone and the tables and benches were back to where they were. Nobody but a few staff dared to walk down the middle isle of the tables which was where the stage had been. Some first years even admitted that Harry Potter didn't really influence a change in classes since he was never disruptive and has never asked questions- and only on some but very few occasions was he questioned by a teacher. Most felt it was easier to just think that Harry Potter was just another kid- which he is.

When the news about Harry's almost impossible recovery came to light a few weeks to the school after the incident, not many paid attention to it. Exams were fast ahead and many were studying hard and diligently doing the sudden increase in homework and assignments. Draco had received much less public shaming but that

didn't mean some weren't still jabbing at him. Shawn and Kate have been even quieter than ever and were missing on the day when Madam Pomfrey finally warranted them to see Harry for the first time after re-living.

"Now, I know you two are his closest friends but you must be gentle with him. No demanding answers and such. We don't want to bring on stress. He's a bit delicate in terms of emotional state but his physical state is fine." Madam Pomfrey had explained.

She looked tired, exhausted and the tight smile she had on didn't look like a good sign.

"Thank you, Madam." The two said.

Cautiously, the two followed the school healer into the Hospital Wing. It was bright white and smelt very clean but cleanliness was expected and so was the smell of it. There was a bed with the curtains drawn around it. Madame Pomfrey signalled for them to stay put for a moment before going behind the curtain.

"Mister Potter?"

No response.

"Your two friends, Miss Yuri and Mister Parikh are here to see you."

There was no response. Madame Pomfrey came back out and nodded to the two youngsters, before opening the curtains for them to enter and then shutting it when they sat down beside the bed.

Harry Potter laid on the bed, his body was stiff; no part moved except for his chest which moved up and down as a sign that he was breathing normally. He looked stark pale. His usual dark red hair was rich black and stuck out in all directions. His expression was blank and his eyes held a mix of bright green and blood red bringing the colour of dark hazel and those too showed nothing. Those eyes didn't look at them and didn't even move or blink away from the dead fly stuck on the ceiling. Shawn and Kate couldn't find their connections to Harry: their permanent telepathic connection which wasn't always permanent when one shuts down.

"Mate, you holding up alright?" Shawn said, the first to break the silence.

Harry didn't show any sign that he had heard.

"Harry," Kate said softly. "We're here for you."

She touched his hand and it was so very cold. He didn't move.

"Yeah," Shawn agreed. "We won't give up on you, mate."

The boy on the bed still didn't acknowledge them. He seemed too far away.

His two friends looked at each other with one thought in mind: we might have lost him but we're not giving up on him. They were determined to have Harry speak freely, join them adventuring into the forbidden places in and out of the castle and hearing his awkward intellectual jokes which end up being funny anyways. They were sure their Harry was still there. He just needed to be found and rescued from this depression.

"How is Harry, my boy?" Albus Dumbledore asked softly.

It was a few weeks prior to Shawn and Kate's visit to Harry and the first day Harry had opened his eyes. Albus and Severus were in the Headmaster's office. The headmaster's back was all Severus Snape could see but even showing his back, Albus knew Severus could read him and Albus didn't want that. The very fact that Albus Dumbledore doesn't know how Harry is shows how little he cared for him.

Slowly, Albus turned away from the window to stare at Severus. The 'boy' who's practically a man looked exhausted, bags under his eyes and a few extra lines in his forehead made him look older than he seemed. To have to worry about Harry Potter on top of all the duties he had to do, Albus was glad that he still had Severus under Albus' grandfatherly spell and Severus still didn't know the cost of allowing the old man do whatever he pleases to the younger man's life.

Still cluelessly following everything Albus asks of him, Albus continued to push buttons and bend things a little to find Severus' weaknesses and strengths and on the way, Albus managed to make

the younger man feel even guiltier for running off to Voldemort. Severus was feeling the guilt that he shouldn't be feeling. It was stressing the young man and still at the moment, Albus did not offer the young man to sit or have a one of his calming drought coated lemon drops. Albus added another memorabilia to the collection that showed himself how much power he was able to abuse with no body to question him; manipulating the former truly loyal Death Eater to say he'd do anything for Albus was probably the most valuable of all since it meant he'd even die for Albus.

While Albus Dumbledore seems to care for everybody and anybody it was all a mask and Albus was feeling very smug. He's still alive and people thought he was the most noble of warlocks these generations. Some may think he's gone senile but that was also a ruse. It allowed him to do the unspeakable while still maintaining his mask, fooling everyone. He knew what love could do to someone. So here he was pretending he loved everyone including Mudbloods and Pureblood bigots. The two he definitely did not love was Harry Potter and Severus Snape. He did not care about their feelings and it seemed at the moment that both of them were under his spell not just Severus. Albus sighed. Now that Harry was dead, that would be one of his best chess pieces down.

"Severus, sit down if it's easier for you." Albus said, pretending to care.

Severus slowly sank down in a chair in front of Albus' desk.

"He is alive," Severus replied with slight hesitance, running his long fingers through that lovely black hair of his.

Albus watched silently with hidden glee as he saw the pain covered with temporary relief in Severus black eyes before he buried his face into his hands.

"Thank Merlin he's alive." He young man said with relief but it was muffled behind his hands.

The revelation that Harry was able to survive his suicide was absolutely astounding. He should have stayed dead. The amount of blood that was loss was enough to declare the boy dead and stay that way. He wasn't breathing. His skin had turned cold and a very pale white. His body lifeless and his eyes that held so much hate

was gone leaving an empty corpus on the duelling stage. He thought Poppy was mad when she said the boy would live and waved off the possibility of him coming back to life. After a few days in the hospital wing, Albus had an arrogant air around him telling Poppy he told her so but he did it filled with sorrow and thanks for her efforts. Until today. But there was something Severus was holding back and he could tell.

"But?" Albus asked coldly which was easily mistaken as him demanding because he is 'worried'.

Severus looked up at Albus.

"But he's not him anymore. He's not..." Severus trailed off. "He's not the Harry Potter we knew when he began at Hogwarts. He barely registers what's h-"

"The colour of his eyes?" Albus interrupted.

"Dark hazel. It's an incomplete dominance of blood red and Lily's emerald green," Severus reported. Then he looked desperate in a flash. "But his hair... it was dark red, straight and tidy, yes? I wasn't seeing things?"

"Yes Severus. It was dark red, straight and tidy. Just like Lily's." He said, secretly feeling sly.

It was Albus who changed Harry's hair when he was still dead. He hoped Severus would start venting his anger towards the boy. Though perhaps Severus was waiting for the boy to open his eyes so he could see those green eyes that isn't quiet there anymore.

"Well it's just like James bloody Potter now. It's black and sticks out all over the place!" Severus exclaimed, clearly not happy for Harry looking like James. But Severus went back to boy's wellbeing, seeing that was the most important thing at the moment. "Albus! Potter is barely registering anything and everything around him. He's breathing but there is a lack of brain activity. He doesn't blink and he barely moves except for breathing."

"Have you come to care for the boy after all, Severus?" Albus asked with a secretive smirk.

Severus scolded and folded his arms before saying, "Why the hell Draco did what he did is beyond me. I don't think he had even thought through what he was doing. Not so much alike as his father as most would think. Detention's not going to do anything to him," he sighed. "I had asked Potter to promise me one thing before and he just couldn't. He couldn't promise that he wouldn't kill himself again."

He turned away, trying to hide the struggle in keeping his composure in front of Albus.

"He can't not give up life yet. He cannot. I won't allow it," He said in a determined voice. "There has to be a way to lift the hex."

This attitude was worrying for Albus. He saw that Severus was growing attached to Harry from afar. That would not be so good. Or maybe it was. Maybe Albus could have Harry on his side through Severus.

Albus could have easily told Severus that all that was needed was to have Draco Malfoy perform the counter hex on Harry to break free from depression but Albus didn't. He now has Harry under his thumb officially now. If Voldemort ever did manage to come back, he'd make Harry sacrifice himself. The boy didn't know the prophecy or the Horcrux - he didn't need to if Albus was sacrificing him. Harry would be the pig raised poorly to be slaughtered for existing. The boy was practically lifeless from what Severus briefly described. The way things have turned out, it was going to be easier to have Harry killed by Voldemort. The game was between Albus and Voldemort and Harry and Severus were only pieces among the other chess pieces still in play on the game board. The game is only delayed because Albus knew that Voldemort was still alive but weak and without a body... somewhere.

"I'm afraid there isn't much left to do, Severus." Albus said to Severus, making his voice sound sad and apologetic.

Albus Dumbledore allowed a small smile fit his lips in front of Severus. Albus thought that everything at the moment was perfect and he intended to keep it like that.

It was a nice sunny day on the last Saturday of March. The birds were tweeting, the clouds were fluffy white and the nice warmth was enough to make people realise that it indeed is a beautiful day. But

not Harry Potter. He thought it was just another dreadful day and should plan his next suicide attempt rather than sitting and thinking about nothing. He was sitting upright in his bed in the hospital wing alone. He found that he couldn't sleep immediately at night, wakes up in midnight and takes more than an hour to get back to sleep and wakes up earlier than his usual time slot; it having been dawn.

He wondered why he was still alive. He tried to kill himself twice and failed. He wanted Vernon to whip him but Vernon wasn't here. He wanted Dudley beat him but he wasn't here too. He wanted Voldemort to kill him now but Quirrell wouldn't let him. Harry saw that he was completely fine and couldn't see the reason why he wasn't allowed to see his friends who haven't even visited once when he woke up.

His wand, clothes and broken glasses were in the Hospital Wing office so he couldn't exactly walk out of the ward with only a hospital gown on. Even if he did leave the wing, he would be brought right back because there was no way to get out of the school without permission. Harry found that he couldn't use any of his powers and so he couldn't teleport out.

He wondered why he was still alive. Why did that angel and arch angel refuse him to go to hell? Why did he and she give Harry extra powers when he couldn't use it? The arch angel had said something about, '...break the darkness of your heart with your will power. You certainly have enough will power to do it'

"This, a few other items that will be in your trunk and your new powers are to help you save the world Harry Potter," the angel had then said. "Lord Voldemort is coming back. You have to save Quirinus Quirrell from him."

Harry got a universal map but Harry didn't know where it was now.

"Yes," said the arch angel. "Albus Dumbledore is refusing to help you. His intentions towards you as well as one Severus Snape are hostile and deadly. You must never trust Albus Dumbledore. If you save Quirinus Quirrell, he'll be your guide in life and will help you on your quest."

"You do not need to worry about the Lord Voldemort inside you. He's gone."

"How?" Harry had asked much to the now awake-Harry's surprise.

"The disguised killing curse you casted upon yourself," She had said.
"You are much more powerful than you think you were."

"But, the new powers-" Harry had began.

"They were already within you. We simply unlocked them for you.
We think it's time for you Harry Potter." He said.

"Time to die?" Harry asked, his hearts fluttering at the thought.

"No Harry Potter. It's time for you to return to the living and help them help you help them and yourself," She had said, "You must fight against the dark tide and see the light and life. The people you should consider as friends, Kateryna Yuri and Sharma Parikh will be there to help you and will always be by your side."

"You are a special boy. You have so much more to live for than saving the world, attempting to rule the world and dying." He had said.

"So much more." She had echoed. "True love and happiness are some of the keys to destroying evil, Harry Potter."

Then they sent Harry back to the horrible life. After remembering about a piece of memory that would take an average person ten minutes to run over, it took Harry a whole eight hours. He found his thought process, his movements, concentration and his attention was lacking and slow. He didn't notice that Kate and Shawn had both visited at least five times throughout the day. His mind didn't want to. He couldn't understand everything and thinking so darn hard. What was the point in doing the ever so fast piles of homework and assignments on the bed? At the sight of books, he wanted to hide. He didn't want to learn anymore. He wanted to die. The thoughts of death crashed down on him again and he fell back into the bed with un-natural slowness. After a bit over an hour, he closed his eyes and it took another hour for him to fall asleep.

'Maybe tomorrow,' he thought as he drifted, 'maybe tomorrow I'd be able to think of a plan to end my life.'

Tomorrow he didn't find the time and had said he'd do it tomorrow.
That tomorrow, he didn't find any time again and then said he'd do it tomorrow.

He never seemed to have the time to do it.

TC

~Posted: 10th Day/3rd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Fourteen

It has been three long months that Harry had been confined to his hospital bed and within them, Harry had finally been able to realise his friends, yes he decided they were worthy to be his friends, Shawn and Kate, have been visiting him and he wasn't really alone all that time because Madame Pomfrey was there. They brought so much light and life into Harry's darkened mind and so much life that he was reminded that they were just children and children were suppose to be happy, speak animatedly and are carefree. Harry couldn't be very animated or carefree but happiness was seeping into him and the ability to smile genuinely again returned.

Kate and Shawn helped Harry do his homework and assignments, helping his brain activity spark back to life and brung back the observant, quick, compassionate, composed, polite, curious and intelligent friend into the world once again; his thirst for knowledge returned and the three friends began studying for their exams in June. Although the thought of death still lingered, his thoughts about his self-worth went back to neutral. He's not a Freak, he deserves the good of life as well as the bad and he was only human and human's make mistakes and learn from them. His sleeping patterns returned to normal, his fatigue melted away and his concentration, memory and attention was back to its sharpness. His abilities returned as well as some extras and he remembered where the universal map was.

Harry James Potter was discharged from the Hospital Wing by Madame Pomfrey on the twenty ninth of May, the Friday before exams. He didn't feel stressed at all. He broke the hex. And very thankful that he had Kate and Shawn to help him as well as Madame Pomfrey.

To say Albus Dumbledore was surprised of Harry Potter's recovery of his emotional and mental health state as well as all his other dimensions of health was an understatement.

He seemed more furious than surprised but he kept his cool. He told himself there was still time to mould the boy- if he was quick enough. At the moment, he was busy enough with making Severus Snape hate the boy. With what the two boys knew, if they teamed together,

it would be impossible for Albus to control them. He wouldn't allow it. He just wouldn't. The fact that it was Albus Dumbledore who changed the boy's hair colour to raven black made clear of his intentions to those who could understand Albus' plan. At the moment, the count of people who did know was one; one being Albus Dumbledore and only him. For now.

I was finally out of that bed and my buttocks hurts. Kate and Shawn were there with me and I was very glad of that. For the first time in months, I took a step forward into the world outside of the hospital wing with my glasses on, wand and in my uniform which had been drenched in blood but now was clean and spotless. When I changed into my uniform in front of the mirror, I noticed a few changes in my appearance. My skin was pale white, there were bags under my eyes, I looked much thinner and much more taller, my hair was deep black and stuck up all over the place (mostly notably on the back of my head) and my eyes were sort of hazel instead of its usual green or... that forbidding blood red. Kate had complained about my skin feeling as cold as ice while I repaired my glasses and took off the prescriptions on the lenses. I waved it off as being the beginning of my water or ice elemental being.

I blew out a sigh after stepping out of the hospital wing and laughed lightly- everything but here and now weren't troubling and I felt like an eleven year old for the first time in my life.

"One small step for mankind!" Shawn said, grinning.

From there, walking around the castle and seeing it again was no problem. Our mental telepathic connection was renewed and I was glad for that. I didn't feel alone. I had felt so lonely for so long, I couldn't help having an extra skip in my steps. They were so obedient, Kate and Shawn, it didn't hurt to have them around me to make sure I am well. I realised I needed them so if I do fall, they would be able to save me. They could help me. We had thought to each other everything we knew and didn't know until we were all pretty much updated. They also made me feel like a normal kid and accepted.

'Powers? Save Quirrell. And Snape's just like you?' Kate had echoed. 'That's definitely a change in where things are heading. In fact, it very good development.'

'Woh.' Shawn said simply. Then suddenly, 'Super human Harry!'

Kate laughed and I just smiled.

'It is nothing really.' I said, shrugging. 'Besides, my powers have not matured yet so I still have to work hard on them, and we have to start on third year material and have second year to perfect now that first year's almost over.'

'Come on, mate,' Shawn began to whine. 'We're way ahead and so in-depth with everything. It's impossible not to pass. Let's relax a bit, yeah?'

I mock pouted at him.

'Alright. We will go through third year stuff next year then,' I said, running a hand through my hair which made it even more messy. 'Come on, I am starving.'

'Right you are, mate! Those were the first sensible words you've said all day! We need food. You need fattening up, yeah? Wouldn't you agree, Kayz?' Shawn said, pulling half-reluctant Kate along.

'Oh. Yeah. Definitely,' Kate said, rolling her eyes.

We walked through the hall and... well, it was strange. Everyone had fallen silent. A pin could drop and anyone would be able to hear it land. They all looked at me with expressions I couldn't read but their minds open for me to catch feelings. They were surprised, thoughtful, cautious and disbelieving. Some were happy and among those was Hermione Granger. I didn't know why I was glad Hermione was one of those but it made my hearts flutter- the only time it does other than the thought of successful death or some sort of physical punishment. Now that was definitely new. And yes, I said hearts. I have two: a 'binary vascular system' he had said. And yes, I had instantly thought it was a bit 'Doctor Who' of me to have it. I wondered what the reactions of the medical people would be when they see the two hearts on a scan... I could run around yelling 'Hello! I'm a Time Lord'...

After two minutes of intense staring from everyone upon us, Shawn, Kate and I were already seated and eating lunch. Slowly the volume

of chatter and eating rose back to what it had been and the whole school except for a few students looked away.

"Ugh. I wonder if I would ever get use to the staring." I said.

"You would have to if you're still thoughts as 'The Boy Who Lived'. Don't think they'll start thinking of you as Harry unless they know you well enough as us."

I wondered if they broke through the barriers in their minds that I had placed on them to hide the memories of my life before Hogwarts which they had received through our mind healing stunt back in September.

After eating an avocado and egg sandwich (I don't know why but I love avocado, eggs, potatoes, celery, Brussels sprouts, asparagus, carrots and tomatoes as well as other unusual, liked and disliked foods), I washed it down with pumpkin juice and stood up.

"I'm going to go and get myself familiarised with the rest of the school," I said. "The two of you are welcome to join me."

"Um," Kate began, holding a half eaten carrot and glanced at Shawn who was eating so much. "You know as well as I do that I don't need to eat much."

Shawn swallowed his food.

"Don't worry about me," Shawn said, pausing from his eating. "I'll meet up with you guys in Potions."

We didn't move. Kate and I exchanged amused looks when Shawn rolled his eyes, abandoned the almost finished pie, grabbed some apples and both he and Kate got up and came with me to rediscover the school before Potions class.

Before Sunday finished, I had noticed on the weekend that Quirrell acting strangely who by his very actions caused me to remember. The stone, delaying Voldemort, saving Quirrell and having Quirrell come up with the idea of being my guide. Oh and world domination but that would have to go on pause for a little while longer. I didn't feel like world domination but training to get stronger was something

I was still working on with Kate and Shawn on board. Somehow I had to get Voldemort out of Quirrell so I could use Quirrell in my future plans to take down the retro Dark Lord Voldemort.

"The stone," I hissed, grabbing their attention.

They glanced at each other before looking at me.

"Harry, I know that the angels said that you have to save Quirrell in order for him to live and guide you and also to delay Voldie's return," Kate said. "But it seems a bit farfetched that Quirrell woul-could be saved by-"

"Snogging the living daylights out of him-" Shawn interrupted with a grin.

"-while Voldie's possessing him," continued Kate with some of what she said overlapped by Shawn and I found myself flabbergasted. "And let me remind you that it is love you do not have for the man. Not to mention the possibility that Quirrell won't be able to think of being your guide by himself. It is almost zero in a thousand chance of that ever happening."

I was silent, running the words through my mind. Did I really have to kiss Quirrell before I burn Quirrell to death so then Voldemort leaves his body immediately? I would only be able to burn Quirrell if Voldemort is in his body and when not, the burns stop. That is what I hoped and what Shawn's vision implied.

"So I have to kiss him." I stated, frowning.

"Well, that's what I saw mate," Shawn said feeling sorry for how things could go. "If you have another idea to show the love, happiness and life you have, then go for it. I can tell you now that visions for the future don't necessary stay the way they are. They can be influenced, you know?"

"Yeah, I know." I said sighing, running my hand through my strange black hair. "Kate, the angels have to be right. They told me they unlocked my powers and suddenly I could do anything. I can rule the world if I wanted to. But that can wait. They said there would be a few items aiding me. I have found the universal map, an invisible wand holster that could hold two wands, a pensieve, a complex and

in-depth guide of the ministry in the UK which is self updating... and there is more but I have not found them yet. My trunk is bigger on the inside after all."

"I see your point," Kate said, finally convinced. "But it's dangerous. What if there is more than just the Cerberus behind the door? What if there are more dangerous creatures?"

"Kayz, when has that ever stopped you?" Shawn asked with a 'I-know-you-too-well' look.

"I'm not talking about me," Kate replied, rolling her eyes. "Danger is my middle name. I'm talking about you two."

"What?" Shawn questioned stupidly.

"Remember? We vowed we'd be with Harry through anything dangerous and adventurous. We would help him where ever he needs us." Kate said. "Shawn, no offense or anything but you're a scaredy cat-"

"No I'm not..." Shawn complained weakly.

"And Harry..." Kate began but trailed off. "You need someone to stop you if you go too far. We know what happens when you get angry and depressed."

"How could you-" Shawn wanted to ask me.

"I'm not saying I'm perfect. I have my flaws too," Kate interrupted. "I'm just saying that this is dangerous and if one goes down there, the other two have to go too."

"You are right," I said looking at the two. "The more reason why we have to stick together."

"You know, I recon Quirrell would know how Voldie can't die and Voldie's past. When he becomes your guide, get him to spill," Shawn said opening me up to think of how much I could gain with killing off Voldie and maybe he would know what the angels meant when they said I destroyed the Voldemort that was within me.

"Good points," I said to Shawn. "I have so much to know Voldemort. See his weaknesses so then I would not be weak when I try to become some kind of Dark Lord..."

For some reason, Kate and Shawn were still with me on the idea of world domination and were willing to join me. Yes, very faithful and obedient companions indeed. That's why I like them much more than I had initially had.

"Better start fancying Quirrell, ay?" Shawn said, wiggling his eyebrows.

I grimaced. The stuttering part of Quirrell wasn't exactly... appealing. There has to be another way to save him. A more orthodox way if that was possible.

I'm starting to think that maybe I was missing a few strings of the conversation with the angels but this did not deter me from enjoying the ever so simple exams the following days. I saw instant joy on Shawn's and Kate's faces and felt mine growing by the second as each question felt easier and easier as I went through the papers. The practicals were a joy especially the practical in Potions where Snape barely laid a breath on my neck. He watched me brew my potion from the side as if afraid that I would pull a suicide stunt right there and then if he made me angry. Grudgingly, he ticked me off for the section of part three of the potion making process on the scoring parchment before moving on to Stephen who was doing just as well as me with his own Forgetfulness potion.

It soon became Friday, the day of the last exams. My, my. What simpleton types of exams! The sun was warm and sweltering hot at mid day but seemed to subdue when late afternoon approached. As Kate, Shawn and I headed for the edge of the forbidden forest for some debriefing and unload the 'exam stress' we talked about tonight's events. Shawn played a game that wasn't text or visual role playing. It would have costed a lot of be playing on the internet all the time but I solved it with one of my newly discovered skills with manipulating Muggle transfer waves. I had also altered battery life on the laptop making it forever. Kate drank her blood replacement potion and got out some gummy rattling blood snakes, reading The Potioneer Magazine. I sat lying on my stomach and had the map opened up on the location of Hogwarts. My eyes were on one name tag in particular- Quirrell and not surprisingly Tom Riddle's tag was

right next to him. We didn't have the time to research about Tom Riddle (and there was nothing in the library) but we knew for sure that it was the name before Voldemort became Voldemort.

"Place a tracking charm," Shawn said as he expertly destroyed one of the neo-Nazis' strongholds. "Less strain on the eyes."

Kate looked on the screen and began pointing at different spots in the game before allowing Shawn consider the points while still playing. He nodded at Kate with a grin before focussing wholly on the screen again. I got my wand out and did just as Shawn suggested. I tapped the map and placed a tracker on Quirrell.

"What if something goes wrong tonight?" Kate asked, voicing exactly what had been going through my mind last night.

"One of us surviving would go fetch the Headmaster." I said, avoiding saying the name of the headmaster.

"Put a tracker on him too." Shawn suggested.

I tapped the wand with my wand again and placed a tracker on Dumbledore.

"Oh no." I groaned.

Shawn paused his game and Kate swallowed down what she had been chewing.

"What is it Harry?"

They looked where I pointed my inactive wand. Dumbledore was getting ready to leave the castle.

"This definite tells us that it's tonight." I said, face palming myself. "He never leaves the castle. People go to him. How he could fall for such a ruse is just..."

"Mate, he wouldn't really be expecting something like this."

"Maybe it looked authentic." Kate said.

"Or maybe he is growing mad by the minute." Shawn said.

But both Shawn and Kate didn't doubt Quirrell-Riddle's ability in making things look real. Quirrell was able to get Riddle into the school without any suspicion- that was what we thought anyways.

So that night after dinner, we watched as Quirrell disappear from the map after entering the door in the forbidden corridor and Dumbledore enter the entrance of the Ministry of Magic. We continued to wait, pretending to be relaxing by the window but we were remaining until everyone disappeared to their dorm rooms. Kate had her harmonica, I had my invisibility cloak and Shawn had his strategy guide with him. We were ready. We didn't change out of uniform and throwing the cloak over us, we were invisible to all.

Several minutes of walking in silence through corridors, across halls and up and down stairs, we finally came to the door. Shawn tried the handle. It didn't open. He waved his wand and wordlessly the door clicked open. Pushing it, we went in and saw the most astounding creature in the flesh causing the cloak to slide off of us and onto the ground. A big three headed dog who was almost as high as the ceiling stared at us with blinking eyes. Kate whipped out her harmonica and began playing 'Greensleeves' which was a personal favourite to me. I smiled and Kate looked confident with facing the Cerberus, winked. Shawn and I edged closer to Kate and watched with relief as the Cerberus went back to sleep.

'The trapdoor guys,' Kate said mentally, rolling her eyes.

Shawn and I walked over to the dog that had its paw on the door. Nodding to Shawn we pushed the paw away with ease before lifting the door. I peered in and looked at the others.

"It's dark." I said. "I'm going to make a platform down below and make a slide to connect here and down there."

Kate nodded, still playing her harmonica.

I looked at Shawn.

"Could you...?" I said, beginning to test them.

"Sure mate." Shawn said, getting his wand out.

A moment later a ball of light was thrown into the room down below and stayed hovering. Now we were able to see a plant that was green. It was moving until the light showed up. I scanned the whole place.

"Devil's snare." Shawn said.

I nodded and closed my eyes, reaching within my core for some energy before imagining a platform floating just above the snare. A loud bang told me that worked and then I worked on the slide, making sure it was smooth and strong before another bang was heard.

"Woh." Shawn gaped.

I opened my eyes to see a silver slippery dip attached to the platform that was attached to the path into a stone passageway.

"You go first." I said to Shawn.

"Nah- oh alright." Shawn said it with reluctance.

He walked over to the edge before jumping.

"Weeee!" Shawn cried.

"Kate? You're next." I said.

She pointed at the harmonica meaningfully. I was going to say more but she pointed at the harmonica even more meaningfully and with purpose. I knew I wasn't going to win.

"After I go, you come with immediately." I said and then jumped.

I slid down the steep slide, the wind blowing my fringe away from my face and my glasses was subjected to the wind bashing that the rest of my body had to ensure. I heard Kate come down straight after and the sounds of snarling dogs could be heard up above us.

TC

~Posted: 12th Day/3rd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Fifteen

I landed on the platform with a couple of rolls forward and then laying there on the ground. Kate landed near me. She got up, placed her harmonica back in her pocket before looking at me with a grin. Shawn was standing and grinning too. The two of them were still catching their breaths while I just watched with normal breathing.

"Let's do that again." Kate said.

"Yeah." Shawn said enthusiastically just like Kate.

"Maybe later," I mumbled, getting up. "Unless you guys want to stay back here while I keep going."

"No way!" Shawn said. "We're in this together."

"Exactly."

I nodded and we trotted forward through the stone passageway.

As we neared the end of the passageway there was sounds but I didn't quite recognise them.

"Do you guys hear something?" Kate whispered.

I nodded while Shawn shook his head.

"Sounds like wings." Shawn said when we got nearer to the end.

After some figuring out and blasting sonic waves, I threw the key onto the ground with the rest of them and we wrenched the door open, continuing our way forward.

"Harry. Can you sorta warn us the next time you do that?" Shawn said, wincing.

Kate was wincing a lot more and her eyes seemed to water.

"My ears are aching." Kate grumbled.

"Sorry guys," I said sheepishly.

Soon after an intense game of Chess in which Shawn brilliantly pulled off with his strategy and chess knowledge and walking past a stinky and very dead Troll ("I'm glad we didn't have to fight that one," Shawn had said. "It's much bigger than the one on Halloween") we came to a chamber which had a table with seven differently shaped bottles standing on it in a line and a bit of parchment rolled up. We didn't move since we were sure something dangerous was going to happen but we weren't sure. I summoned the parchment into my hand and walked into the room. Just as I did, fire sprang up behind me in the doorway. It wasn't ordinary fire either; it was purple. At the same instant, black flames shot up in the doorway leading onward. I was trapped.

"Harry!" Kate called out.

"I am fine. I-" I cut myself off and looked around the room again. "I am trapped."

"How do we get through?" Shawn asked.

"Read the parchment." Kate suggested. "Maybe it has something on it about getting rid of these."

I unscrolled it and read it out.

"Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,

Two of us will help you, which ever you would find,

One among us seven will let you move ahead,

Another will transport the drinker back instead,

Two among our number hold only nettle wine,

Three of us are killers, waiting bidden in line.

Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore,

To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tries to hide

You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;

Second, different are those who stand at either end,

But if you would move onward, neither is your friend;

Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,

Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;

Fourth, the second left and the second on the right

Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.' Guys, this is Snape's. The way each letter is written... so sharp."

"He could become a poet." Shawn said with an amused smile.

"Plus he obviously makes potions." Kate said, thinking and her eyes scanning the bottles from where she was with the fire flickering like there were bars of fire.

"That means the Devil's Snare is Sprout's. The keys are..." Shawn began. "Flitwick's!"

"And, and, chess is McGonagall's and the troll is Quirrell's." Kate concluded. "Harry, the smallest bottle will get you through the fire."

"Are you sure?" I asked, reading through the sheet again.

"Positive." Kate replied.

I looked behind me at the black flames and then at the bottles. I walked towards them and shot my hand through the purple flames. I didn't yell or scream because it didn't burn. I pulled my hand away and grinned.

"I am sort of immune to fires." I said with a grin, seeing their shocked faces. "I am a water type elemental after all."

"Can you get us through this?" Kate asked.

"Erm..." I read the parchment again before walking over to the bench and taking up the right end of the line. "Drink this."

I went over and handed it over. They sipped a bit each before attempting to walk through the purple flames. An unseen force didn't allow them to.

"I think the magic is trying to tell us something." Shawn said. "I think we can't go with you."

"Harry, we're sorry." Kate said, looking me in the eyes, before looking away.

"It is fine. No use getting upset. These things happen." I said, placing the almost empty bottle back where it had been.

"Good luck Harry." Kate said, biting her lip.

"Hey Harry. What if-" Shawn cut himself off.

I smiled softly at them.

"If the two of you cannot feel my mind. I am either dead or attempting to." I said. I could see them trying hard not to conjure up that night. "If that happens, go back and find McGonagall or owl... the Headmaster. There are brooms in that wing room. You guys can use those to get out. See you."

Trusting my faithful obedient companions, I turned away and placed the bit of parchment back on the table before walking straight in and through the black fire. I emerged on the other side and saw the man who's inside a man. There was a big mirror in the room- the same one from Shawn's vision and I could see the stone from where I was standing. But my mirror self didn't take the stone. He just winked and patted the rock a few times. So this is it. The stone is there. It is safe and Quirrell can't see it. I just needed to stall before finding the right time to show him that love is the key.

'Guys?' I sent to my friends.

'Harry!' 'You okay?' they thought at the same time.

'Yeah. I have found it. It is just like in the vision Shawn had. I can see it but he cannot. It is safe. I just need to stall for time before showing Voldie the love I have. Send an owl to Headmaster and then go to McGonagall. She is the deputy headmistress after all.'

'Okay. We're on our way,' Kate said. 'Harry, be careful, okay?'

'Yeah mate. No risky isky.' Shawn said.

I rolled my eyes.

Placing my hands into my pockets, I walked down the steps until I was about the same height as him. He was still far away but I didn't want to get close if Voldemort is in him.

"Good evening Professor Quirrell," I said calmly. "Fancy seeing you here. Of all places..."

There was no twitch as Quirrell turned around to look at me. But then recognition showed on his face. Fear crossed that... soft and pale face of his and his eye began twitching.

"H-h-harry P-potter," he whispered, swallowing. He looked like he was going to have a heart attack. "You s-should not be here."

"Nonsense, Professor Quirrell!" I said, smirking. "I wanted to see where my favourite professor was heading to."

"F-f-favourit-" but he cut himself off abruptly.

A flash of red was seen in his eyes before all the twitching stopped and his posture was straight as a priest's. Quirrell was gone and replaced by possessed Quirrell. I could tell by the shift in his magical signature.

"What an honour," he said it with dripping sarcasm, "But really Potter. You shouldn't be sticking your nose into other people's business. It's considered rude and impolite. I'm sure you know that from your own experiences. It'll see to it that it'll be the end of you."

"Maybe, maybe not." I replied with an air of indifference.

I stared at him, emotionless settling in quite fine.

"So The Philosopher's Stone..." I said in a conversational way. Quirrell's eyes widened. "Imagine it being right here right now. What would you do with it, Professor Quirrell?"

His lips tightened making his evil smile look like he was grimacing. His red lips turned white from the pressure. I knew I wouldn't get anything from that angle.

"I would live forever," I said simply. "That way I could kill myself over and over to release the tension in my body. And the money. Oh ho ho..." I shook my head, a ghost of a smile on my face. "I could buy myself things I could not when I was little with no food, no decent clothes, and living in the cupboard under the stairs... I would have food where ever I go. Clothes that fit me and shine. And I will have my own mansion. I would not have to work to get the money either..."

I looked at Quirrell. "I apologise for my rant," I said. "Did you let that troll in on Halloween?"

"Certainly. I have a special gift with trolls — you must have seen what I did to the one in the chamber back there? Unfortunately, while everyone else was running around looking for it, Snape, who already suspected me, went straight to the third floor to head me off — and not only did my troll fail to beat you to death, that three-headed dog didn't even manage to bite Snape's leg off properly."

"Oh, sorry." I said, not sorry at all. "I healed that leg for him when he took the Quidditch Through the Ages book from me that belonged to the library."

"Really?"

"No," I lied, grinning. "He managed to finish brewing his potion. I saw him take a vial for breakfast, lunch and dinner. You should have realised that I am not capable of that level of magic yet. Though it does make you wonder how I was able to vanquish Vold-"

"Shut up." Quirrell snarled.

I looked at him indifferently and still stayed like that when Quirrell snapped his fingers and ropes tightened around me.

"Now, wait quietly, Potter. I need to examine this interesting mirror." He said softly.

He turned to look at the mirror, looking everywhere. He walked around the mirror, examining the whole thing.

"This mirror is the key to finding the Stone," Quirrell murmured. "Trust Dumbledore to come up with something like this...but he's in London...I'll be far away by the time he gets back..."

He was in front of the mirror again and began tapping at each inch of it. He stepped back and began staring hungrily into it. I watched silently from where I stood, arms bounded and keeping my hands in my pocket.

"I see the Stone...I'm presenting it to my master...but where is it?"

There was silence with just Quirrell looking more insane by the minute unlike Dumbledore who keeps a straight face and has those stupid twinkles in his eyes... I was beginning to like that expression of Quirrell's.

"Would you like some help?" I asked.

"No thank you!" Quirrell snapped at once.

"I can help," I insisted.

He glanced back at me before going back to staring hard in the mirror.

"You stay just where you are." He said softly.

"Alright, alright," I said, rolling my eyes.

It was silent again. I wanted to talk. It was so interesting to see a possessed Quirrell and stuttering Quirrell. I wondered what it would be like to talk to just Quirrell.

"Well, how am I doing with being first year male prodigy of the year? No doubt Granger is in it for the female category."

Quirrell just chuckled humourlessly. I sighed.

"Why does Professor Snape hate me?"

Quirrell was silent before saying. "He was at Hogwarts with your father, didn't you know? They loathed each other. Now that you somehow miraculously look like your father..."

"He hates me too and thinks I am him." I concluded.

"That can't be helped, can it?" Quirrell said absentmindedly, chuckling humourlessly again. "Of course you looked like your Muddblood mother before you killed yourself in your duel with Mister Malfoy. I was sure he was beginning to like you in more than a student-teacher way."

He glanced back at me and purple eyes (a mix of blue and red) met hazel (a mix of green and red) showed smugness. More than a student-teacher way? Excuse me?

"How is The Dark Lord? You know, Lord Voldemort?" I asked suddenly, looking inspired in Quirrell's eyes. "I know he is barely alive and that you are the one that is getting the stone for him. Where did you meet him?"

"I met him when I travelled around the world," he began quietly, not even bothering asking how I knew. He seemed so far away. "A foolish young man I was then, full of ridiculous ideas about good and evil," the blueness in his eyes came back and he winced before it merged back within the red and his face was empty. "Lord Voldemort showed me how wrong I was. There is no good and evil, there is only power, and those too weak to seek it...Since then, I have served him faithfully, although I have let him down many times. He has had to be very hard on me." Quirrell shivered suddenly. "He does not forgive mistakes easily. When I failed to steal the stone from Gringotts, he was most displeased. He punished me...decided he would have to keep a closer watch on me..."

Quirrell's voice trailed away.

"Where is the Dark Lord, Professor Quirrell?"

Quirrell paused.

"He's with me where ever I go." He said.

"You mean he is right here, right now?" I asked, pretending to act shocked.

I knew that beneath that turban is the head of Voldemort and inside Quirrell is the soul.

But Quirrell seemed to not have heard the question as he cursed under his breath.

"I don't understand...is the Stone inside the mirror? Should I break it?" Quirrell muttered.

I watched him press the heels of his hands at his eyes.

"What does this mirror do? How does it work?" he moved his hands away. He looked insane. "Help me, Master!"

"Use the boy...Use the boy..." said Voldemort which made me shudder.

Quirrell rounded on me.

"Yes — Potter — come here."

He clapped his hands once, and the ropes binding me fell off. I flexed my body before walking down the rest of the stairs and down to the middle of the room.

"Look in the mirror and tell me what you see." Quirrell said, moving close behind me.

I closed my eyes, controlling myself before opening and stared into the mirror. The mirror me waved and winked but he didn't get the stone. Mirror me patted it a couple of times but now also gave a thumbs up. I moved my hand to grab it but mirror me didn't get it. He just smirked. I turned to where the stone was supposedly reflecting from in front of the mirror but all there was, was nothing.

"I see a blood red stone that has uneven sides and edges, Professor Quirrell," I said, glancing back and up Quirrell. Then I looked back at

the mirror. I tried to grab the stone again but mirror me didn't go for it. I shook my head. "But I do not understand. I cannot seem to get it."

Quirrell cursed again and turned away. I turned around to see him rubbing his eyes.

"Well that's a step closer." Quirrell muttered under his breath.

"He tells the truth..." Voldemort hissed. "The boy is willing to tell the truth."

"I am sorry, Professor Quirrell." I said, looking down at my feet.

I conjured up some layers of my shield back up. I couldn't believe I left my mind's guards down. Voldemort could mind read without me knowing. I would have to train harder.

The high voice spoke again.

"Let me speak to him...face-to-face..."

"Master, you are not strong enough!"

"I have strength enough...for this..."

Quirrell looked at me, a look of regret showed before hiding beneath a smirk. I watched as Quirrell reached up and began to unwrap his turban. The turban fell away and now instead of big, Quirrell's head looked strangely small without it. I held myself in check, ready to see the face of Voldemort on the back of Quirrell's head. Quirrell then turned slowly on the spot.

The face looked more disgusting than in the vision. It was chalk white with glaring red eyes and slits for nostrils, like a snake. I felt my demeanour shift.

"Harry Potter..." it whispered. "Look at what I have become. Mere shadow and vapour...I have form only when I can share another's body...but there have always been those willing to let me into their hearts and minds...Unicorn blood has strengthened me, these past weeks... faithful Quirrell had been drinking it for me in the forest...and once I have the Elixir of Life, I will be able to create a body of my own..."

"You killed my parents because they were in the way of fulfilling the prophecy." I said.

"Oh? You know of the prophecy? From Dumbledo-"

"No! You suppose wrong, Lord Voldemort!" I yelled, jumping up on my feet. My eyes were electric green with fury, no longer red because 'a part of Voldemort' was gone from my body and that I was fighting back Voldemort's hypnosis that I just detected. "How dare you presume or suppose? He told me nothing. Nothing! He made her make the prophecy. You were stupid enough to mark me," I skipped a bit so he wouldn't learn anything new. "For ten years I have lived believing that I was a Freak. That I was worthless. I lived in a world that believed that I am a servant! And he's supposedly my magical guardian, the one who left me with those abusers. I hate him! I HATE him! I hate him so much! I am disciplined Sir, I am!"

"Well then. Would you like to join me? Join me and go against Dumbledore?"

I laughed coldly, my eyes narrowed to slits and I shook my head a few times.

"Join you?" I said incredulously, mockingly. "Why would I do that when I can go about destroying him on my own terms? He's gone way too far and you have too!"

I grabbed him and threw him across the room and into the mirror. Quirrell head collided into the mirror and the force was enough to make the mirror crack and fall into pieces. The blood red stone fell out in pieces with the mirror around and on top of Quirrell. The colour ran out of my already pale face. I had the sudden feeling of actually feeling worried that I attacked a teacher! Absurd! I ran towards Quirrell, not sure what else to do.

I got to them and dropped to my knees, ignoring the prickling pain it sent me. I waved the dust, glass and stones away. I couldn't see Quirrell's face but I could see Voldemort's and he was snarling.

"What are you snarling at you pathetic excuse of a Dark Wizard?" I sneered.

"You're just as bad as Quirrell," Voldemort hissed, attempting to push me away.

His efforts were futile because Quirrell's arms don't work that way. But what was happening to me? I could feel him trying to influence me. Oh how dare he! I control myself. I do what I want. Nobody gets me to do what they want. Pushing away the force, a revenge-against-the-killer-of-Harry's-parents Harry surfaced fully.

I turned Quirrell over, straddled him and dropped his head so the back of it hit the ground, earning a girlish yelp from Voldemort. Quirrell looked frightened, confused and disorientated. His eyes were wide showing clear blue and he looked up at my bright green ones. I didn't blame him. I was frightened too. I grabbed Quirrell's arms but there was no pain. It was confusing. Visions could be influenced... Maybe it was after killing myself and I killed Voldemort's soul within me so no pain would come. Just then, a distant memory flew within my vision.

I suddenly leaned forwards with my finger tips gently touching his temples. We both gasped as I invaded his mind, Quirrell's body stiffened in an attempt to not flinch. I saw Voldemort and the dark magic laced inside Quirrell's mind. It was disgusting as well as delicious.

"What are you doing, Potter?" Voldemort snarled.

"Showing what love truly means." I said softly and closed my eyes,

As I did, I showed flashes of memories of Kate, Shawn and I being together, bonding, helping each other, the sibling kind of love developing. But then I watched as a scene opened up from my imagination but something entirely foreign to my mind. A mysterious girl with blonde hair and wonderful blue eyes sat with me. We laughed and talked quietly to ourselves before we started kissing. But I knew no girl who looked like that. We were in some meadow, sitting very close to each other on the soft green grass in the summer in the nice warm weather. The air smelt of flowers and this girl smelt of strawberries and honey. We were somehow older and knew each other more than ever before- I didn't even know her yet. She is so beautiful with her bright blue eyes which sparkled and her blonde silky hair and kissing me softly before pressing our lips together tighter, making it rougher with more passion, happiness, life

and love. For some reason, I love her sense of humour. I love her bravery. I love her uniqueness. And her dreamy outburst about Nargles and mistletoes at Christmas when we were young made me smile in joy making my hearts beat so fast it was like drums inside...

In the distance, I heard Voldemort in a girly high pitched scream. In outrage and pain. And then I felt it. The dark magic lifting off ever so slowly and the sense of relief flowed between our bodies.

TC

~Posted: 16th Day/3rd Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: Hello readers. Two more chapters till the end of Harry's first year. I have been wondering, would it be easier if I posted the following years as the same story or have them in separate little stories? Oh, and also, keep the reviews coming. I am sure there's still lots more room for improvement. :) Thanks!

First Year

Chapter Sixteen

A noise that sounded like air being sucked into a vacuum erupted and my eyes flickered open to see Voldemort's soul leave Quirrell's body. He gave a snake like hiss, 'You cannot win Harry Potter' before escaping through one of the side walls. Quirrell's head fell back and our kiss was broken. I blinked as everything currently in reality came to me and the beautiful girl disappeared. Wholly shit. I kissed Quirrell. His chest was rising and falling and his eyes were closed.

I took my chance and quickly, I flung myself off of him. I rolled away a few times before sitting up. I felt my face flushed in embarrassment but I didn't say anything as I watched Quirrell try to comprehend what had happened.

"Gone." He said with relief.

He opened his eyes and saw that I was gone. He looked around and saw me to his left. He stared at me for a moment.

"H-Harry, he's g-g-gone!" He said but this time with worry, regret and panic. "He's g-going t-to c-c-claim another p-person and-"

"Need not to worry, Professor Quirrell. I am supposed to kill him and I will. What matters now is that you are okay," I said with determination. Then avoiding his eyes I mumbled, "I just need to know about his past and how the heck he managed to still live."

Quirrell nodded but then suddenly avoided looking at me, gulped and was blushing profoundly. He sat up and still avoided looking at me, his eyes staring down at the red and silver rumble. We were quiet for an awkward minute. Slowly his fingers touched his own lips. They were bruised. I touched my own to find they were bruised also. They say if you kiss too roughly and passionately, this is the result. Ops?

"Sorry Professor Quirrell." I said sheepishly, feeling slightly awkward with the situation.

Quirrell looked up slowly as if waking up from a trance and raised an eyebrow. It was unusual to see him like this but a good unusual. I knew that at the moment I was speaking to just Quirrell.

"My mind is free. You did what you had to do," Quirrell said quickly. "Let's never speak of it again."

He didn't stutter! I wondered if it was because that Voldemort's left him and he could relax now... I think it was. I was glad he didn't perceive the kiss as being anything else but life saving.

"And I thank you for saving my life with it," Quirrell said, a small smile appeared on his face. "It looks like Love is one of V-V-Voldemort's weaknesses," he looked irritated for a moment before resuming. "When he was conceived, his Muggle father was under the influence of a powerful love potion that his magical mother had given to him. That is one of the reasons why he finds Love difficult to understand. Before he was born, his mother told his father the truth and his father ran away. His mother gave birth to the Dark Lord and died shortly after. The Dark Lord in his childhood lived in a Muggle orphanage. Another reason why he can't understand love- he never received any from his careers."

"Oh." was all I said after a moment. "Was Voldemort's name before being Voldemort, Tom Riddle?"

"Correct," he said, getting up.

Finally someone answers that question!

He offered me a hand and I took it, he pulled me up onto my feet. He began walking around, looking at the mess and at his turban on the ground. He seemed to hate himself at every second of silence that passed and at everything he was thinking in that small head of his. The back of his head looked very strange and I was glad that Quirrell picked up his turban and wrapped it around his head to hide Voldie's face.

"Professor Quirrell?"

"Yes Harry?"

"Do you know about how I...?"

He seemed to know exactly what I was thinking and looked slightly grim.

"I suspect some blood magic was involved but I can never be certain with such things," Quirrell said. "When your mother died, she died protecting you and when the Dark Lord tried to kill you, the curse hit you giving you that scar. But the curse rebounded back to the Dark Lord, killing him. I guess that's the prophecy coming into play. But I can't help but wonder..." Quirrell turned around on the spot and looked at me curiously. "... Wonder what else had transpired through the chain reaction."

"What do you mean, Professor Quirrell?" I asked, curious about what he was wondering about.

"Well, I suspected after seeing your irises turn the red that the Dark Lord has that you have a piece of him in you. When he died, I think his already severed soul broke in two and unintentionally latched onto you, the closest living body, creating a Horcrux containing some of his magical ability into you. That's why you sometimes feel as if you were possessed and not in control whenever you're angry or depressed."

I looked into his eyes and our eyes met. I knew I could trust him then and there after a brief look swipe over his mind.

"I didn't know that," I wondered what a Horcrux was. I was sure I read it somewhere before. Well, it explained why my irises turned red when Voldemort was in control of me. But not anymore! I destroyed that 'Horcrux' when I killed myself with a disguised killing curse.

I chuckled.

"That is what the angels had said."

"Angels?" Quirrell inquired with amusement in his voice.

I nodded firmly. "Angels. While I was dead for almost a week. I visited the Angels and... they said that I had a piece of Lord Voldemort within me but I removed it by placing the killing curse on myself."

"That's one Horcrux down," Quirrell said, looking a bit sceptical for a moment. "But Harry. Dumbledore said that-"

"I disguised it as being a gun shooting spell, Professor Quirrell." I said. "Useful for when pretending to be a Muggle cowboy."

Quirrell actually laughed at that and I felt quite heartened that I made an emotionally upset man laugh in a small bit of happiness. Ah, the wonders of mind influence. He also understood what I was saying about Muggle cowboys and guns. Made me wonder what tragic past he had to endure in the Muggle world.

"Your intelligence and creativeness amazes me," Quirrell said.

My lips curled at the praise. I've never been praised like that before.

Then he answered to my questioning look before. "I was a Muggle Studies professor here for almost thirteen years."

"That explains a lot actually." I said and smirked when Quirrell frowned. "How are you going to remove that thing off your head Professor Quirrell?"

"I'll find a way," Quirrell said. "But Harry, I won't be teaching here anymore. If Dumbledore doesn't fire me, I would..." he sighed, "I would have to resign."

"And why is that Professor Quirrell?"

"Would you believe that I wouldn't be sent to Azkaban?"

"Azkaban?" I asked, remembering only mentions of the place.

"A prison for... bad wizards."

"Professor Quirrell-!" I wanted to protest.

I could tell from his thoughts and aura that he wasn't at all a bad person.

"Call me Quirinus."

"Very well, Quirinus." I said curtly with a nod. "But Quirinus-."

"No Harry. Not after what's happened. I can't." Quirrell said with a sigh.

We were silent for a moment. Now I have saved Quirrell from the clutches of retro and mediocre Dark Lord Voldemort, I needed Quirrell on my side to tell me things about Voldemort nobody has even known. Then I would destroy whatever it is that is preventing Voldemort from dying, form a little group of my own and start dishing out deaths towards those who have wronged me in the past. I could see myself in the future, standing tall and mighty. The bones of the Dursleys, Voldemort and Albus Dumbledore in my trophy case and the whole world under my power-

I slowly looked up when Quirrell spoke again.

"Harry, I can't help but think Dumbledore has been neglecting you of some information involving yourself," Quirrell said quietly, changing the subject. "I think I can help you with topics relating to the Dark Lord's life but some things such as your parents and what Dumbledore was thinking back in the first war, I will fail to provide information on. Dumbledore might be your only source of information unless your parents left some of their possessions behind."

"Are you offering to be my guide in life, Quirinus?" I asked, smiling and influencing his behaviour.

"Yes, Harry. I am." Quirrell said, smiling. But then the smile fell. "You probably don't trust me. That is okay. I won't trouble you much longer."

"Quirinus, I accept." I said firmly.

We shook hands on it creating blue light and a strange chain weaved our hands together before the lock clicked closed and the light went away. We turned around and began walking towards the fire but not before picking up most bits of the stone. Yes, now he has me in his 'trust', I could use him to my advantage. Get information from him. Hahaha!

"Harry..." Quirrell said warningly.

I rolled my eyes.

"Just for the money. I was not serious about killing myself and then living again to repeat." I said honestly, making the mess, glass, mirror pieces and rubble disappear.

'Besides, you could use some money while on the run.' I thought to him.

I watched as he stumbled over his feet but managed to stay standing. He whipped around and had me at wand point.

"How did you do that?" he whispered cautiously.

He was thinking I was Voldemort.

"I am not Voldemort. Trust me." I said.

He was searching my eyes and saw no red in my irises. I influenced his mind a little and his grip on his wand loosened a fraction.

"Stay right where you are Quirinus." A new voice came and one we both knew well.

Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Albus Dumbledore on the highest step on the stone stairs with his wand pointed on Quirrell's back. Quirrell didn't move his body but his eyes closed slowly and blew out a sigh.

"Wand on the ground," Dumbledore demanded.

Quirrell bent down and placed the wand on the ground, then stood up again.

"Albus, I-" he began.

"Silence." Dumbledore snapped, cutting him off.

"Headmaster Dumbledore," I said.

"Harry. What are you doing out of bed?" he asked, eyeing me.

"Saving Professor Quirrell from the clutches of evil." I replied sarcastically.

I walked away from in front of Quirrell and stood in front of Dumbledore but behind Quirrell, standing in between them. I didn't want to lose Quirrell. He's the only adult companion I have.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, this man is innocent." I said strongly. "He was possessed by Voldemort."

"I highly doubt that," Dumbledore replied coldly.

I growled in frustration, running a hand through my messy mop of black hair, before turning and pushing Quirrell to the ground. Quirrell, who hadn't expected it, had fallen face first onto the cold ground with an 'uggh'.

"Harry! Just what do you think you-" Quirrell began complaining.

"Tah-dah!" I shouted when I unwrapped the stinky turban. "I present to you... Voldemort's head stuck in his host that-he-had-just-left!"

I stepped out of the way and showed Dumbledore who lowered his wand and looked like he was loss for words.

"We made Voldemort leave Professor Quirrell's body before I almost killed Professor Quirrell," I explained, hands in pocket. "Unfortunately Voldemort is now wandering around the Earth with only his soul. No body. No power and barely alive. So please: do not send Professor Quirrell to Azkaban. He did not kill anyone. He is innocent. Trust me."

I felt my first layer mind barriers begin being pushed against.

"Harry, what happened?" Dumbledore asked, looking tired when he failed to invade my mind.

"Well, I came down with Kate and Shawn to save Quirrell from Voldermort," I said. "But then I got trapped in Professor Snape's potion chamber over there while Kate and Shawn were stuck on the other side. They went back and owed you before heading to Professor McGonagall. Did you get their owl?"

Dumbledore blinked. Quirrell sat up only to fall back onto the floor, staring blankly up the ceiling.

"We must have crossed in midair," Dumbledore said it a bit airily. "No sooner had I reached London than it became clear to me that the place I should be was the one I had just left. Now continue my boy."

"Certainly Headmaster," I said calmly, "Well, I drank a little of the smallest potion and walked through the black flames. There was Quirrell with the voice of Voldemort projected out of the back of his head. He had been possessing Quirrell. Voldemort wanted the stone to get a new body and he was controlling Quirrell to get it. I am sure that if Quirrell worked for you for more than thirteen years, you would know Quirrell has been acting a lot more... nervous than usual this year, would not you agree? He was suspicious of me and that is why he had me at wand point a moment ago. He thought that Voldemort was in me."

Dumbledore moved closer towards us, descending down the stairs like he was floating.

"I agree. Yes I see now..." Dumbledore said, touching his beard. "Quirinus stand up. Let me remove that infliction of yours."

Quirrell stood up slowly; a flicker of fear was shown in his eyes as he turned his back on us. Dumbledore approached him, his wand pointed at Quirrell's head. I bit the inside of my cheek, hard. It was difficult to think that Dumbledore wouldn't kill Quirrell right there. I didn't like Dumbledore and his power and manipulative ways.

"This might hurt just a little bit." Dumbledore murmured.

The energy light began to build up from the tip of his wand and I knew it was too much to remove the extra flesh.

"NO!" I shouted, shielding Quirrell from Dumbledore's way.

Dumbledore was instantly glaring at me, the light from the tip dying down and he lowered his wand slightly in reluctance. Quirrell turned slightly to see what was going on.

"No?" Dumbledore echoed in a dangerous tone.

"Harry?" Quirrell asked, confused rather than angry as Dumbledore was.

What was this? A saving-people-thing? Since when did I care about who dies or not? Wait... back when Hermione was about to be squashed by a full grown mountain troll. I never thought about that part of me until now. That raises a lot of questions about myself. Hadn't I wanted to commit genocide when I become bored in the future? Very strange aspect of myself indeed.

I glanced at Quirrell and smiled. A real smile. Both Quirrell and I knew about Guide laws. A guide or mentor must protect, support and give insight to his protégé. That didn't mean the protégé can't do the same for his guide. I felt Dumbledore watching all this and at us in jealousy.

I looked back at Dumbledore to see the cruel and calculating look disappear into worry and thoughtfulness in a split second. I looked back just as coldly as he had.

"Then what do you suggest we do, Harry?" Dumbledore questioned, almost mockingly.

Mocking me for my age. If I could go back through time and live up to this point in time and then further I would be old enough to do what I like! Cheeky bastard.

"I suggest you stand down and allow me to take care of the situation at hand." I said in an authoritative voice, my face devoid of emotion (Personality Level Three: and that's worst than One, Two and Four). "I mean, after all, you have the Greater Good to think about now that Voldemort is still alive."

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow before laughing. I know him inside out. He really was mocking me. But I'm not going to be killing him. Yet. Voldemort wasn't scared of me but he is scared of Dumbledore and keeping Dumbledore around could be an advantage for me to organise.

"I can't see what you could do without my help." Dumbledore said arrogantly.

Silence.

"Albus. You are not the man I initially thought you were." Quirrell said bravely.

That sounded like a slap to me because Dumbledore looked slightly uncomposed from the comment. It also seems he's picked the side he will support: mine.

"I am very much the same man, Quirinus. You're just seeing things from the wrong point of view." Dumbledore said coolly.

Dumbledore wouldn't normally speak like this and it seemed he was losing his grip with the situation.

"Oh, then I suppose you've always been-" Quirrell began but I held him back.

I knew Quirrell now realised just how much pain Dumbledore was going to inflict on Quirrell's mind a few moments ago if I hadn't stopped him. Quirrell must be feeling betrayed and hurt. But now Dumbledore had a tight grip on his wand and was slowly raising it to aim at Quirrell- it was dangerous to talk back to a powerful and skilful wizard.

Dumbledore watched us.

"Harry," he spoke in a soft voice. "Come with me to my office. I'm guessing you have many questions for me."

"You guess wrong headmaster for you see I already know what I need to know." I said, still in monotone.

And Dumbledore looked like he doubted that I did know everything. I wonder what would happen if he knew.

"Quirinus and I are leaving." I said, taking hold of Quirrell's hand quickly.

The flash of jealousy was definitely seen in Dumbledore's electric blue eyes while Quirrell's baby blue eyes widened in surprise.

"Go where? You have nowhere else to go and the potion you had drunken has long expired." Dumbledore said, looking smug.

"You are very wrong to presume." I said, sneering. "For I have abilities the Dark Lord knows not."

The castle got into action and apparated us out of the chamber to the hospital wing.

Quirrell wavered slightly before collapsing on the ground. I kneeled down beside him and scanned that he was quite weak. Picking him up easily, I placed him down on a nearby bed. Turning him on his side, I placed two fingers to one of his temples and gave him calm vibes. His body began relaxing from the tense state he was in but he was drifting towards sleep. It would be painless for him now. With the other hand I covered the back of his head, the feeds of dark magic slowly drained from the infliction and the face of Voldemort was gone within seconds. I removed both of my hands and saw that the back of his head looked good as new.

"Stay awake okay?" I whispered after I got him to lay down on his back. "Everything is going to be okay."

I turned away.

"Madame Pomfrey!" I called, looking around. "Are you here?"

"Who is making all this racket?" Pomfrey demanded, walking swiftly out of her office.

She halted and looked at the pair of us before busting over to us. I need her to see this so she could be even more influenced.

"Dear me. Harry. What has happened?" she asked.

I told her what happened while she checked on Quirrell's condition. I told her about Voldemort and the stone and Dumbledore. After Quirrell's assessment she looked at both of us and smiled.

"He's going to be fine." She said. "Bit more rest and less stress. I suggest you do the same too Mister Potter."

I smiled.

"Thanks Madame Pomfrey."

She nodded.

I looked at Quirrell and he smiled tiredly.

"Thank you."

"Think nothing of it." I replied. "You get some rest. I'll see you sometime this week."

Quirrell nodded.

"Good night, Harry."

"Good night."

And he fell asleep almost instantly.

TC

~Posted: 21st Day/3rd Month/2010th Year

First Year

Chapter Seventeen

"This has got to be the best kiss in the world." Shawn said, his jaw hanging open.

It was Saturday and while Gryffindor and Ravenclaw team were versing each other on the pitch, Shawn, Kate and I were in my room with the small stone pensieve on the bed. Imagines of the night's adventures projected onto the wall and we were re-watching everything from my strands of 'memories'. Then came to the part again where Quirrell and my lips lock. I covered my face once again, feeling my face go red. It was one thing to have companions but it was another to show them something embarrassing and they comment on it.

"This is embarrassing." I mumbled. "Why again?"

"Oh come on Harry. It's just a kiss." Kate said.

Both she and Shawn pulled my hands away from my face. I didn't feel obligated to stun them for some reason.

My jaw dropped, finally seeing it happening from a third person point of view and it was... strange.

"Not a bad kisser." Kate commented, clicking her tongue.

"Rough and dominating is definitely you, Harry." Shawn added. "I mean, look at Quirrell!"

I winced.

"Looks like you really like like Quirrell after all." Kate said with a smirk.

"Annd looks like he like likes you back, mate." Shawn said and winked.

I blushed deeper. I wanted to say that I was imagining a mysterious girl or Hermione (who I... erm, fancy but didn't even fit the profile in my mind) but then if I did they would start harassing me and ask

Hermione loads of questions. I didn't want them upsetting Hermione. Or did I? The way Quirrell was kissing with such... passion made me wonder what he was imagining. Just asking him would weird me out so asking him would be out of the question.

"I do not like like Quirinus!" I shouted indignifiedly a moment later. "I had some sort of weird vision of a girl and we were snogging and we were somehow older and we knew each other and she smelt nice and I had these weird feelings I've never had before towards anyone. I just happened to have this vision while at the same time I was snogging Quirinus..."

Kate looked thoughtful and believed me while Shawn believed me but wasn't passing up the chance in jesting.

"Sure sure," Shawn said. "And this was your first kiss! Just imagine what it would be like when you have se-"

"SHAWN!" Kate and I yelled.

I was horrified while Kate looked disapproving. If they weren't super intelligent in academics and arts I would have punched him.

"You're an idiot, Shawn." Kate said finally, smiling.

Then the three of us burst out laughing. It felt good to have a break from scheming on how to dominate the world.

"Hey, I know a bit about blood magic." Kate said and we instantly sobered, and began talking about that.

But then something began alerting me that something was happening outside the Hospital Wing. Kate and Shawn were staring at me funny until I let them hear it from our mind connection.

"Hogwarts?" I said, jumping off the bed. "What's happening?"

"Best if you see." Hogwarts said before I felt like being forcibly stuffed into a rubber tube.

A second later, Kate, Shawn and I landed back in ground just outside the Hospital Wing. There was Pomfrey inside and... Dumbledore outside the doorway in the corridor we had just

appeared in. My eyes narrowed as I watched Dumbledore attempt to enter past a force field around the entrance that was preventing him from going in.

As I approached closer, I could see Quirrell had sat up on his bed, watching the whole thing in amusement.

"Is this you're doing?" I asked the castle.

"Yes and you should have placed wards on the room too. You'll know next time, wouldn't you?"

I didn't answer. I hated forgetting things. I hate admitting I forget things too.

"The hospital wing was already warded against Dumbledore ever since the two of us, you and I, came in contact. If he ever meant harm, he wouldn't be allowed in."

I continued going with Kate and Shawn on either side of me and Dumbledore slowly turned and looked slightly put off, lowering his wand slightly to glare at me.

"Good morning Mister Potter." He said coldly.

Since I am virtually untouchable as well as Kate and Shawn (to some degree), I glared back.

"Good morning Headmaster." I said just as coldly.

And then the three of us just walked through into the Hospital Wing like there was no force field what so ever. Pomfrey looked relieved, shot Dumbledore a disapproving look before ushering us to the perplexed Quirrell.

"Morning Quirinus!" I said.

"Harry. How are you doing?" he asked softly.

Behind us, Dumbledore was cursing and Pomfrey went over to tell the man off.

"Great." I said, grinning. "You?"

"Slightly flabbergasted."

I jabbed a thumb towards Dumbledore's direction.

"Hogwart's way of protecting you." I explained.

Quirrell blinked.

"Me?"

I nodded. Quirrell seemed to decide to shake off the strangeness.

"Hello Miss Yuri. Mister Parikh."

Kate and Shawn smiled and nodded.

"Please, call me Kate."

"And I, Shawn."

Quirrell chuckled weakly.

"And you two should call me Quirinus. A friend of Harry's is a friend of mine."

"Dear me. Albus has become a right twat. You three!" Pomfrey called, hurrying over to us. "He needs some bed rest. I can't have the three of you exceed the infirmary time limit."

"Alright. Alright." I said, smiling. "See you later, alright?"

"Come by whenever you like. I don't mind." Quirrell said quietly, looking down at his folded hands.

Kate, Shawn and I left, passing a mumbling Dumbledore who was hiding in the dark alcove of an arch window, trying to figure things out. Whatever they may be.

Ravenclaw managed to win the game but not the Quidditch cup. That went to the Slytherin house.

On Sunday morning like all mornings, I woke up, gave Felicity some food, went for a shower and came back to keep Felicity company before Shawn wakes up. But the only difference was I didn't wait for Shawn, slipped a note under his door to say where I was and went down stairs with Felicity on my arm and headed out to the owlery tower. There, we stared out at the mountains, the forest and the lake before Felicity asked me what was wrong.

"Nothing."

"Nothing except how things turned out." Felicity hooted. "You've had a rough ride this year at school."

"Next year will be no different." I said, smiling softly.

After a bit more talking, Felicity took off to send the letter to Petunia for her to pick me up from Kings Cross. I thought that while we are in London, we might as well go to Gringotts to sort out my guardianship. I knew I could trust her to keep my vaults a secret from Fat and Fatter. Quirrell would be my Wizard guardian. Since I went to Gringotts with Snape and told them to not allow Dumbledore withdraw from my vaults and he would realise soon that he wouldn't have any authority in changing the arrangements because Petunia and Quirrell would be my non-magical and magical guardians.

I went back into the castle and to the hospital wing where I was sure Quirrell was going to be discharged. When I went there I was right but it wasn't the way I imaged it. Madame Pomfrey was on one of her rants about being careful and to not do anything foolish. Quirrell just stood there, nodding and taking everything in and neither of them realised I was in the room. Quirrell wore only his brown Muggle tweet suit and holding onto his turban and his cloak.

"... and remember. Those dreamless sleep potions are addictive. I must ask of you to stop taking them after a week. You hear me, Quirinus?"

"Yes Poppy. I hear you." Quirrell replied.

"Good," she said, suddenly looking sad. "Take care."

"I will. Thank you Poppy." Quirrell said, smiling.

Pomfrey leaves him after a hug and Quirrell turns towards the exit, sees me and is completely taken off guard.

"Good morning, Quirinus." I said quietly.

"Harry, I-" he began, walking towards me.

He looked around us as if he was making sure nobody saw us together, as if it were a crime. It made me curious.

"I see those bruises are still there." I said.

He touched his lips and then uncharacteristically shrugged. Mine were already back to normal.

"Give them a few more days," he said, a wry smile appearing on his face.

"I would not be able to see you in a few more days." I stated.

We walked out of the hospital wing together.

"I know," he sighed. "Papers are all marked. I'll be leaving today."

"Are you going to pack your belongings now, Quirinus?"

He glanced at me with a thoughtful look before looking straight ahead.

"I was intending to leave on Thursday night after getting the stone," he said truthfully. "I had packed the night before."

I stopped walking.

"So, you are leaving me too?" I said; a statement and I was bitter about it.

Typical of adults. They always leave when you need them the most.

Quirrell stopped walking too. He looked around him to realise I wasn't by his side and turned right around to see me with my arms crossed over my chest. He approached me slowly. I avoided looking at him. Stupid! How could I let myself lower to his level? Bloody

emotions. He crouched down in a swatting position and held onto my shoulders.

"Harry look at me," he said softly.

I looked up and was a little bit surprised at how close and levelled our eyes were.

"I'm never going to leave you." he continued in his soft tone. "We made a promise together. You and me. A magical promise. You do remember, don't you?"

"Of course." I replied quietly. "But if you leave, how are we going to stay in contact? How would we meet again to discuss about him? To train?"

"You're forgetting that this is a magical world and we can owl each other," Quirrell said, then he stood up. "Besides, we will meet again, Harry." he said this firmly. "Be prepared. You'd be receiving owls from me on the holidays."

"Yes, alright." I said reluctantly.

He smiled an infectious smile and I couldn't help smiling back. Something caught his eye a moment later.

"Please allow me take that glamour charm off of you, Harry. It still looks strange for you to have black unruly hair."

It still brought a strange feeling to have an adult genuinely care about me with no other intentions but kindness.

Kate, Shawn and I made our way down to the end-of-year feast. They still followed me around even though I wasn't controlling them or influencing them. Faithful companions. Definitely worthy of being called my friends and therefore to think by themselves. When we got there, it was about half full but that didn't mean they all didn't hush down and look up at us before chatter went back to normal. It didn't like it but slowly was getting use to it. I walked to where we usually sat and sat down without looking at anyone. Kate and Shawn updated me about the reason why people did that again and said almost everyone knew about Quirrell being possessed by Voldemort and what happened behind the door in the forbidden corridor on the

third floor. I looked up at the staff table and sighed when I didn't see him.

"Don't feel bad, mate." Shawn said. "He'll be owling you love letters on the holidays."

"Yes, we will be owling you too, Harry." Kate said, shooting Shawn a look.

The Great Hall was covered with Slytherin colours of green and silver to celebrate Slytherin's winning the house cup for the seventh year in a row. A huge banner showing the Slytherin serpent covered the wall behind the High Table. Dumbledore arrived moments later. The babble died away.

"Another year gone!" Dumbledore said cheerfully and all I wanted to do was strangle him. "And I must trouble you with an old man's wheezing waffle before we sink our teeth into our delicious feast. What a year it has been! Hopefully your heads are all a little fuller than they were...you have the whole summer ahead to get them nice and empty before next year starts," he gazed over us all, well, avoiding the three of us. "Now, as I understand it, the house cup here needs awarding, and the points stand thus: In fourth place, Hufflepuff, with three hundred and fifteen points; in third, Gryffindor, with three hundred and fifty-two; Ravenclaw has four hundred and five and Slytherin, four hundred and eighty-six."

A storm of cheering and stamping broke out from the Slytherin table. I could see Draco Malfoy banging his goblet on the table. It was a... sickening sight.

"Yes, Yes, well done, Slytherin," said Dumbledore. "However, recent events must be taken into account."

The room went very still. The Slytherins' smiles faded a little.

"Ahem," said Dumbledore. "I have a few last-minute points to dish out. Let me see. Yes...

"First — to Mister Sharma Parikh..."

Shawn suddenly blushed as he felt some eyes on him at the mention, hands covering his mouth.

"...for the best-played game of chess Hogwarts has seen in many years, I award Ravenclaw house thirty points."

Ravenclaw cheers nearly raised the bewitched ceiling; the stars overhead seemed to quiver. Chess involved tactics and thinking, a very Ravenclaw trait.

At last there was silence again.

"Second — to Miss Kateryna Yuri...for the use of cool logic in the face of fire, I award Ravenclaw house thirty points."

Kate grinned, her head held high. Logic was one of the traits that made Ravenclaw a Ravenclaw and to be mentioned like that was an honour. Plus it was true. She did use logic.

"Third — to Mister Harry Potter..." said Dumbledore. The room went deadly quiet. "...for outstanding use of magic that is beyond his age and the courage that willed him forward, I award Ravenclaw house forty points."

The din was deafening. To those who could add up while yelling and cheering themselves hoarse knew that Ravenclaw now had five hundred and five points making Ravenclaw the winner of the house cup thus breaking the Slytherin's consecutive wins. I hated Dumbledore but with the attention at the moment I had to take this all in stride. I shook some hands and this time I noticed that some of the girls fainted. I glanced at Kate who shrugged, not sure about the reactions.

Every house was celebrating the down fall of Slytherin except, of course, most of the Slytherin students.

"Which means," Dumbledore called over the storm of applause, "we need a little change of decoration."

He clapped his hands. In an instant, the green hangings became navy blue and the silver became bronze; the huge Slytherin serpent vanished and a towering Ravenclaw eagle took its place. The corner of Snape's lip was twitching and I had to bite my lip from laughing out loud. I had a feeling Ravenclaw might win the house cup seven times in a row.

A few days later, exam results came out. I clutched to the sheet, not believing my eyes. I was ranked one and got everything perfect, Outstandings and one hundred and fifty percents (apparently the highest any student has gotten) except for practical Potions which Snape gave me Exceeds Expectations with ninety eight percent. This was perhaps the most unfairly marked exam I've had. I perfected the potion yet since at the time I had black unruly hair, he decided to mark me down. How unfair is that?

"Cruel, so cruel." Shawn said when he looked at my Practical Potions mark.

Kate and Shawn were ranked two and three respectively and had the same grading names as me for each subject but their percentages were lower but still above one hundred percent except for both Potions exams which was even more 'cruel'.

"We must report it to Dumbledore." Kate said, her fists clenched.

"He would not listen." I said sighing, staring hard at the table. "I have a feeling he would no—No, I know he wouldn't. We will just wait till one of them resigns or does something close to murder before hoping to get what we should have deserved."

"Come on, guys." Shawn said, trying to cheer us up again. "It's just potions! Look at the other neat subjects. We aced. It's worth celebrating."

I looked across the hall to see Hermione holding onto her results card, a small smile on her face, her eyes alive and joyful. She must have felt someone looking at her because she looked up and searched until our eyes met. I waved and smiled and she smiled and waved back.

Now that was definitely worth celebrating.

Then came the last day. I packed my things into my trunk. I made sure the books were in alphabetical order as the books were turning on the convey belt. My robes, the invisibility cloak, hand me-downs, underwear and casual clothes were folded neatly with my empty satchel on top of them. The equipment was all there in the equipment compartment in the trunk. Parchment, quills and other

stationary in their own compartment. First year homework and assignment papers in subject order were in the draw labelled 'one'. Letters and extra pieces of paper were in another draw. Left over potion ingredients were fine. My ceramic toys weren't broken in their own draw. Tapping at the trunk a couple of times, a draw popped out from the side with all sorts of magical artefacts and equipment that was expensive and useful. I shrunk my pensieve and placed it in with the map, bits of the Philosopher's stone and such before tapping it a couple of times to personal lock it again. Almost everything I want to own was inside my trunk except for what I'm wearing now, my money and of course my wand. I still had so much room left.

I personally locked the whole thing with my skateboard bounded to the trunk before walking over to the mirror and smiled. I looked like the same kid who left Stock-on-Trent; same clothing, same posture, still lanky and expressionless. Only there was something in my eyes- experience and knowledge and power and confidence.

Patting my fringe down, I looked around the empty room. I was leaving this empty dorm room and go home to an empty bedroom. It didn't make much difference. Almost everything was in my trunk as if I'm always on the move. Shrinking my trunk and its weight and placing it into my pocket, I got Felicity and walked out of my dorm room.

In the common room, notes were handed out to all students, warning us not to use magic over the holidays. We had breakfast in the Great Hall once again before following Hagrid down to the fleet of boats that sailed across the lake. We got on the Hogwarts Express, Kate, Shawn and I sharing with Hermione, Neville, Simon and Jenny. It was a really packed compartment but we talked and laughed as the countryside became greener and tidier; eating candy as we sped past Muggle towns. I fixed my Muggle clothes that I was already wearing while everyone was taking off their wizard cloaks and putting on jackets before the train pulled into platform nine and three-quarters at King's Cross Station.

It was in the afternoon. I figured the train returned us faster than taking us to Hogwarts because it was night when we arrived at Hogwarts. Now that we've arrived from Hogwarts to London, it was in the afternoon. It took quite a while for us all to get off the platform. A wizened old guard was up by the ticket barrier, letting us go

through the gate in twos and threes so we didn't attract attention by all bursting out of a solid wall at once and alarming the Muggles.

When we finally got out, I saw Petunia immediately. She was alone and looked a bit... well, bare without Fat and Fatter with her. She wore a simple but nice summer's dress with a red sweater on top. Her usually curly blonde hair was dyed dark brown and it was straight and parted from the left. She looked different. Beautiful even. I wondered what made her change her look.

"I can't see gran..." Shawn said.

Kate was looking around for her mother and father.

"We are still in a crowd of people. Come and meet my aunt." I suggested.

They agreed and followed me walking over to my aunt. She saw me and surprised me when she ran towards me and hugged me tight. It was awkward before I slowly wrapped my arms around her.

"Ma'am." I sighed, sinking into the hug.

"Oh Harry," she said.

We pulled away and she before looking all over my face.

"You're so cold and pale..." she said, frowning. "Taller than I remembered you being. Dudley's school has been filling him to the brim! But look at you."

"It is okay, ma'am." I said. "I am fine. I ate a load of food."

I looked at my friends and it was only then she realised they were there.

"Sorry guys. Kate, Shawn, this here is my Aunt Petunia. Ma'am these two are Kate Yuri and Shawn Parikh: my best friends."

"How do you do, ma'am." Kate and Shawn greeted.

"I'm well." She said a bit stiffly.

"Both of their parents are non-magical." I said.

She relaxed a little but not much.

"Sharma? Sharma!" called an old lady.

Shawn winced and turned around and saw his mother, father and grandmother rushing over. The mother wore a nice silk dress as did the grandmother and the father was in a simple collar shirt and black trousers. Shawn's father patted him on the back, his mother kissed him on the cheek and both his mother and grandmother were fussing over his hair. Shawn was blushing. I tried not to laugh.

"Mom, dad, gran, these are my best friends: Harry Potter and Kate Yuri. This is Harry's aunt, Petunia,"

"Oh! Our son's making friends!" his mother squealed. "My name's Laura. This is my husband, Benjamin and his mother Petra."

Just as the adults were going to chat, a voice interrupted us.

"Katie! Oh my baby girl." cried a woman.

A man in a nice tailored suit and a woman in a nice tailored dress came over and Kate turned around, her eyes wide and her smile was bright. Kate looks so much like them. The man looked emotionless and tight lipped. He looked pale just like Kate. The woman on the other hand looked radiant and cheerful.

"Mama! Papa!" she cried.

She jumped and threw her arms around them.

"This is my mother, Helena and this is my father, Fraedrick," Kate said. "My friends, Harry Potter and Shawn Parikh. This is Harry's aunt, Petunia. And this is Benjamin, Laura and Petra, Shawn's father, mother and grandmother respectively."

"Friends, Fred! She's making friends at last." Helena cried, excited.

Fraedrick twitched a smile.

"Nice to meet you all." Petunia said.

"It's good to meet you too." Laura replied, smiling.

"Swell." Helena said.

I refrained from laughing at the same reactions Shawn's and Kate's mothers had about friends.

"Laura, oh my! That is such a stunning dress!" Helena said. "Tailor made? It's absolutely sublime."

Laura smiled modestly. "Oh, thank you." Laura said. "Yours likewise. Wonderful design on the collar."

"That's what I thought when I caught the design. You have an eye for fashion, Laura. Goodness me! Your shoes, Petunia. You must tell me where you got those shoes. They are beautiful!" Helena said, fascinated at the red heels Petunia was wearing. "Petra, I love that shade of blue."

"It's between royal and navy. Did you get them from Winora's, Petunia?" Petra asked, she too was wearing shoes from Winora's but it was blue with butterflies. "I must say, it is such a lovely shoe store. Expensive but their products are top notch quality."

"Oh I must agree with you ladies." Laura said. "Best in the world."

"Yes, they are from Winora's," Petunia said, a small smile on her face. "Gloria's is another nice store."

"Goodness! I agree!" Helena said, clapping her hands together.

"Laura's shoes are from Gloria's. They are beautiful!" Petunia said.

"Oh yes! Indeed!" Helena agreed.

While the teacher, doctor, accountant and chief (Helena, Laura, Petunia and Petra) chatted about shoes and clothes, Benjamin and Fraedrick talked about work and medicine in America and Ukraine. A doctor and a clinical psychiatrist... the terminology they used was mind twisting. Kate, Shawn and I glanced at each other, not sure what to do. It was great that our parents and relatives were getting along finely but it was a bit of a put out. We watched as they

exchanged numbers and addresses before we found ourselves saying goodbye. Shawn went off with his parents and grandmother and Kate went with her parents while I left with Petunia. I only needed to spend a little bit more time with the Dursleys before I could ditch them. It didn't hurt treating them the way I had always done before I get rid of them for good. Maybe teach Vernon an innocent lesson or two.

"Kate lives in Ukraine and Shawn lives in America?" Petunia asked, looking at me.

"Yes they do, ma'am."

"How are we supposed to have tea?" she asked incredulous.

"Perhaps by planning with them by owl, ma'am. It does not cost a penny compared to phone bills."

"They are so far away..." Petunia said, glancing at Felicity.

"We can visit them by using a portkey, ma'am." I said. Or I could teleport her.

World domination can rest for a more few weeks while I sort and plan things out. And as I explained to her what a portkey was with her ready and attentive, we stepped out of Kings Cross station towards the orange sky.

TC

~Posted: 24th Day/3rd Month/2010th Year.

Author's Note: That's the end of his first year. Stay tuned for his second year that I will have it's chapters posted here (as well as his third and forth years and if there's more then those too) very soon. Thank you to all for reading and those who reviewed. If it weren't for all of you, I wouldn't have continued posting online. So thank you, thank you!

Questions for you all: is the length of each chapter an issue to any of you? How do you like the story so far? Do you have a suggestions for what you would like to happen next?

I'm very interested in what you all think. So if you could answer these, it would be very appreciated and be taken into consideration. I don't mind tweeting and changing a few things. Really. :)

Thank you once again!

Nat.

To the Readers of this story (yes, that's Readers with a capital r),

I had somehow misplaced my external pocket hard drive which has all my lesson plans, contacts, Sony Vegas Pro applications and music among other things...

...and that includes Harry's second, third and fourth years of this story, Not So Well.

Now you must all be thinking how on Earth I did that. Well, I am not going to tell you that.

But fortunately for this story 'Not So Well', I had written the first drafts of events that was to happen in each year on paper! Now I am re-writing the whole thing again based on the first draft. So there might be differences between the actual story and the chapters I would be posting up.

But for now, here is a snippet into Harry's second year taken from chapter four.

Extract From Chapter Four, Not So Well.

While 'Sam' and Petunia along with Marge who made sure 'Sam' wasn't behaving inappropriately, Dudley and Harry went out for a walk. The two boys were on speaking terms.

"You know," Dudley began. "Walking sucks. Not only do you walk to where the hell you have to go but you have to walk all the way back."

"Unless you have a car. Or a bicycle." Harry said.

"Yeah." Dudley grunted.

"Come on. Let's go to the arcade." Harry suggested.

"What?" Dudley asked stupidly.

"The arcade. They have one here you know."

"Yeah. I'm not stupid." Dudley snapped. "I don't have any on me."

"I do." Harry said, knowing his cousin meant money.

"How?" he demanded. "You don't work. You don't get pocket money. How do you get money?"

"Actually, I did work," Harry lied smoothly. "At school in the library and the hospital wing. And then I put the money in the bank. It's been earning high interest ever since."

"Yeah, whatever. Something tells me that you're lying."

Harry shrugged.

They continued walking silently.

"So do you want to go?" Harry continued.

"No."

"Something tells me that you're lying." Harry echoed.

"Shut up."

Harry smirked and knew Dudley had meant he does want to go—that's the direction the two boys were going.

Harry and Dudley continued walking down towards the arcade. Harry, bored with just walking and not talking to the someone walking with him picked up a long stick and began tapping the end on each new slab of concrete they walked on the side walk. Tap-tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap-tap.

"Bloody twat." Dudley grunted.

Harry snickered but continued doing the annoying tapping.

"What school are you going to go to now?" Harry asked, making conversation.

"The local comprehensive one. Dartmouth College," Dudley said before glaring. "And don't bloody laugh."

"Why would I?" Harry said, tipping his head slightly to the side.

"The school is for poncey arse benders."

Their eyes met and Harry burst out laughing. Dudley gave Harry the finger before walking faster. Harry went after him. Dudley went into a run. Harry threw the stick away into the hedge and ran after him.

Harry soon ran past Dudley and made it to the shopping town first, slapping his hand against the wall. When Dudley caught up and leaned against the wall, breathing hard and looking at Harry with an incredulous expression, seeing that Harry wasn't breathing heavily. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Now I know that can't be true since you've never been," Harry said. "But I bet there are hot girls there if it's mixed gender."

Dudley's expression lightened up like a Christmas tree.

"Shit. Never thought of it that way." Dudley said, blinking.

Harry nodded with an expression of 'see what I mean?' and his hands in his pockets.

"Work out a bit more and be a bit more of a gentleman and you could get any girl you want," Harry said, winking. "Take my advice. You know I'm right. Let's do some shopping and make you look smart. After all, you need a new wardrobe. I mean, you are shopping with a multimillionaire and child prodigy."

"Say that again." Dudley said, still looking like a bloody goldfish out of water.

Harry smirked and began walking away. Dudley still didn't move.

"Say it, Potter!" Dudley demanded.

Harry turned around and began walking backwards without walking into any people passing by- which is a hard feat to achieve. Harry grinned at him with hands still in his pockets.

"You heard me, Dudley. Now let's go!" Harry said, turning back around and power walked into a random clothing store for boys.

There was pop music being played in the store. They had entered a store specialised for skateboarders and punks. Dudley entered a few seconds later, assessing Harry. The last time he had seen Harry before he went to a boarding school in Scotland, Dudley had seen a more sedated and submissive Harry. Now he saw this confident and slightly flamboyant boy.

"You've changed." Dudley stated, hurrying after Harry.

"Good or bad?" Harry wanted to know.

Dudley shrugged as they approached a clothing rack.

"I don't know," Dudley muttered.

Harry smiled and knew that Dudley wanted to say 'good'.

"Hmm. That's better than nothing I suppose..." Harry said.

He took a t-shirt off the rack and placed it against Dudley's chest, checking him out.

"Looks good on you." Harry commented genuinely.

Dudley looked down at himself before pushing the t-shirt away from him.

"You're kidding," Dudley scoffed. "This shit is what faggots wear."

Harry rolled his eyes and shoved the t-shirt that was still on its hanger back on the clothing rack.

"You'd become a 'faggot' if you keep up that attitude." Harry said curtly and walked away.

"I want to go home, Harry."

Harry paused. Dudley said it in a whisper and would have been impossible to have heard him.

"What's home to you, Dudley?"

"I don't know..."

Harry sighed. He turned back around and walked over to the boy in front of him.

"You do. You just don't know how to say it." Harry said.

"Somewhere that I can feel happy. Somewhere where I don't need to eat and eat to pretend nothing is happening. I don't know. What do you want from me?"

Harry blinked.

"No. That's good. At the moment, we're working towards that. Somewhere happy."

"I know," Dudley mumbled. "I-I never felt happy when dad was around. He was such a bastard. He didn't like what I had told him what I wanted to be."

"What was that?" Harry asked softly.

"I wanted to be an actor," Dudley said. "But he said acting was for fags. I tried to please him but whatever I did, he didn't like it. So I started acting like him, like an actor would but in secret. He started liking me. But I hated it. Hated pretending all the time that I was this, this, this jerk. This git who was strong and a bully. But he liked me so I didn't stop. It seemed like hurting you were the only other thing he did that made him happy other than selling screwdrivers. So I joined in. And it pleased him."

"Things are going to be better," Harry said earnestly. "If you want to be an actor, then go for it. Don't let Vernon stop you. You're your own person. You don't need to care what his opinions about actors are or any other's opinions are of actors. What matters to you is yourself and also the people you choose to be around with."

Dudley for the first time Harry had ever seen him, smiled.

"Thanks." Dudley mumbled.

Harry smiled encouragingly.

"Let's go to the arcade," Harry said finally. "You can change what you look like in your own time."

After a few games of street fighter and virtual racer, Harry and Dudley ran back to Marge's where Quirrell was just about to walk out the front door, Petunia watched from the doorway. Harry slowed down while Dudley hurried past, going back into the house as if nothing was going on.

"Sam!" Harry called.

"Harry!" Quirrell called back, smiling. "I asked your aunt if you would be allowed to stay with me for the rest of the holiday for tutoring and she agreed. Would you be game for that?"

"Yes! Definitely." Harry said, grinning. "Is that alright ma'am? That I could go?"

"Of course it is, Harry." Petunia said softly with a fond look on her face.

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter, Doctor Who, Torchwood or anything. Though maybe I could get some credit for imagination...? :D

Canon: Harry Potter! (How long have you been reading this and not realise?)

Word count: Second Year (~20 Chapters/~60,000 words)

Parings: Hints of Quirrell/Lupin. Implied Luna/Harry (but not very much at this point). Suspected Snape/Harry (but not really... or is it? :D).

Warnings: time warping, silly Dumbledore, double selves in high places, murder, abuse, pedophile!Lockhart, character deaths and alien species.

SECOND YEAR

Chapter One

Jumping off the bus, a dark red haired boy named Harry Potter took a few steps out of the way and watched as a dark brown haired lady named Petunia Dursley followed suit, holding onto her duffle bag-something Harry hadn't initially noticed until then. The two of them were the only two to jump off at this stop and they waited until the bus left for another stop before walking over to the pub that seemed to have just appeared in Petunia's eyes. The sign said 'The Leaky Cauldron'.

Petunia had thought about a lot of things since Harry was accepted into Hogwarts. Some might think she cares more about Harry than she does with her own son who looks like a baby killer whale. Of course that wasn't true to the eyes of people who live on Grimdale road. It was the fact that Vernon Dursley, Harry's uncle, spoils the son that it seemed Petunia was spoiling Dudley and all three of them treated Harry wrongfully. This wasn't true on Petunia's part. She loved them both... more with Harry than she would admit.

Petunia had always wanted to explore the world of magic, attend the magical school of Hogwarts, practise magic to make her life easier. But she wasn't allowed. She was considered normal and so had a grudge against her sister who could perform magic and was allowed

to go to Hogwarts School. She was, with a lack of words, surprised that Dudley wasn't jealous of Harry's skills. Perhaps he saw it as an abnormality. But Petunia knew better. Lily was the best sister she could ever hope for and the only thing she regretted was blaming Lily for the death of their parents, the very last time the two sisters could see each other before the Wizarding war killed both Lily and her husband, James. She also knew by being in the presence of Harry that the child was destined for so much more if he was allowed it. Petunia was going to try everything she could to help him. Maybe Harry could help Petunia leave Vernon...

Petunia pointed at the pub with a look of bewilderment.

"I'm pretty sure that this tavern wasn't here before." Petunia said, slightly nervous.

Harry smiled and explained, "Only when non-magical people are lead to a magical place can see it, ma'am. If they simply walked by, they wouldn't see it at all."

"I see..." Petunia said slowly.

"Shall we, ma'am?" Harry asked, indicating to the door.

She looked nervous before giving a jerky nod. Nodding back, Harry opened the door for her and she walked in. Harry entered after her and caught her wrinkling her nose. He tried not to laugh.

"Don't worry, ma'am. This is just the tavern that allows us to enter the Wizarding shops." Harry said.

She nodded.

"Hello Tom." Harry greeted. "Just passing through, if that is alright."

"Yes, yes. That's fine er... young lad."

Harry smiled and opened another door into a courtyard. They stood in front of the wall a few seconds later. Petunia looked at it, not sure what was supposed to happen. Usually to open the doorway to Diagon Alley one had to banish a wand out and tap that brick over there but with Harry there are advantages.

"Open." Harry commanded the wall.

The wall created an archway for them showing Diagon Alley. Petunia's eyes widened.

"Welcome to Diagon Alley, ma'am." Harry introduced her.

"It's like... it's like walking into a fairy tale..." Petunia whispered to nobody but herself. She looked at Harry and pointed at the white building. "I suppose that's Gringotts bank."

"You suppose correctly, ma'am." Harry said.

"Well what are you waiting for?" she snapped but Harry could tell she was jesting.

She pulled on Harry's arm and the two of them walked down the alley with many people but not as much as the time Harry had first went to Diagon Alley. They walked up the steps, through the doors and waited in line.

"They are goblins, ma'am." Harry replied to Petunia's unsaid question. "They may look unfriendly but that's because many bigot wizards and witches have been rude and impolite towards them."

"Next." called a goblin.

Harry looked up and saw Waldorf. Walking up to him, Harry smiled politely.

"Good afternoon Mister Waldorf," Harry greeted.

"Good afternoon... Mister Potter. We meet again," he said in a kinder tone. "What may I do for you today?"

"If it is no trouble Mister Waldorf, I would like to see how many vaults I have, what I own and any inheritance that I might have and also to organise my legal issues regarding guardianship, please. That's why my aunt, Petunia, my current non-magical guardian is here."

"I see..." Waldorf said. "Well, Mister Potter. Let's have the guardianship sorted out first, shall we?"

"Sounds good, Mister Waldorf." Harry said.

"Please take a seat. The head of legal relations will be with you momentarily." He said.

"Thank you Mister Waldorf."

Petunia and Harry walked over to take a seat in the little open waiting room. The seats were... nice and the atmosphere told us to be quiet.

"Mister Potter." said a voice almost immediately after we sat down.

Harry jumped out of his seat and turned to where the voice came from. Harry sighed and smiled and the goblin laughed wheezingly. Petunia stood up slowly, trying to conceal her shock.

"Oh forgive me, Mister Potter. I am Blard Glurdual, the head of legal relations. My sense of humour is not as it uses to be," The goblin said and then he laughed again, shaking his head. "You should have seen your face."

Harry grinned and walked over to him, holding out his hand. He shook his hand.

"Hello Mister Glurdual. This here is my aunt, Petunia Dursley." Harry said.

"Muggle aunt." Glurdual said thoughtfully, scratching his chin. "Follow me. We'll sort things out in my office."

The two followed Blard Glurdual, a goblin who actually had a sense of humour. Harry wasn't sure what to expect but Glurdual was not the type of goblin he thought he would be meeting. They entered his office and he offered them to sit down. They sat in front of his desk and he sat on the other side in his chair. The two humans spotted something very out of place.

"Computers?" Harry questioned, looking at the monitor on his desk.

He looked at Harry and laughed. Harry felt a twinge of annoyance but didn't show it.

"Oh no, no... Quite similar to computers but no," Glurdual said. "I'm the only one in this bank, perhaps the whole of the Wizarding world who fancies one of these. Mister Arthur Weasley who works in the ministry, an expert in Muggle technology, 'wired' this up for me. Get it? Wired?"

Glurdual went into a laughing fit. Petunia just stared. Harry looked around. There were no wires. Harry laughed a long politely, finally getting the joke. Both he and Glurdual quickly sobered.

"Of course my relations regarding Gringotts' welfare with the ministry stops there." He said. "So if the ministry says no to a proposal regarding living conditions- bring it to us. As long as no court proceedings are necessary. Divorce would of course have to have the ministry in the 'loop'."

He turned away from the two and began touching the screen of the monitor.

"They should have this in the non-magical world," Petunia said quietly. "It would be useful."

"Quite," Glurdual agreed, glancing at Petunia before focusing on the screen. "Touch screen would be in your future soon, Misses Dursley. After all, as the saying goes, 'great minds think alike'. Ah! Here we are."

He turned back to look at them.

"So, Mister Potter. You're here regarding your guardianship, correct?"

"Correct Mister Glurdual." Harry said with a nod.

"Welllll..." Glurdual began.

He turned the monitor around so Harry and Petunia could see. It didn't look anything like the computer Dudley has or any that was in the market in nineteen ninety two. It looked even more... futuristic. Harry wondered silently if Arthur Weasley time travelled. Highly unlikely since time travel is considered dangerous... for normal Wizards and witches.

"As you can see, Albus Dumbledore is your current magical guardian. Your non-magical guardians are Mister Vernon Dursley and the one and only Misses Dursley right here-"

"Could I see that will, Mister Glurdual?" Harry blurred out.

It was the one thing Harry needed to prove Dumbledore's manipulation and lies.

"Certainly!" he squeaked. "Mind you, the printer hasn't been used for almost a decade."

The sound of a printer starting up was heard along with the sound of paper. Glurdual continued touching the screen and moving windows around. A piece of paper flew from the table and landed in Glurdual's opened hand. He looked at Harry and Petunia and handed the sheet over to Harry.

"Now this is your will. It's a photocopy of it of course. The real one is in one of your vaults... I believe in the main Potter vault."

"So I do have more than one." Harry said, reading the will.

"Indeed!" he squeaked. The printer sounded again. "This will be a print out of what you own, vault balances, titles, inheritance, properties... oh don't forget heirs and business shares... how about a family tree? That would be lovely. Though artefacts, books and such within the vaults you'll have to discover yourself,"

Harry nodded, slightly surprised that he had so much.

"Oh and congratulations! You're the richest person in Wizarding and Muggle Britain, third ranking in whole world, Wizarding and Muggle world and also with more voting rights in the Wizarding world Britain than the Malfoys, Lestranges and Blacks combined. You're earning top interest in your vaults by the way."

"That is... great." Harry said, pretending to be unsure.

He glanced at Petunia and it seemed like a good thing but she didn't know half of what Glurdual had said. Interest is good. To have a bank growing without much withdrawals was even better.

A load of papers shot out from the table, into the sky and showered them. Glurdual was able to catch every single one of them and shuffled them into a pile. A blank sheet entitled 'Mister H. Potter' flew out a moment later. He caught that, placed it on top of the pile and magically bind a spine on the left of the sheets. Harry looked at his hand and saw the will was gone. Glurdual pointed at the stack.

"It's in there." Glurdual said before his voice went to a creepy low. "Constantly be aware of what's happening around you Mister Potter. A magical non-human with abilities such as yours would go so far yet you remain to be anonymous and silent. I hear from the centaurs and seers that many great things are expected from you. The future lies in your hands."

"Okay?" Harry said, truly unsure.

'Did he just say 'non-human'?' Harry was thinking. 'He was just as creepy as Ollivander.'

Glurdual grinned again.

"Erm," Harry began, looking at the screen. "Can I have my aunt become my full guardian?"

"Full? As in both magical and non-magical?" he asked, his eyebrow raised.

"No. Full as in the Muggle world. I know it sounds strange but trust me, Mister Glurdual. I have my reasons for not trusting the headmaster with his judgement-," Harry said.

"And... your Wizing world guardian since he's Dumbledore?"

"I thought you would never ask," Harry said, smiling diplomatically. "I elect Quirinus Quirrell."

They watched as Glurdual cleared 'Vernon Dursley', then erased Dumbledore's name and replaced him with 'Petunia Dursley' and then he typed in 'Quirinus Quirrell' where Dumbledore's name was. Harry hoped what he was doing was right.

"Just out of curiosity, why elect Quirinus Quirrell?" he asked.

"I trust him enough," Harry said shortly.

"Mister Potter. You know what happened to him. You stopped him. He was possessed by you-know-who!"

"I have my reasons for trusting him just as I have my reasons for not trusting the headmaster," Harry said as calmly as he could.

Glurdual nodded.

"Very well," he said as the sound of the printer rolled again. "This would outline your legal relations."

Another sheet of paper flew out and Glurdual snapped it with the other sheets. He handed the pile over and Harry took it.

"There's a contents page. That would prove helpful," he said. "And the sheets update themselves when things change. I would like to also remind you that when you do your business in Gringotts we keep everything a secret and won't release any details in transactions of yours unless somebody else is doing transactions out of your accounts. We take confidentiality very seriously. If you have any questions, just come by or owl me. If you would like to make a withdrawal, you'll just have to line up outside till someone calls you. Nice doing business with you, Mister Potter."

"Yes, you too. Thank you Mister Glurdual."

"Always a pleasure."

When Petunia and Harry exited the door of Glurdual's office, Harry flipped through the papers and landed on the one with the vaults and the number since they were still in the bank. Harry's eyes bulged out.

'There were still two people in the world richer than this?' he thought in surprise.

Vaults

Educational use~ G 2,492,126

Potter~ G 33,230,630,901,044,067

Evans~ G 40,070,025,920,305,893

Gryffindor~ G 4,580,200,082,040,740,010

Hufflepuff~ G 4,500,323,202,518,032,500

Peverell~ G 96,992,000,242,500,030,072

All six had interest making it grow more and more by the second! The Potter vault had just gained five thousand galleons. Harry flipped through other pages, his eyes taking in everything in its fast pace.

'Merlin! I'm a Lord!' Harry thought excitedly. 'Heir to James Potter, making me Lord Potter. Heir to the Evans, making me Lord Evans. Heir to the Peverell's making me Lord Peverell. A descendant from Ignotus Peverell, Helga Hufflepuff and Godric Gryffindor. Somehow I was a descendant from Cadmus Peverell. That seemed impossible that I 'was' a descendant. I was also the former yet still am second heir to Salazar Slytherin. That is interesting. Heir to Helga Hufflepuff making me Lord Hufflepuff. Heir to Godric Gryffindor making me Lord Gryffindor and I'm the heir to Sirius Black but I'm not a lord there since Sirius Black is still alive... somewhere.'

But the Will explained a lot more.

Harry was right about Dumbledore disregarding the will. Sirius Black is my Godfather. Remus Lupin is second in line and then McDonald and Lufkin and Longbottom and then Weasley. It also said that if Harry's parents died and none of his god parents were able to take care of him, he was to be deemed emancipated straight after his sixteenth if he wanted to. Harry had properties almost all over the world and Harry chuckled when he saw he had some shares in ownership in Vernon's company, Fixers and owned almost three quarters of Hogwarts Castle.

Harry skim read all of it without showing Petunia who was still looking around in awe. Harry closed the book, shrinking it to pocket size before placing it in his bigger-on-the-inside pockets.

'Wow. This information was almost too much to take in at once, even for my brilliant mind.'

"Harry, it's a bit too late to be riding on trains back home. Is there a place we could stay for tonight?"

"Yes ma'am. Any hotel you like in London," Harry replied. He had enough galleons to exchange so they didn't need to go on that gut wrenching ride down to the vault... or was it up? "But first, I need to exchange some Galleons into Pounds so we could pay for the hotel."

To say Harry was curious as to why Petunia wasn't fussy about returning to Grimdale Road was an understatement. When they caught another bus that would take them to the destination Harry wanted (he read from his map), Harry asked Petunia about it.

"Dudley's with Aunt Marge at the moment." Petunia said.

"And...? How about sir? Where is he, ma'am?" Harry asked.

Petunia smiled sadly.

"He's at the police station."

If anything, that just raised even more questions.

They stayed in a nice hotel with a really long name they decided to just call the Shaftesbury Hotel near Charing Cross when walking out of the Leaky Cauldron- but it would have took longer than fifteen minutes to walk there. Petunia didn't want to stay in the Leaky Cauldron so they had to go somewhere Muggle and that's where they went. Harry wasn't sure what she was gawping at until we walked in.

"I only have one pair of Winora's and I saved up for it for ages," she admitted.

Harry stared at her, not understanding what she was saying for a moment. She looked at Harry.

"Are you sure you can afford this?" she asked.

"Absolutely, ma'am. More than enough that I could buy a present for Dudley too." Harry replied with a grin, showing her just how many pound notes Harry had in the yellow envelope.

They got their suite with two bedrooms and when they got in, Petunia collapsed on top of the long sofa and sighed in content. Harry dropped the keys in the key bowl after closing the door and Felicity flew off Harry's shoulder, the invisibility charm that she had put on herself vanished and the barn owl was back in sight.

"She's a smart owl, isn't she?" Petunia said, sitting up on the sofa.

"Yes ma'am. She is." Harry replied, sitting next to her. "I don't think there is any like her that could place an invisibility charm on themselves like she does."

"Could domestic animals do their own magic?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am. Unless you count a phoenix as one." Harry said, smiling. "I'm proud of Felicity. Her training has paid off."

Felicity hooted happily, perching on the back of the chair next to the telephone table.

"She said 'of course it paid off. I worked my butt off to be this good'." Harry said.

Petunia and Harry laughed.

"She can talk?" she asked.

"She's my familiar so I understand her, ma'am."

"Oh. How lovely." Petunia said.

The two were then drenched in silence and the temperature was slightly warm inside. Petunia stood up and went to open the window. The summer air flew in and out of the room. It didn't help much at all. Petunia, then as a last resort, took off her sweater and it was then I realised why she still was wearing it in this season. There were bruises old and new, some from a year ago, some just recent. Petunia's un-expert stitching was seen near her elbow and there were welt marks above her breast (the summer dress was low cut).

Harry had never expected something like this to happen. It was so new, so different. Harry thought he was the only one punished in the house but now... it seemed that when Harry was absent, Vernon took out his anger and need to feel powerful onto Petunia. In Harry's mind, he felt that was very wrong and cruel. Was that why Petunia changed her look? So she could please her husband? Be loved by her husband? Was Vernon in the police station because someone reported on him of his physical abuse on his wife?

Harry stood up and slowly approached her.

"Petunia..." Harry whispered, completely forgetting the 'sir' and 'ma'am' business. "Did he do this to you?"

Petunia looked like she wanted to deny it but Harry could see in her eyes that Vernon did do this to Petunia. That Vernon did hurt his wife not only emotionally, verbally and mentally but now also physically. She nodded.

"Did this start after I left for Hogwarts?"

She nodded again.

"Is this the reason why Dursley's at the police station?"

Harry saw tears begin to fall and she nodded once again. Harry, still unsure of what to feel, took her hand in his gently and ushered her to sit down again.

"Tell me what happened." Harry said softly, still holding onto Petunia's hand. "Please."

Petunia was silent, clutching onto her sweater with her other hand as if it was her protective blanket.

"He needed to exercise his power. He had a rough time at work. You were gone and sometimes Dudley wasn't home since he was at school. So every time when it was his lunch break, he'd come home and... he'll..."

Harry saw it playing out in his mind of what Petunia was re-living in her own mind through the touch connection he had to her. Harry

was livid. Angry. How dare Vernon hurt Petunia? Someone Harry loves. Someone Harry values. Harry wanted to strangle Vernon to death. He should die. Burn to hell. The bastard.

"I'll kill him." Harry growled. "How dare he hurt someone I love."

Petunia froze, staring at Harry before she began heaving, more tears trickling down. Harry immediately pushed away the anger and focused on Petunia. He didn't want her upset.

"Shhh." Harry sounded softly, trying to calm her. "It's alright. You don't have to say anymore. I understand."

Petunia choked a few times before she began sobbing and clutched onto Harry instead. Harry blinked in surprise. Comfort. She needs comfort. And almost like in those dumb television shows, Harry wrapped his arms around her gingerly and allowed her. It calmed her somewhat because she began talking again.

"It was Dudley's birthday," Petunia said softly, her head on my shoulder now. "Marge was with me in the kitchen. Dudley had gone to the arcade with his friends. Vernon came home early that day just as Marge went out to the backyard to get some spring onions from the garden. Vernon didn't know Marge was there and he did what he usually did... he hurt me. Like always, I screamed. He hurt me even more. The neighbours know about what was happening but none of them called the police. But that day, Marge was there and she rushed back into the kitchen. Vernon stopped at once. Marge called the police and the rest went as a blur. At the end of the day, I found Dudley and myself staying with Marge and hearing Vernon was being held in a cell at the police station."

"Will there be a hearing?" Harry asked.

"Yes. In mid September." Petunia replied, sniffing.

Harry got up, grabbed a box of tissues on the table before sitting back down, facing Petunia. He began wiping away her makeup, the tears making it easy to do so. She looked at Harry curiously but didn't stop him. When Harry finished, he saw a completely different person. She didn't look like ma'am the housewife. She looked like Petunia the Ambitious.

He sat by her side again and again her head leaned on his shoulder.

"Do you have a lawyer?" Harry then asked.

"I can barely afford one." Petunia said in weak humour.

"I'll help you find one, Petunia." Harry said. "I'll help you. I promise."

"Thank you Harry. You are like the son I ever wanted."

"Do not say that!" Harry cried, covering her mouth quickly.

Harry was shocked. What a revelation! What is she thinking? Harry admitted in his mind that he and Petunia go on a lot better compared to Dudley... but maybe saying that was going a bit far?

"I would not even be half the boy I am if Vernon never punished me for wrong doing," Harry continued. Even though Harry disliked Dudley, he is still Harry's only true Muggle cousin and Petunia's only son by blood. "Dudley still has time to learn. He will learn, ma'am. He will. Trust me on this."

The two stayed like that for a few minutes before Petunia began to feel hungry. Harry, still with the touch-connection could tell she was and it wasn't fair to her to not eat. Besides, Harry felt like he needed some salad.

"How about we go out for dinner?" Harry suggested. "I know a nice place..."

TC

~Posted: 7th Day/4th Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: I have rewritten enough to be happy and ready to post them. No betas like always (it shows in my work some say). Thank you for reading and staying to continue and reviewing. I still haven't found my external hard drive and have been using the other half of my typing time to rewrite reports, lesson plans and all sorts of things. If you have any questions, don't be afraid to ask them. Only fear would be that it might be a long explanation. *smiles sheepishly* Nat.

Second Year

Chapter Two

The next day, Petunia and Harry got on a train and left London to Dartmouth in Devon where Marge lived. Harry and Petunia had been quiet. Petunia was worried about the looming court date and Harry was thinking of something else. He was planning. He has all this wealth. This fame. This intelligence. This knowledge. This power. This influence on people. He could put them in good use.

The thought of setting up an elite school for orphans and disadvantaged families appealed to him. His own secret and specially trained army posed as the best school in the world, better than Etons. Even better than MIT and University of Cambridge. He could protect his family and friends with a single thought of safety and protection on their homes. He has a map that was quickly developing, allowing him to listen and watch people, know of their conditions, see where they go, who they're pretending to be, what they hold, where certain items (such as a Horcrux) were. Harry practically owns Hogwarts Castle so he could use that to his advantage against Dumbledore. Harry while at school had begun showing signs that he could make duplicates of himself- so far, only mini versions of himself with a mind of its own and was able to merge it back into himself, collecting memories on its small moment of separation. It was scary to be very small since everything had been huge. Harry discovered he could communicate to his duplicate as well. It was something he was going to try out again later.

Harry's telepathy was developing too, expanding almost across to all of the United Kingdom and soon the world. He's hypnosis was developing as well but not as quickly as developing his telepathy. With hypnosis, he could influence anyone anywhere to do what he wanted them to do. His powers are becoming stronger by the shifts and pushing he had begun doing since he had his other powers unlocked. He would be more powerful than Voldemort and Dumbledore. More powerful than Merlin himself. Soon, very soon, Harry would be ruling the world. He would be unstoppable.

But first Harry needs to get stronger in knowledge, power and skill. Though the thing that worries him was that he had these emotions, emotions he had never experienced before and some he had never realised. Emotions other than sad, curiosity, apathy and... blank.

Such as every time he saw Hermione, there was a pull in his hearts. That was confusing and very new. The anger. That started since he read the letter Dumbledore had given to the Dursleys. Dumbledore, Voldemort and Vernon- the only three Harry feels anger against. Loyalty towards his friends; especially Shawn and Kate. The need to save people from death was new as well as comforting people. Was it called compassion? Then there was confidence which went back to when Harry was born. He was born confident. Might these emotions get in the way of dominating the world?

After getting off the train, Harry hailed a taxi and Petunia told the address to the driver and they continued their journey to Number Six Jeremy Street. It was then that the two talked. Petunia told how Marge was pro-women's movement to equal rights to men, to which Harry was happy for but Harry couldn't help but feel as though she was leaving out a few things such as how Dudley was holding up.

When they got there, Petunia used her keys and opened the door. The house was modestly furnished and smelled strongly of dogs. Immediately when they entered the house, dogs came galloping towards them. Instant look of fright was on Petunia and Harry knew how she liked to keep things cleaned. He took a step in front of Petunia and growled at the dogs to stop where they were. The dogs, sensing Harry was somehow also a dog and understood the growl stopped in their tracks immediately.

Petunia blinked and Harry looked smug, knowing the dogs were confused as to how a human could also be a dog. Harry knew since last year's duelling incident, Harry inherited all these wonderful skills and powers that he also inherited some abilities to help him through life- such as communicating in different languages and understanding them.

"You all calm down, alright." Harry barked.

"Whatever Pothead," Ripper barked back. "Come on guys."

Ripper and the other two dogs turned and walked away.

"Well. That was fun." Harry said in English.

"How did you do that?" Petunia asked in awe.

"Dog language." Harry replied simply with a shrug. "Learnt it from a book in the library."

"You are amazing, you know that?" Petunia whispered.

Harry chuckled but was also surprised. He hadn't expected Petunia to flatter him like that before.

"Petunia? Is that you?" bellowed Marge.

"Yes Marge! Where are you?" Petunia asked.

There was a pause before Marge bellowed back that she was in the dining room. Harry didn't know his way around so Harry followed Petunia who seemed to know exactly where that is. But Harry could have easily gone to where Marge exactly was because of his sharp hearing.

When they arrived at the dining room what they saw was Marge and Dudley sitting at the table doing crosswords. Marge was happily doing hers, sipping on some wine (a bit early to have wine, don't you think?) while Dudley, face red, was concentration on the puzzle in front of him that he couldn't move a muscle. But at the appearance of Harry and Petunia, the two stopped what they were doing only Dudley went back to his puzzle almost immediately, muttering to himself.

"Petunia! How was the trip? London was fine? Where did you stay for the night?"

"The trip was fine. London was okay. Harry and I stayed at the Shaftesbury Hotel."

"The Shaftesbury Hotel?" Marge said in a tone of disbelief. "Isn't that a bit high on your class?"

Petunia perched her lips but didn't say anything.

Marge eyed Petunia for a moment before turning to Harry. Harry stared emotionlessly at Marge while she assessed Harry head to toe.

"At least you look decent enough. That Hogwarts School fairing you any well?" Marge demanded.

"Er..." Harry began, not sure whether to tell her that Hogwarts was horrible or not. "School work is good. The staff and school peers are alright. The headmaster is a little dodgy towards me though."

"He would be, wouldn't he?" Marge said with a snort. "You'll look like a girl if you don't buff up now, Harold. I always thought that Dumbcore was a bit of a poof."

"He admitted he is a homosexual." Harry lied but it was the truth that Dumbledore is one.

"You better watch out for him then. I think he's pinning after you." Marge said, wrinkling her nose.

I frowned. I had no issue with homosexuals but does Marge have an issue with them? Or was it just on Dumbledore? If it's the latter, then I'd side with her. Besides that, how did she know about Dumbledore? From the look on Petunia's face, it looked like she hadn't told Marge at all. But there was something noticeable with Marge's aura. Unlike low magical people like Petunia's and Dudley's white aura, Marge had almost none if no one looks carefully enough. It looked like her core was removed. And Harry, quickly using his Dumbledore memories found out in shock that Dumbledore had removed it from Marge... doing the same with Vernon.

"Dudders. Why don't you show Harold where the gym is? I'm sure the two of you could use it together. I haven't used it myself after Arnold died..."

"Alright." Dudley grunted, giving Harry a look.

Harry shook out of his thoughts. He decided he was looking way too much into it and the past is the past. He couldn't quite change it unless he went back through time... which he isn't going to risk doing.

"See you later madam." Harry said, nodding to Marge and then nodded to Petunia. "Ma'am."

Marge almost smiled and just before Dudley was out of range, the two boys heard Marge complimenting Harry's manners to Petunia which seemed to make Dudley's already red face, purple.

The two boys silently went down the hall and went down to the basement. The place was separated into two parts. One was the gym, the other was stacked with boxes and un-used furniture.

"Gym." Dudley grunted before going back up the stairs.

Harry bit his lip before stepping back up a few steps which caught Dudley's attention but not all of it.

"Hey Dudley." Harry said.

"What?" Dudley said, sneering.

Harry wondered just why he was eager to bring Dudley's spirit up when Dudley was the other person who made sure that Harry's childhood was dark. There was hope to change Dudley now that he was separated from Vernon.

"Do you want to work out with me? You know, show me how this stuff works?" Harry said.

Dudley eyed Harry as Marge had done to Petunia but then he sighed. Harry could tell it was because he is bored, there was no computers in this house and he had no friends to go to the arcade with.

"Whatever." Dudley said, descending down the stairs again. "But then you're going to be on your own again."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it, dweeb. I mean it."

After about an hour, Dudley left the gym and went off to what Harry presumed was the kitchen. Harry, knowing the adults were in dining room still, he sat down on the ground with his back against the wall. He took a few minutes to relax, a few seconds for a cleaning charm to rid of the sweat before his mind and heart was back to normal. It was time to start planning in silence.

With quills, parchment and different coloured ink he was able to create, he drew up characters to place onto his duplicates when

comes the time- what they would look like, how they would behave, what they should do. He designed the curriculum for his soon to be existent elite school for the elite which included Quantum physics and Philosophy and the level of learning is based on their capabilities. Questions he would need to ask about Voldemort.

Harry, for some reason, had grown bored and began doodling on his parchment. Suddenly, he stopped and looked over what he had just done and grinned, twirling the quill between his fingers.

"I am brilliant." Harry whispered, running a hand through his dark red hair.

A habit he couldn't break even after Quirrell reversed Dumbledore's trick on Harry's hair at school.

Harry, in his pondering on how to rise to the top and to prove that his name wasn't just a name, devised a plan for a device that wizards and witches, even Muggles, could use to heal people's physical injuries. Without building it or testing it, Harry knew it would work. All he needed was the material.

"Harry?"

Harry sighed, quickly sorted his papers before reverse-summoning his things.

"Harry?"

"Yes, ma'am?" Harry asked, jumping up on his feet and rushing back up the stairs to where Petunia had just arrived at the door way of the basement.

"You spent a long time in here." Petunia said. "Isn't Dudley with you?"

"Uh. He went up stairs a few hours ago..."

Petunia looked slightly sad. But quickly, she nodded before showing Harry around the house and then showed where Harry was staying; one of the bedroom.

"But before that, we have lunch."

Harry pulled a face. It was going to be slightly awkward.

Harry ran down the street in his trainers wearing his jeans and t shirt- his casual look. He wore black rectangular shaped sun glasses instead of his round specs, his dark red hair was cut short and in one hand he was holding onto an unopened bottle of water. Dudley was a few yards back, walking very slowly and probably turned back home by the time Harry reached the park, the other end of town. He had gotten into shape and 'buffed up' even though Harry already has the strength of a big bulldozer. Harry's heart had somewhat benefited from all the running he was going.

He vaulted over the fence and did a tic-tac-toe move against the wall beneath the bridge Harry was running under before officially entering the park. Harry saw some morning people, jogging, sitting on the bench reading, children playing on the playground... he wanted to be a child as well- just for a few hours. Harry watched with a crestfallen expression as the children giggled and laugh, playing what looked to be chasey. Harry had never experience such joys and innocents. He had been forced to be smart, mature and grown up after the age of one. Now he was too smart, wise, intelligent... That's what the mask he had created was for, wasn't it? To pretend to behave like a twelve year old would.

Suddenly grinning, Harry ran around in random directions on an open area of grass before deciding to run around in circles of radius getting smaller and smaller until he was just turning on the spot. His mind was a wave as well as the world around him. It felt strangely brilliant. And he burst out laughing and then soon after collapsed on the ground but still continued to laugh.

"That looks like fun." said a voice.

Soft, feminine, smooth. The world still span in Harry's vision. Harry couldn't do anything but smile goofily. And the world was still and focused. And Harry saw the face he thought he'd never see again, not to mention in real life.

"You're like me." She said, tipping her head to the side, her wavy blonde hair falling and hid half of her face.

She wore colourful clothes and mix matched trainers. Harry without consciousness reached out and tucked the hair behind her ear. Radish ear rings. Her eyes twinkled bright blue- so much more different to Dumbledore's. It was the girl from Harry's vision. There was murky green void stuff floating around her that Harry had only once seen before when he looked himself in the mirror. But the aura, the light that outlined this girl's body was a powerful colour like Harry's only it was indigo instead of black that Harry has- but still a very strong colour for the girl's age. Indigo was the third strongest behind black and violet. Harry hadn't yet found any other students other than Kate and Shawn (both violet) that had that colour aura. And this girl is the first he'd seen with void stuff surrounding her.

"In what way?" Harry said but now with a curious smile.

"You're a fallen demoted angel like me." She said simply in a tone that was so certain.

And she is right.

"You have abilities normal human's don't have too?" Harry continued, acting dumb.

"Yes." said the girl. "I can make things move without touching them."

"And fly? Can you fly?"

She smiled softly.

"Not yet. But I can teleport from one place to another."

Harry's breath caught in his throat. The girl from his vision was also a fallen one, like him.

Quickly, he stood up. They were almost the same height. The two were younger than what had been in the vision but the girl, it definitely is her.

"My name is Luna Lovegood." She said. "I live across the park."

"It's grand to meet you Luna Lovegood. My name is Harry Potter and I just moved in with a relative on Jeremy Street."

Her eyes widened a fraction before the vague smile came back.

"That explains a lot. We have a lot more in common than I thought we had."

"How so?" Harry asked, finding himself curious once again.

"You're a wizard." She said. "This is a semi-Wizarding community."

In Harry's mind, he thought this was even better!

"You can do magic?" Harry questioned.

"I received my Hogwarts letter this morning. Daddy felt saddened that I chose to go since he taught me at home."

"I go to Hogwarts as well."

"I know. The world had been anticipating your return last year. The silly Daily Prophet published that you had indeed returned back to the Wizarding world and attending Hogwarts. It was Albus Dumbledore's idea to keep the whole world hanging."

Harry immediately had the memory of Dumbledore and Rita Seeker talking over tea in the headmaster's office.

"Do you know why he did that?" Harry asked, wondering if Luna had extra perception senses.

"Well, I could be wrong but I presume he did it so Severus Snape would have a grudge on you too. And also believed you'd notice and become bewildered with all the attention."

"I haven't lived the life of a celebrity so... I would have been bewildered if I hadn't of been prepared."

There was an awkward silence before Luna suddenly sat down.

"Come and sit down." She said.

Harry found himself complying and sat down next to her. She was carrying a one shoulder handbag and she went to it, pulling out a small magazine.

"Do you want to read with me?" she asked.

"What is it?" Harry said, holding the article of paper and looking at it.

"It's the next edition of The Quibbler," she said while taking out another copy of the same edition. "It writes about interesting discoveries and unknown creatures and such. This edition hasn't yet been published so it's extra special. Daddy is the editor."

Soon after she opened her copy, she flipped it upside down and began reading it.

"Uh... is it more effective to read upside down?"

"Yes and no," Luna said, smiling again. "You read it the right way up for the articles but you read it upside down to find runes that reveal spells to use against your enemies. And also for some puzzles and the answers for the puzzles that were printed the right way up."

Harry turned his upside down as well on the page that talked about Nargels- same page as Luna's one. There were interesting lines and curves and swirly swingles and looked almost like Tiace (fallen/demoted angel species) language and runes all in one.

"Found any that work for you?" Harry asked, smiling back, his eyes roaming the page.

"Not yet," she said and she sounded disappointed. "I would have expected them to work."

"Hmm."

They read in silence, soon with their backs leaning against each other and Luna humming a Muggle song. A few minutes later, Luna broke the silence.

"What house are you in, Harry Potter?"

"Ravenclaw."

"That was the house Mummy had been sorted into."

"What does your mum do?"

"Did," Luna corrected Harry in a soft and sad voice. "She's dead. She was an extraordinary witch, you know, but she did like to experiment. She worked at the Department of Mysteries. She had been working with two others that day. Those two were married and had had children as well. One of her spells went badly wrong and didn't mix very well with the others. I was nine."

"I'm sorry." Harry whispered.

Luna looked behind her and smiled sadly at Harry.

"Don't be. They died for experimental Magical Science a year before you knew you could do magic. It's not your fault."

Harry blinked. How Luna knew what she knew was a mystery. Or maybe it wasn't. Maybe she could do contact collection of thought and memories like Harry. It was a possibility. But her level wasn't as high as Harry's own so perhaps not. She is a beginner Tiace and Harry is a Tiace between intermediate and advanced. Were there more Tiace people in England? Was there any super extra advanced?

"Do you want to meet my Daddy?" Luna suddenly asked.

"Uh. Sure." Harry said.

"You know, you're older than you look."

"Really?"

"Uh-huh. That's how we can have all our magic and Tiacestian power could fit in our body," She said. "So am I. I'm thirteen but everyone thinks I'm eleven."

"How old am I?"

"Fifteen. We grow two years for every year for normal humans at the first unlocking of powers at eleven."

"So when we're seventeen... we're really twenty five?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay. Age never matters to me before so this is sort of new to me."

Luna giggled.

The two youngsters got up and one led the way while the other followed. This would give Harry a chance to test his abilities to put protection spells on a friend's house- Harry could feel they would have a strong friendship as time goes on.

TC

~Posted: 10th Day/4th Month/2010th Year

Second Year

Chapter Three

Having just brought a mobile phone, Harry installed it but not only did he do that, he made his mobile phone have worldwide connection, long lasting battery life and a call, a text or anything didn't cost a penny or a pound. Four weeks had passed and Harry hadn't received a letter from anyone, not even the Daily Prophet or his newly subscribed papers of The Quibbler. Petunia had told Harry that she had given the address and phone numbers of Marge's place to Kate and Shawn's parents but there were no phone calls or Muggle posts from them either. And since Harry's telepathy couldn't reach very far, he needed a mobile phone.

But those four weeks weren't wasted. They had been put into great use. Harry had been building his medical device and so far he needed a few items such as a time vortex manipulator... or something similar to it. The device was in a pen like shape- it also needed a healing crystal at the end of it.

Harry within the four weeks had also managed to make three duplicates of himself and change their appearances to three priority characters he had created and designed. One was a boy called Hamilton Parker and Harry set him up a life in Australia in nineteen sixty three as a seven year old orphan. A wizard with sandy blonde hair, yellow eyes and a sharp face. Harry knew for certain that the boy was now a man of the age of thirty six and went to see how he was fairing in nineteen ninety two and he was fairing quite well. He's an Auror in the Australian Ministry of Magic and was married to the now Minister of Magic in Australia, Gerald Benson. The two had their own children named Hamilton (Milton) and Alecia and they adopted each other's children and lived together at Parker Mansion, also in Australia. It was heavily warded and everything which Harry approved but from observing Hamilton and how he behaved, Harry could see the man was anti-Dark Arts and had strong views against dark magic.

The other two are twins by the names of Marie and Winston Burton. Their father was a Muggle called Neil Burton and their mother was a witch called Winola Potter- both of them were great scientists, contributing to the world of Muggle science tremendously. Winola was an orphan, didn't know she had magic or who her parents were

until she realised that they might still be alive. Her parents had a son that was about thirty years younger called James and James married a Muggleborn and had a child called Harry. Winston and Marie were twenty three when Neil died. It was a few months after the Wizarding war and Winola and Neil had thought it was safe and went to visit the Potters only to discover they were dead and it was a trap made by the Death Eaters. Upon escaping from the Potter House, Neil had tripped over something and Winola ran back to him.

"No. Go on without me." He had said.

And before Winola could protest, he was killed on the spot with strong green light. She had no choice but to leave her husband.

Three years later after much heart ache, Winola passed away. Harry knew for Winston and Marie that they had created two schools called the Winston Marie Elite School. Both were schools for the unfortunate and both protected with Harry's magic. One was a boarding school in Liverpool for orphans and disadvantaged families which they live in and the other was a day school in Kent- two of Harry's Muggle mansions. Harry had visited them a few days after he had sent them back five years. The schools were celebrating their five year anniversary and being first and second ranking of all aspects of all the United Kingdom for the fifth consecutive time. Harry had seen the students and saw they were shaping up well, their magic exercised and expanded, strong and powerful. Their minds like electricity running through them like second nature. Hogwarts had become a selective school many years ago but not Winston Marie Elite because they welcome everyone.

It was after breakfast but not quite close to lunch and Harry had told his relatives that he was going out for a few hours. His experiment regarding home protection on the Lovegood's house worked quite well and he strengthened it to make it even more untouchable. Harry had also gone to place this on Shawn's grandmother's house and Marge's house. There was no way for Dumbledore or Voldemort to get through those. Not even another demoted angel. Harry now needed to do the same with Kate and Shawn's houses.

With the map, Harry was able to locate Kate and Shawn. The two were staying at Kate's home in Ukraine. Harry arrived at their gate door after teleporting away from his room. Harry looked around. The house was surrounded by forest with a dirt road from the gate that

lead out to what appeared to be the main road further down. The house was large, almost as large as Parker Mansion but not as big as Winston Marie Elite Boarding School. There were security cameras everywhere and Harry wondered how much they ensured no outside wild Vampires entered the premises.

The intercom cracked to life.

"Добрий день! Юрій проживання."

Harry frowned and said, "Ви говорите англійською?"

"Yes, I do speak English." said the woman, surprised.

It was Helena. Harry sighed in relief that he didn't land in the wrong place.

"Is Kate Yuri there?" Harry asked. "I am one of her friends, Harry."

"Oh Harry! It's so good to hear from you. Yes she is. She's just eating lunch. Come on in."

The gates opened and Harry walked in, walking up the long path up to the house. The front door opened just as the gate behind him closed and out ran Kate and Shawn. Kate was the first to reach Harry and bowled him over followed by Shawn who staked himself on top of them. Kate and Shawn were both blabbering in worried and excited melodies that even Harry couldn't understand.

"Guys! Chill. I cannot decipher a word you both are saying!" Harry said, laughing.

They calmed down quickly, finding themselves sitting on the green grass under a nice tree in the shade.

"It is so good to hear you guys again." Harry said kindly before getting to business. "Listen, something is going on with my mail. I have not gotten any owls or Muggle mail or the Daily Prophet or The Quibbler."

"I have been sending letters by Muggle mail to your address that your aunt gave us but you haven't been replying. It was to ask if you could come over to my house against the rubbish Dumbledore said

about blood magic. He obviously isn't an expert unlike my father. Shawn's already here. We just need you here to complete the circle."

"I have not received anything." Harry said with a sigh. "Only this morning did I pop over to the electronics shop to buy a mobile phone."

"A mobile phone? Mate, that's awesome! But listen. We've tried calling you though the home phone, mate. I brought a load of call phone cards," Shawn said. "But none of my calls went through."

"Same here." Kate said. "Something definitely is going on. Someone doesn't want to give you any access into the Wizarding world or us."

"I am betting its Dumbledore." Harry said gloomy. "I have changed my guardians for what and have complete control over all my vaults and properties. He probably finally realised it. Perhaps even tried to get into the Potter vault and destroy my parent's Will."

Then Harry told them everything or more like showed them while he made Shawn's laptop have wireless internet where ever he went, free internet and everlasting battery life. At the end of it all, they were in complete shock but they spoke nothing of it afterwards. Kate gave a nod for Harry to perform protection magic on her house and Shawn allowed Harry to do the same on his house in the United States of America. The complex ritual took less than five minutes and the house and the perimeter glowed slightly before fading.

After giving them his mobile number, Harry got ready to leave.

"We should train some time." Harry said. "You know, magic duels and such."

"If we're allowed to use magic outside of school." Kate added.

Harry smiled and nodded.

"Yeah. If." Harry said softly. "I'm going to try and find a way that the two of you can. Its a disadvantage if we're restricted all the time."

"Well, you're lucky Harry. You have all these skills. Train them up." Shawn said.

"I am," Harry admitted. "Great minds think alike huh."

Harry headed for the gates but Shawn ran over to stop him.

"Harry. I have to tell you something. Kate already knows since I had the vision while at her place but..."

"Go on."

"Well. Some things are going to happen this year at Hogwarts. Something dark. Something to do with a diary, a Basilisk and Salazar Slytherin. I'm not sure what it was about since it was all in the dark. I've been trying to analyze it but it's tricky. But the thing is... it's a dangerous year and you were there. You have to get into contact with Quirrell somehow. He'd know a few things. I have a feeling that the diary has a piece of Voldemort inside, you know what I mean? It would help to befriend Draco Malfoy too. He could stop a few things from happening. He's going to try and befriend you. He'd be an important asset to your elite dark practitioners squad as well. Their family had tons of ancient books."

Harry raised his eyebrow at the last few sentences. They sounded professional.

"He also had another vision," Kate added, standing next to Shawn. "About your uncle and Quirrell. If you have Quirrell has your aunt's lawyer, it would guarantee that your uncle would land in prison."

Harry stared at them before hugging them tightly.

"Thank you guys." Harry said.

"Is there a chance you could stay with us for the rest of the holidays?" Kate asked.

"Nah. I've got a few things to do." Harry replied with a wink.

Then Harry disappeared.

Harry had done many things afterwards. He warded Shawn's house as well as Simon and Stephen's. Having used his map, he had gone to Torchwood and stolen a time vortex manipulator, installing

components into the healing device. He had also found Quirrell. He was currently living in a flat in London under the name 'Samuel Harper' and worked as a lawyer in a firm, also in London called Flemings' Institute of Wizarding and Muggle Law. Harry decided to bother him later- at least a week before mid August (the date was moved forward from Marge's demand and her connections).

To be truthful, Harry wasn't sure what to do with the new information from Shawn's visions. Until a house elf showed up in his bedroom a week later. It was after lunch time and he was reading an article he had photo copied from a medical journal. There were highlighting and annotations done on the sheet- something you can't do in your own mind. He looked around him a few hours later and found himself in darkness. Snapping his fingers, the room brightened and he reeled back in shock with what he found jumping on his bed.

What looked like a house elf was jumping on his bed before accidentally tripping and hit its head on the floor. Harry placed the book down on the ground and walked over to the elf. It was wearing a rag so filthy it was gut wrenching. The scars and bruises on the elf... clearly it has been treated unfairly by a Pureblood hot shot. Harry was glad he had placed silent or privacy charm was on. Felicity who was sitting on the edge of the bed hooted in outrage and flapped her wings about, shooting the house elf looks that would make an enemy of hers stupefied instantly- no joke.

"What on earth are you doing here?" Harry asked, kneeling down beside the elf.

Felicity huffed and began hooting rude words and how she didn't get as enough attention as she should. Harry turned to her with a stern look.

"Behave." Harry hooted.

Meanwhile, the elf squeaked and rolled around on the ground a few times before standing.

"Harry Potter!" he or she- Harry think it's a he- said in a high pitched voice. "So long has Dobby wanted to meet you sir...Such an honour it is..."

"T-thank you," Harry cleared his throat. "Dobby is your name, correct?"

"Harry Potter knows Dobby's name!" the elf gaped.

Harry chuckled before pretending to look concerned in retrospective he was very annoyed of being intruded. The bump on Dobby's head looked purple.

"Are you okay, Dobby?" Harry asked. "How about you sit down."

To his horror, the elf burst into tears — very noisy tears. Bloody hell.

"S-sit down!" he wailed. "Never...never ever..." he gulped and then continued his wailing of gratitude which really was too much. "And Harry Potter asks if he can help Dobby...Dobby has heard of your greatness, sir, but of your goodness, Dobby never knew..."

"I am sorry," Harry said softly, "I did not mean to offend you or anything —"

"Offend Dobby!" choked the elf. "Dobby has never been asked to sit down by a wizard — like an equal —"

"Well we are. I am not your Master and your Master is not here. Now I insist you sit."

"Oh, Harry Potter's too kind!"

Harry sighed. It didn't look like the elf was going to sit anytime soon.

"What are you doing here Dobby? Any particular reason for your visit?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Dobby earnestly. "Dobby has come to tell you, sir...it is difficult, sir...Dobby wonders where to begin..."

"Maybe from the end. I heard it is really helpful in waking someone up." Harry said sarcastically.

Apparently the relatively new humour didn't register in Dobby's mind because he leaned toward Harry, Dobby's eyes wide as headlights.

"Dobby heard tell," he said hoarsely, "that Harry Potter met the Dark Lord for a second time just weeks ago...that Harry Potter escaped yet again."

Harry nodded and Dobby's eyes suddenly shone with tears.

"Ah, sir," he gasped, dabbing his face with a corner of the grubby pillowcase he was wearing. "Harry Potter is valiant and bold! He has braved so many dangers already! But Dobby has come to protect Harry Potter, to warn him, even if he does have to shut his ears in the oven door later...Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts."

Harry stared at Dobby. It seemed nobody sent him and he genuinely wanted to save Harry from... Lucius Malfoy's plans... That is, according to what was in Dobby's mind.

"What?" Harry asked in confusion, trying to connect the dots with what he was told and what he saw on the surface of Dobby's mind. "But I have got to go back — term starts on September first. I don't belong here. I belong in your world — at Hogwarts. You do realise that my relatives won't hear any of this. They want me to have a prim and proper Magical education. Besides, you have no right to tell me what to do!"

"No, no, no," squeaked Dobby, shaking his head so hard his ears flapped. "Harry Potter must stay where he is safe. He is too great, too good, to lose. If Harry Potter goes back to Hogwarts, he will be in mortal danger."

"Oh? Why is that?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

"There is a plot, Harry Potter. A plot to make most terrible things happen at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year," whispered Dobby, suddenly trembling all over. "Dobby has known it for months, sir. Harry Potter must not put himself in peril. He is too important, sir!"

Danger at Hogwarts? This makes Harry want to go to Hogwarts even more. He had faced terrible. It was about time to see the other challenges. Life is full of challenges. Harry's was to stay alive the longest without anything including killing himself.

"What terrible things?" Harry asked softly and patiently, that should coax him in. "Who is plotting them?"

Dobby made a funny choking noise and then banged his head frantically against the wall. Felicity glared at Dobby and Harry knew it was upsetting her.

"Woh! Dobby! Stop!" Harry went and grabbed the frail looking house elf, moving him away from the wall. "I understand that you cannot tell me. But why are you warning me?"

Suddenly some of the dots connected in Harry's mind. Why else would someone contact Harry? Saviour of the world. Defeater of Voldemort twice. Much as Harry hated those titles it reminded him just what he wanted to challenge against in the near future. Get over these challenges and then he could release his campaign of world domination (but oddly enough, he doesn't feel like dominating the world at the moment).

"Okay, answer me these," Dobby became tight lipped. "Just... shake or nod, okay? Does this have to do with Vol-" Dobby squeaked. "You-know-who then. Does it have anything to do with him?"

Slowly, Dobby shook his head.

"Not — not He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, sir —"

"Salazar Slytherin?"

But Dobby's eyes were wide and he seemed to be trying to give me a hint. Harry looked at him thoughtfully.

"Who else can it be then?" Harry asked, my eyebrows furrowed.

"Dobby cannot say, sir." He whispered.

"Okay. Let me get this straight. Something horrible is going to happen at Hogwarts which might involve me. The reason why you're here is because you know something about this plot and is now trying to stop me going. Correct?"

Dobby nods.

"Now answer me this: who is your Master?"

Dobby squeaked and tried to reach the bedside light but Harry had a firm grip on Dobby's grubby pillow case clothing thus preventing him from getting the object to harm himself.

"Alright, alright." Harry said. "You cannot tell me who your master is either. You know what, Dobby? I'm going to Hogwarts no matter what you say. Nice food. Neat bed sheets. Good classes. I even have companions!"

"Companions who don't even write to Harry Potter?" said Dobby slyly.

"Hmm, I suppose that is something... Hang on," Harry said, frowning. He slowly looked at Dobby in the eyes. "How do you know I have not been receiving letters from my companions?"

Dobby shuffled his feet.

"Harry Potter mustn't be angry with Dobby. Dobby did it for the best —"

Harry ran a hand through his hair, a bad habit he had picked up from having unruly black hair for five months which Quirrell managed to revert to its usual straight dark red. Harry knew that house elves could do magic of course but it never occurred to him that a house elf was stopping his letters and phone calls until now. Harry had thought it was Dumbledore!

"Dobby..." Harry said softly. "Where are my letters?"

"Dobby has them here, sir," said the elf.

Stepping nimbly out of Harry's reach, Dobby pulled a thick wad of envelopes and newspapers from the inside of the pillowcase he was wearing. Dobby blinked anxiously up at Harry.

"Harry Potter mustn't be angry...Dobby hoped...if Harry Potter thought his friends had forgotten him...Harry Potter might not want to go back to school, sir..."

"Well it is not working." Harry said in triumphed spirit. "I am still going."

"Harry Potter must gives Dobby his word that he will not return to Hogwarts. Ah, sir, this is a danger you must not face! Say you won't go back, sir!"

"No. I refuse. Hogwarts is the only place I could at least be half of who I am. I am going."

"Then Harry Potter leaves Dobby no choice," said the elf sadly.

But even before Dobby got to the door Harry pulled him back, body binding him to the spot.

"You do not have the right to run amok in my home. Do you understand?" Harry whispered dangerously and clearly into the elf's ear. "I am being kind to you, Dobby: the house elf serving the Malfoys."

Dobby's eyes widened and an inhale of air was heard.

"Oh yes. I know who you belong to." Harry said, his lips curling.

The fear in his eyes... oh it was so lovely.

"Take me into the house you serve, Dobby." Harry said, shaking Dobby a few times.

Dobby looked emotionless and clicked his fingers. A moment later Harry found himself in a luxurious study room with nobody but them. It smelt like... Malfoy territory. Harry froze Dobby on the spot before plucking the letters and newspapers and placing them in his pocket. Harry's eyes spotted something private. A diary. And it was opened for all to see.

Walking over to the desk, he looked at the page. Dotted on the nineteenth of August nineteen ninety two was the words 'plant Tom Riddle's diary on Ginevra Weasley '. Then next to it were the words 'Flourish & Blotts, Diagon Alley. Lockhart's book signing' underlined.

"Interesting..." Harry said, memorising the sheet automatically.

Unfreezing Dobby, he erased a bit of his memory and made something up. Something on the lines of, 'Harry Potter is not going to Hogwarts. Home schooled. Objective completed. Harry Potter is safe'. Harry watched as the elf fell back onto the floor and was out of it for a few seconds. Sensing the Malfoy Manor's location, Harry teleported back into his room on Jeremy Street and sat down on the carpet floor. He took out the letters and went through them; all the ones he had yet to read including the ones from Quirinus Quirrell who has began using Muggle post...

Maybe it was time to pay the wizard a visit.

TC

~Posted: 17th Day/4th Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: I am sorry about the mild delay. I was in hospital for a few days and all that jazz and forgot to bring the charger for my laptop with me to hospital. I'm now at the half way mark of re-writing the third year and it's slightly better than the original I had written and then lost. Hooray! Thanks for reading! Nat.

Second Year

Chapter Four

On top of his white collar shirt, black tie and over black trousers, Harry wore a black over coat and his feet had nice black shoes- his business look. He teleported out of Number Six Jeremy Street before breakfast and had notified Petunia that he was going to meet the lawyer, a friend of his. A few seconds later he landed in the alleyway near Bloomsbury Cafe shop where Quirrell was at with a few of his colleagues from work. Shifting his rectangular sunglasses, he shoved his hands into his trousers pockets and walked out of the alleyway and onto the street walkway.

The Bloomsbury was getting closer and Harry could see Quirrell with his colleagues sitting in a booth by the window. He kept the look he had had last year (bald, without the turban of course) and wore a nice suit. Out of all the people in that booth, Quirrell seemed to be the quiet one.

Walking in, Harry went to the counter and ordered a vanilla Latte. While waiting, Harry grabbed a napkin and took a pen out of his pocket before writing on it. When his latte came, Harry handed the written napkin to the lady and asked her to give it to Quirrell. She nodded and Harry watched as she walked over to Quirrell and gave it to Quirrell before walking away. Quirrell immediately after reading looked up and saw me. The lady came back and Harry gave her a tip before leaving with his warm and foamy latte.

After a few steps out of the shop, Harry heard the door he had just left open again and Harry glanced back and saw Quirrell, who was holding onto a cup of coffee and a brief case, pause, looking Harry up and down.

"Harry?" Quirrell asked, uncertain.

Harry took off his sunglasses and replaced them with his normal round specs.

"Hello Sam Harper," Harry replied, smiling. "You cannot believe what had happened to my letters and newspapers."

Quirrell blinked a few times.

"Where can we talk?" Harry asked.

"Uh... the office. It's not too far from here. We can walk there." He said.

"Sounds good to me. Lead the way." Harry said.

The two people began walking down the street, both sipping on their own coffee.

"What happened to your mail?"

"A house elf was collecting them before they reached me. That included phone calls, Muggle mail and newspapers. I found out last night. The house elf showed up in my bedroom and the reason why he held my mail was so I wouldn't go back to Hogwarts."

"Did he tell you why?"

"Well, yes." Harry said, rolling his eyes. "Something terrible is about to happen at Hogwarts. Something to do with a diary and Tom Riddle."

Quirrell was quiet before saying, "I see."

"Hmm. Yes. Anyways, how are you holding up?" Harry asked, smiling. "You've written to me saying you moved to the Muggle world, became a lawyer and working in a firm. Oh and that you have a flat in London. I was going to visit your flat but decided to go for some coffee first."

"I'm doing well. I just haven't gotten my first case yet," Quirrell said, chuckling.

"Guess what I have for you. My aunt, Petunia, she needs a lawyer to defend her against my uncle, Vernon. When I was a kid, Dursley had hurt me and-"

"I know." Quirrell said softly. "He punished you for virtually nothing. Almost to death sometimes. You were screaming at Dumbledore last year, on Christmas night."

"Yeah..." Harry whispered before clearing his throat. "Well, while I was away, he had been hurting my aunt. And the week before I left Hogwarts, Dudley, my cousin, he finished school a week earlier than Hogwarts. He had a birthday on the Tuesday and Marge, Dursley's sister, came over and helped my aunt with the dinner. Dursley came home early, like always, and while his sister was out in the back yard, he beat my aunt. Marge called the police, Dursley was taken to the police station and my aunt and cousin went to stay with Marge. I was hoping for someone to take on her case. Maybe you could."

"Is a court date settled?"

"Yes. Mid August."

"I can definitely take up a case in mid August. I would need to see your aunt since she's the one I'm defending for."

"Give Dursley life or at least a minimum of thirty years without appeal. Do they receive the Dementor's kiss in the Wizarding world still?"

"Yes but for crimes of mass murder and such horrendous things... But I'll try. I need to review her case first, and I'll know and tell you."

"Thanks."

They arrived at the firm and Quirrell smiled slightly.

"I will tell the receptionist I would be out and we'll go to see your aunt, okay?"

"Yes, alright. I'll call her now."

As Quirrell walked into the building, Harry got out his phone and called Marge's home. Dudley picked up.

"Yeah?"

"Hey Dudley. It's Harry. Can you get your mum on the phone? I need to speak to her."

"Why?"

"The lawyer wants to see her about the case. We're going to be at Marge's in a few minutes."

"I'll tell her that."

And then he hung up. Harry stared at his mobile for a moment before pocketing it back in his pocket. Quirrell came back out a few moments later and the two watched each other before Quirrell nodded.

"We will talk about Voldemort afterwards." Quirrell said to Harry.

"I wondered when we'd be doing that."

Quirrell chuckled lightly.

Harry told him the address and Quirrell nodded, knowing where it was. Holding Harry's hand, Quirrell disappeared them from where they stood, disappearing from sight.

While 'Sam' and Petunia along with Marge who made sure 'Sam' wasn't behaving inappropriately, Dudley and Harry went out for a walk. The two boys were on speaking terms.

"You know," Dudley began. "Walking sucks. Not only do you walk to where the hell you have to go but you have to walk all the way back."

"Unless you have a car. Or a bicycle." Harry said, using a neck tie clip to clip his tie to the front of his shirt so it would stop flapping about.

"Yeah." Dudley grunted.

"Come on. Let's go to the arcade." Harry suggested.

"What?" Dudley asked stupidly.

"The arcade. They have one here you know."

"Yeah. I'm not stupid." Dudley snapped. "I don't have any on me."

"I do." Harry said, knowing his cousin meant money.

"How?" he demanded. "You don't work. You don't get pocket money. How do you get money?"

"Actually, I did work," Harry lied smoothly. "At school in the library and the hospital wing. And then I put the money in the bank. It's been earning high interest ever since."

"Yeah, whatever. Something tells me that you're lying."

Harry shrugged.

They continued walking silently.

"So do you want to go?" Harry continued.

"No."

"Something tells me that you're lying." Harry echoed.

"Shut up."

Harry smirked and knew Dudley had meant he does want to go—that's the direction the two boys were going.

Harry and Dudley continued walking down towards the arcade. Harry, bored with just walking and not talking to the someone walking with him picked up a long stick and began tapping the end on each new slab of concrete they walked on the side walk. Tap-tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap-tap.

"Bloody twat." Dudley grunted.

Harry snickered but continued doing the annoying tapping.

"What school are you going to go to now?" Harry asked, making conversation.

"The local comprehensive one. Harrogate High," Dudley said before glaring. "And don't bloody laugh."

"Why would I?" Harry said, tipping his head slightly to the side.

"The school is for poncey arse benders."

Their eyes met and Harry burst out laughing. Dudley gave Harry the finger before walking faster. Harry went after him. Dudley went into a run. Harry threw the stick away into the hedge and ran after him.

Harry soon ran past Dudley and made it to the shopping town first, slapping his hand against the wall. When Dudley caught up and leaned against the wall, breathing hard and looking at Harry with an incredulous expression, seeing that Harry wasn't breathing heavily. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Now I know that can't be true since you've never been," Harry said. "But I bet there are hot girls there if it's mixed gender."

Dudley's expression lightened up like a Christmas tree.

"Shit. Never thought of it that way." Dudley said, blinking.

Harry nodded with an expression of 'see what I mean?' and his hands in his pockets.

"Work out a bit more and be a bit more of a gentleman and you could get any girl you want," Harry said, winking. "Take my advice. You know I'm right. Let's do some shopping and make you look smart. After all, you need a new wardrobe. I mean, you are shopping with a multimillionaire and child prodigy."

"Say that again." Dudley said, still looking like a bloody goldfish out of water.

Harry smirked and began walking away. Dudley still didn't move.

"Say it, Potter!" Dudley demanded.

Harry turned around and began walking backwards without walking into any people passing by- which is a hard feat to achieve. Harry grinned at him with hands still in his pockets.

"You heard me, Dudley. Now let's go!" Harry said, turning back around and power walked into a random clothing store for boys.

There was pop music being played in the store. They had entered a store specialised for skateboarders and punks. Dudley entered a few seconds later, assessing Harry. The last time he had seen Harry before he went to a boarding school in Scotland, Dudley had seen a more sedated and submissive Harry. Now he saw this confident and slightly flamboyant boy.

"You've changed." Dudley stated, hurrying after Harry.

"Good or bad?" Harry wanted to know.

Dudley shrugged as they approached a clothing rack.

"I don't know," Dudley muttered.

Harry smiled and knew that Dudley wanted to say 'good'.

"Hmm. That's better than nothing I suppose..." Harry said.

He took a t-shirt off the rack and placed it against Dudley's chest, checking him out.

"Looks good on you." Harry commented genuinely.

Dudley looked down at himself before pushing the t-shirt away from him.

"You're kidding," Dudley scoffed. "This shit is what faggots wear."

Harry rolled his eyes and shoved the t-shirt that was still on its hanger back on the clothing rack.

"You'd become a 'faggot' if you keep up that attitude." Harry said curtly and walked away.

"I want to go home, Harry."

Harry paused. Dudley said it in a whisper and would have been impossible to have heard him.

"What's home to you, Dudley?"

"I don't know..."

Harry sighed. He turned back around and walked over to the boy in front of him.

"You do. You just don't know how to say it." Harry said.

"Somewhere that I can feel happy. Somewhere where I don't need to eat and eat to pretend nothing is happening. I don't know. What do you want from me?"

Harry blinked.

"No. That's good. At the moment, we're working towards that. Somewhere happy."

"I know," Dudley mumbled. "I-I never felt happy when dad was around. He was such a bastard. He didn't like what I had told him what I wanted to be."

"What was that?" Harry asked softly.

"I wanted to be an actor," Dudley said. "But he said acting was for fags. I tried to please him but whatever I did, he didn't like it. So I started acting like him, like an actor would but in secret. He started liking me. But I hated it. Hated pretending all the time that I was this, this, this jerk. This git who was strong and a bully. But he liked me so I didn't stop. It seemed like hurting you were the only other thing he did that made him happy other than selling screwdrivers. So I joined in. And it pleased him."

"Things are going to be better," Harry said earnestly. "If you want to be an actor, then go for it. Don't let Vernon stop you. You're your own person. You don't need to care what his opinions about actors are or any other's opinions are of actors. What matters to you is yourself and also the people you choose to be around with."

Dudley for the first time Harry had ever seen him, smiled.

"Thanks." Dudley mumbled.

Harry smiled encouragingly.

"Let's go to the arcade," Harry said finally. "You can change what you look like in your own time."

After a few games of street fighter and virtual racer, Harry and Dudley ran back to Marge's where Quirrell was just about to walk out the front door, Petunia watched from the doorway. Harry slowed down while Dudley hurried past, going back into the house as if nothing was going on.

"Sam!" Harry called.

"Harry!" Quirrell called back, smiling. "I asked your aunt if you would be allowed to stay with me for the rest of the holiday for tutoring and she agreed. Would you be game for that?"

"Yes! Definitely." Harry said, grinning. "Is that alright ma'am? That I could go?"

"Of course it is, Harry." Petunia said softly with a fond look on her face.

"Thanks! Can I go now?" Harry asked.

Quirrell looked slightly suspicious. He was wondering what the dramatic change in Harry was. Quirrell remembered Harry as being quiet, mature... happy is fine. Quirrell wants Harry to be happy but this joyful childish attitude was quite opposite.

"If that's what you want," Petunia said and her and Quirrell's eyes met.

The two seemed to be communicating, calculating trust.

"You be careful, okay?" Petunia said to Harry before giving him a warm hug. "Still cold."

"Yes. I'm like that sometimes." Harry replied awkwardly.

"Packed everything?"

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Yes ma'am."

"Good. Remember to keep your eyes open." She said and pecked Harry's forehead where the scar was almost un-noticeable before letting go.

Harry began to walk but paused when he saw Quirrell's quizzical look.

"Where is your trunk?" Quirrell asked.

"In my pocket." Harry replied simply with a grin.

Quirrell raised an eyebrow about that. He would have to ask Harry how he did that without using his wand. Suddenly, a window from the room Harry had been using opened and out flew Felicity. She landed on Harry's shoulder and Harry looked up to see that Dudley had went up to open the window.

"I would have kept her myself but she wanted to go with you." Dudley said, sounding slightly put off.

Harry hid his smirk when he noticed bird poop on Dudley's shirt as Dudley closed the window.

"We should go now." Harry said, patting Felicity gently.

Felicity hooted in agreement.

"See you soon, Petunia." Quirrell said.

To Harry's ears, that sounded quite odd.

"Bye Harry. Bye Sam. See you both soon." Petunia said with a hopeful voice.

"We will." Harry said and gave his only loving mother figure in his life a reassuring smile.

Harry and Quirrell turned way and walked down the pathway to the side walk.

"I think we should take the Knight Bus to my place," Quirrell said. "It would perhaps be less suspicious."

Quirrell got out a wand but it was different to the Mahogany wand he had had a couple of weeks ago. It was made out of Ziricote wood with an emerald stone at the end. It was different to the wands seen at Ollivander's- or at least the modern wands.

"Where did you get the stone?" Harry asked. "I need one for a device I've making."

Again, Quirrell looked curious.

"The stone came with the wand. I brought mine from Egypt. The wand and spells that gets sent out from it are undetectable and untraced. You need a wand that wouldn't restrict your magic and allows you to control the amount. And also to avoid a tracker which Voldemort could place. Your wands somehow are connected."

"Phoenix feather cores," Harry said, looking at him in realisation and remembering. "They're from the same phoenix. Dumbledore's phoenix, Fawkes to be exact."

"Really? Learn something new every day."

Harry rolled my eyes.

"If Voldemort rises again, he would use his wand."

"And Dumbledore would know." Harry added. "To be precise, Fawkes would know."

Quirrell gave Harry a look.

"And how did you know this?"

Harry smirked and shrugged innocently.

"Intuition."

Quirrell raised an eyebrow.

"Huh." Quirrell said.

"When are we going to have our little discussion about Voldemort, anyhow?" Harry asked. "I want to know why he's immortal."

"I'll tell you about Voldemort soon. That's what the tutoring is about anyways. You know what? Change of plans. We're going to Egypt. Let's go buy a new wand."

Little did they know, a man in black robes was standing in the shadows behind a tree, watching the two and the barn owl disappeared in front of his black eyes. The man looked towards Marge's house with a thoughtful expression. He knew one thing was for sure: Dumbledore made the boy's life terrible and now it's getting better again. Dumbledore attempted to use the man in black to gain the boy's trust for Dumbledore to snap the boy yet again. The man, for now, kept his mind closed and watch things played out. There was no way he was going to follow the manipulative headmaster's orders in full stride. Not after the letter he had finally received from his dead best friend.

It was time to be slightly rebel.

Even if he isn't going to admit that he is and had been used by Dumbledore, he's going to make sure there are no malicious intentions towards Potter first before doing anything else. He had made an unbreakable vow to his best friend to protect her child as did the werewolf. The man, insanely, had made an unbreakable vow to never leave the manipulative old coot's side until either of them died. The man was determined to not break either of them now when he can do something to help the boy. That was for sure. As to this new information regarding the werewolf's best friend Quirrell and Quirrell's new identity, the man in black wasn't going to relay anything back to Dumbledore or anyone for that matter. Not even relaying the fact that Quirrell might know a few things about the Dark Lord. The boy could use a bit of an advantage. Perhaps Potter isn't such a dunderhead as his father had been after all.

TC

~Posted: 18th Day/4th Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: Yes, an early update. This is because part of this chapter had already been posted as a extract on 'Temporal Shift'.

Second Year

Chapter Five

Harry's Hogwarts letter for his school supplies hadn't yet come but today he was still intending to go to Diagon Alley to head Malfoy off. According to Kate and Shawn from his trip before they had received their letters as well as Stephen and Simon who now also has Harry's number and he has their telephone numbers when he had went to protect their house (without their parents knowing since they were quite close minded about Magic). They had been a bit surprised and it was funny that the Runcorns and Cornfoots were neighbours. So was Harry's missing Hogwarts letter Dobby's doing?

The day before, Harry and Quirrell had gone to Egypt and apparated straight outside a store called Gifts of the Ancient Crafts which was in an unmarked alley. Instead of the afternoon as they had been in Devon it was morning in Cairo.

"This business had been passed down from generation to generation," Quirrell said as they approached. "The gentleman who works here, Brian, is a very good crafts man and wand maker like his father and his father before him. The riches materials and finest works. Only a small handful would know that this Muggle shop full of pottery and metalwork of all kinds is also a wand shop for the magical people. Confidentially is a must with them. Not many magical people come in for the gifts but came instead for the ancient runes and Egyptian magic and history studies. Remus and I had stumbled across this shop once when we wanted extra credit for our Ancient Runes project. Good times."

Harry wondered who Remus was to call it 'good times' in such a blissful expression until Quirrell pushed the door opened and they walked in to the store. The bell had tinkled again when the door closed behind them. Looking around, Harry saw that they were in a shop with narrow and long shelves with pottery and metal work just as Quirrell had said. The floor was covered in nice rugs and in the back of the room was a man reading a book. He looked a for a moment before saying,

"You're welcome to look around."

Felicity seemed agitated.

"It's stuffy in here." She muttered in owl language.

"Yeah." Harry said, slightly pulling at his tie.

Harry glanced at Quirrell and saw him walk over to the counter. Harry followed.

"Excuse me. Yes, hello. I was one of your customers a few months back and brought a wand. I-"

Brian suddenly had his hand on a wand which also had a gem at the end. He waved it at the door and the open sign turned to close and the windows and blinds closed with another flick.

"Oh yes," Brian said, putting his wand away. "Welcome back, Sam Harper. What can I do for you?"

"It's more for this young lad here. I was thinking it was about time my son got a wand. Unregistered, untraceable, unrestricted."

"Another rebel against British Ministry of Magic, eh, Sam?" Brian said with a knowing smirk. "What's your name young man?"

Harry, still in a daze after Quirrell announced that Harry is his son answered.

"William. William Harper." Harry replied.

"And how about this lovely creature here?"

Felicity hooted, flapping her wings a few times in happiness of being finally noticed by simpletons.

"Her name is Felicity." Harry said fondly.

"Such a lovely name," the man murmured. "Come forward a bit more, William. I need to test your magic level first before you could choose your core."

When Quirrell nodded with an assuring smile, Harry stepped forwards towards the counter a bit more. They watched as Brian got out a perfectly square piece of parchment and a black, long and

sharp looking quill, placing it on the counter and pushed them towards Harry. Harry stared at this, trying to figure out how this worked.

"Do you know your runes?"

"Depends on what you want me to write."

"Could you write in runes 'Strength Magic'?"

"Sure."

Harry picked up the quill and paused.

"You haven't given me any ink." Harry deadpanned.

"Yes. The quill extracts blood from the writer's hand. Usually illegal but this one has been modified more for this purpose which is allowed under universal Wizarding law rather than punishment which is illegal."

Harry turned to Quirrell once again who nodded and Harry took a deep breath and scratched the runes on the parchment. He watched in awe as his blood writing, metallic pang and all, shimmer in his vision as well as the others in the room before the parchment disintegrated right in front of them with an explosive noise. Harry's ears were still ringing when Brian was jumping up and down with a look of utmost achievement and Quirrell looked almost shocked, now standing a few steps away from Harry. Felicity was found hiding in the corner with her wings covering her ears.

"What just happened?" Harry asked in shock.

"Your power... it's off the maximum! It's almost as if you're beyond human!" Brian said.

Brian and Quirrell laughed while Harry looked at them with slight uneasement, chuckled a long.

Brian was the first to stop laughing. He had a smile on his face.

"Follow me to the back. We keep our raw material and already designed wands there." He said.

Harry held out his arm and Felicity came and perched on it before Quirrell and Harry followed Brian down the corridor.

"Do you want one custom made?" Brian said. "More compatibility. I think you would want one custom made anyways because of your strength. No price difference to the rest except for discounted wands of course. But those discounted wands are temporary uses. Good for missions."

"That's perhaps a good idea." Harry said. "I also need a healing stone for a healing device I've created."

Quirrell smiled slightly at this.

"Stones, crystals and gems cost thirteen Basses and three Millians and two Xons no matter what it is. Is it metal, glass, stone, wood or bone device?"

"Metal."

"It'll cost you extra to have it fitted since I didn't make the device."

"I'm sure I could do that myself."

Brian looked impressed.

"Quite the genius your companion is, Sam."

"Isn't he just?" Quirrell said with a smile, patting Harry's shoulder. "And I'm very proud of him."

Harry for some reason felt happy about that last statement from Quirrell.

The corridor opened up to a room with boxes covered with silk. The walls were with wall shelves holding oblong boxes of what is presumed to contain wands. There were a few bigger boxes- one of them was half opened to show a staff with a large rube stone at the head of it.

"Very raw, very rich materials," Brian murmured, his eyes trailing over the silk. "Most durable base would be metal but it's heavy. The

second would be stone but that's much more heavier than the metal. There are risks with those though and that's why many settle for wood."

"What type of metal is the most durable?"

"I think tungsten would be good for you. When it's hot from energy currents, it would not break down. Though, stainless alloy steels work well as well. But to suit your capabilities you would have to wave your hand over these fine materials. You would feel them calling up to you. That would show the ones most fitting to you."

Harry thought this was interesting and gave a go.

After picking his materials, handing over a small vial of his own blood and paying the deposit, Harry left the store with Quirrell and Felicity. Brian said it would take him about a fortnight to make. Harry wasn't in a rush. He had an idea what stone he had and should use for his healing device. He hadn't needed to go to shop such as Brian's for a stone. He could use a piece of the Philosopher's stone, tone it down so it would heal not give invincibility and he would have it.

Harry, Quirrell and Felicity spent the rest of the day in Egypt, going to museums and seeing the runes they had made, Quirrell being Harry's tour guide in some sense. It had bored Felicity but she was learning complex things. Excluding the fact that McDonalds ruined the whole view of the pyramids, it was quite an interesting day. Harry felt confident that he would do well with Ancient Runes at Hogwarts or any school or that matter. They had talked, sharing a few things about each other, sitting at a cafe drinking coffee. Felicity had yummy fruit. Harry told Quirrell about his life, his strength in magic but failed to tell Quirrell of his extra abilities and being a Tiace. Harry decided he would tell him when the time comes. Even Kate and Shawn didn't know all of his abilities.

"My past?" he echoed Harry, blinking.

Felicity hooted a positive. Harry smiled.

"I'm interested." Harry said. "You know more about me than I do about you."

"Oh... where do I start?" he said, laughing.

"What were you like when you were young? You know, behaviour and personality wise."

He seemed pensive, his eyes unfocused and staring into space.

"I was a shy kid but when there's an opinion that I feel strongly about, I spoke up. It's those rare moments that people actually listened to me. Always felt liberating. I kept to myself most of the time. Gullible at times. Followed the rules. Dedicated to my studies. Passion for learning. Confident in areas of expertise. Quiet. Which meant I had quite a small number of friends who shared my thirst for knowledge. Such as Remus and Amelia: the single ones. That's not saying my communication skills were lacking."

In other words, he's goody-two-shoes.

"My mother and father died. Some kind of accident, a magical experiment gone wrong." he said and sighed. "I haven't said that out loud for a while. Never wanted to believe they died. They were a wizard and a witch, married, had a daughter and a son and worked in the Department of Mysteries. I lived with my aunt since I was thirteen... after I finished at Hogwarts, I went off to study Wizarding Law in Paris. I had contact with aunt until I landed myself in a hospital for a month during the war. I haven't heard from her since," he looked sad. "Still, that can't be helped. Life had to go on. I then found work at Hogwarts, a Muggle Studies professor for more than a decade. I recall having an older sister. I don't know where she is or what happened to her. I should start looking for her again."

"Any girlfriends?" Harry asked, trying to lighten up the atmosphere.

"Haha," he said, not laughing at all since it didn't meet his eyes or even his tone. "No. I... well, I... I couldn't see the point in having a relationship, any relationship, while studying unless it's study only. Actually, I had sworn to a life of celibacy."

He laughed again in the same manner. Harry wondered what he was hiding.

"I was and still am very gifted. Well, not as gifted as you are but enough to be an Auror," He continued. "That's when the... nervousness began."

"The stuttering and stammering." Harry supplied.

"Yes. Though it never went as bad as last year." Quirrell said. "As I said before, after the month in hospital I was teaching at Hogwarts. Made a few friends for a bit of chatting and such. It felt good to be home."

"I know that feeling." Harry said.

They sighed and looked out to the desert.

They had then gone to Quirrell's apartment at one hundred and one Wilson Street Bloomsbury across Bloomsbury Square afterwards. It was early morning. First thing Quirrell told Harry was to get himself comfortable and that the door second to the left was Harry's, Quirrell collapsed onto the sofa and fell asleep instantly. Felicity took off from Harry's arm and went to explore the apartment.

Harry loosened his black tie slightly was momentarily annoyed at Quirrell but didn't blame him. He's a human after all and hadn't slept for twenty seven hours. Harry didn't bother taking his trunk out of his utility belt to place in his room and went straight to the fridge, grabbed a bottle of Tizer and a glass. He poured some into the glasses before putting everything away and seating himself next to Quirrell, sipping on his fizzy tangy drink and savouring the taste. He had never before had a fizzy drink and now was his first time- and he liked it.

He slowly leaned against Quirrell, snuggled next to the man slightly and closed his eyes. The feeling inside Harry, the feeling of an adult caring for him, loving him like a son, tickled once again. The other times were from Petunia. Was this what it felt like to have a dad? Someone who's proud of him and helped him with things such as buying a wand to practise magic without restriction? Harry didn't scowl at himself for regarding Quirrell as a father figure. He welcomed it. He had never known his own father nor his own mother. Harry squeezed his eyes tightly. In his mind, he begged for a loving family.

He just wants to feel loved for who he is. Somewhere he could truly call home.

A few hours later, Harry had left Quirrell's side to take a shower. He had, in his minutes of sitting in silence, took out one of the pieces of the Philosopher's Stone, craved it into a three dimensional diamond with a small flat base and then diluted the strength and intention of the stone so it healed only (and make duplicates of different currencies but that would be kept quiet for now). He had moulded the base on the end of his metal healing wand and the end result; it looked like a sonic screwdriver only it was had a ruby looking stone at the end. He then left some of the stones on the coffee table where Quirrell would immediately see them upon waking. He had also placed protection charms on the apartment too. He had taken the time to look at some of Quirrell's things- old school photographs and volumes of journals written by him. There was a picture in particular that looked vaguely familiar and Harry knew why.

It was a picture he had which had belonged to his own mother. It was a picture of a few Hogwarts students studying and were sat under a big tree that gave a lot of shade. Lily with two boys on either side of her, another boy sat a little bit angled away from one of the boys, a girl sat with her back leaned against the boy and there was another boy, slightly overweight with a rat like face sat in front of them, with a peculiar look on his face while staring straight into the camera. One of the boys sitting next to Lily had a few scars on his face, seemed younger than he appeared and the other had shoulder length black hair and a hooked nose- a bit like Snape. The other three students looked like a younger version of Quirrell with short brown hair and an older version of a girl from Harry's class, Susan Bones only this girl had a squared jaw with close cropped brown hair. And the boy who sat at the front was someone Harry wasn't quite sure of. Then quite suddenly a boy with nice black hair, grey eyes and a mischief grin bounced in front of the camera, the person who Harry could guess was the one who took the photo. At the bottom was a caption that said: Severus, Lily, Remus, Amelia, Peter, Sirius and I studying outside by the lake. This was slightly different to the one Harry had that had belonged to his mother that said: Severus, Remus, Amelia, Quirinus, Peter, the mutt and I studying under the Harmony Tree while Potter does detention with Filch. This sparked some curiosity to Harry but Harry felt no desire to know more.

A few minutes after the shower, in his Muggle casual look clothing, he wrote a note for Quirrell and stuck it on Quirrell's forehead for a laugh. He was going to go to Diagon Alley and try to stop Lucius Malfoy from passing the book and also buy his second year Charms book and also Lockhart's collection of works- book list courtesy to Kate and Shawn. If what Shawn analysed was correct, the diary could well be one of Voldemort's Horcruxes and it would cut down Harry's work on hunting for them if Harry got it now. Of course, having Quirrell is an advantage as well as the universal map; it still didn't hurt to get it before hurting Ginevra Weasley.

Conjuring a black cloak out from his trunk, he threw it over his shoulders and pulled the hood over his head. Felicity perched on his shoulder at last minute and Harry grinned before teleporting himself and Felicity, who placed her invisibility charm on, into a dark alley that strayed from Knockturn Alley. He had never been in this alley but he knew this was where the dark market was and over the counter illegal things happened.

He heard a hiss from one of the dark animals shop in the alley and decided he was imagining it when he thought it said, 'buy me Snake speaker'. Harry went past that shop and went into the book shop instead. It was still some time to kill before the book signings would start so Harry decided to do a little research on who he really is.

He saw the shop keeper reading a book and looked very concentrated on it so Harry decided not to disturb him. Harry looked at the index book at the front. He had been curious after his encounter with the angels and archangels at the gates of life and death. He had thought he was the only one because he had not seen anyone with the green void that seemed to represent people who came from the place where angels and arch angels came from. Then he had recently met Luna who said she is also like him. Now that was surprising. She had said something about being 'fallen demoted angels' and that's when it clicked. He remembered reading from the restricted section in the library about average Tiace people who were also called fallen demoted angels. It had only a little passage but it was enough for Harry to enable him to find out more here.

He found the word 'Tiace' and where the books were held before venturing to the place, his eyes open and looked at every direction for the section. It was only a few minutes when Harry made it. The

books were at the far end of the store and were very dusty and untouched. Harry was able to block his nose from the dust tickling his nose.

"History of the Tiace Race..." Harry murmured, his fingers lightly touching the spines. "The First De-Tiace Colony..."

Harry heard a noise and glanced back to see nobody there. He looked back at the books before picking each one, skim reading them, putting it back and then picking another one until all seven books were memorised in his mind and it took less and seven minutes- a record, perhaps in itself.

Harry left the store without buying a book and continued his way up to Diagon Alley.

'The Tiace race has been mistaken to be angels and arch angels because their appearances are so angel like,' Harry was thinking, looking through the memory books in his mind. 'They travelled around universes and galaxies and what not with these powers to adapt to their environment, blend a bit more into the community, so they could observe the creatures and kind. For first hand experiences. The most intelligent Tiace travelled and most returned home to report on their vast knowledge and add to the ability pool while some stayed and preferred the observed life, whatever it had been. Those who never returned to Tinerma, the planet where the Tiace race lived, were called De-Tiace or fallen demoted angels and archangels. The first colony and perhaps the last that consisted of average Tiace were sent to Earth before the Tinerma war under Tinerma Government approval. They were memory wiped, returned back to embryos in a human woman's womb (which in a way, gave a family for them to live with) and when they were on the brink of death that was not done willingly by their own hands, they were given support by the Tiace warding the Gate of Life and Death. They had to rediscover their abilities- abilities collected and given to all Tiace people who deserve them so they could adapt to the life on Earth and also a bit of leeway.

'Soon after the first colony was a success, a second colony was being assembled but before it could be, the Bad Tiace from Tinerma Prison escaped, taken the teleports that were supposed to be for the second colony and left for Earth. Some Bad Tiace remained and those were the ones who started the war. The planet, Tinerma is

now under code 'endangered' and is time locked. Hopes that the first colony remembers Tinerma would be slim but they are hoped to be the ones to return and save the planet from going extinct.'

Harry blinked. Could he be one of the average Tiace from the first colony? It made perfect sense why he couldn't remember and how he had these abilities. Plus when he was influenced to kill himself last year, it wasn't by his own true will and he had support from the Tiace warding the Gate of Life and Death too. Harry shook his head. It was too much to taken in for now so he turned his mind on what he needed to do, why he came to London's Magical Shopping Centre- the diary.

As Harry made his way up the alley to Diagon Alley, he began wondering why Lucius Malfoy would want to give Ginevra Weasley a dark magic infested diary. The Weasleys looked like a pretty Gryffindor and 'light' Wizarding family while the Malfoys had been in Slytherin for centuries which according to Ronald Weasley are where the evil wizards go. Harry didn't want to believe whatever flies out of Ronald's mouth but Harry would admit that most of the Slytherins did become Death Eaters like Severus Snape, Heston Avery, Lucius Malfoy himself and not to mention Dark Lord Voldemort Tom Riddle.- and that came from Dumbledore's memories, thoughts and mind.

He came out of the dark Knockturn Alley and stepped into brightly sun shined Diagon Alley. He turned towards Flourish and Blotts and saw a crowd had gathered around and jostling outside the door and perhaps inside was full as well. Harry wondered what was going on, his eyes scanning the place until he stopped at the large banner that was stretched across the upper windows:

GILDEROY LOCKHART

will be signing copies of his autobiography

MAGICAL ME

today 12:30P. 4:30 P.M.

Harry wondered vaguely why he hadn't heard of the man before now except from Lucius Malfoy's diary. There was something not right with the number of females here to see the man in the shop. A

harassed-looking wizard stood at the door, saying, "Calmly, please, ladies...Don't push, there...mind the books, now..."

Not thinking much about it, Harry ducked and squeezed right through. There was an advantage to being skinny, Harry thought. There was a long line that zig-zaged itself to the back of the shop where a man who Harry presumed to be Gilderoy Lockhart was signing his books. Harry's eyes scanned the books on the shelves this time without someone watching almost his every move. A history book on Dark Magic caught Harry's interest and he plucked it off the shelf. He didn't want to be seen reading a book like that- people might get the wrong idea. Then moving on casually over to the side to get apparently the first book on the list, he saw Hermione Granger. Hermione was glancing at some books on third year subjects such as Arithmancy and down stairs at where Lockhart was. Harry wondered why.

"Hello Hermione." Harry said.

Hermione heard Harry and she looked up, smiled slightly with a slight blush on her cheeks.

"H-hello Harry."

Harry smiled.

"Reading up early?"

"Oh yes," Hermione said earnestly, her eyes sparkling. "It's all very interesting, don't you think? I thought I best get a head start but I don't know what books to get!"

"How about, 'Numerology and Gramatica' for Arithmancy? " Harry suggested, plucking the book off the shelf. "I think that Divination is much too broad to be accurate."

Harry handed the book to Hermione and watched as she scanned the blurb.

"It's perfect." Hermione said, looking back up at Harry and Harry felt as though his hearts just stopped beating. "I agree with you about Divination. It's easy to misread readings with Divination."

Hermione's eyes seemed to drift back to the man signing books. Harry frowned, glanced down at Lockhart and saw nothing to like about the man. He wondered what was so good about the man for Hermione to be so easily distracted.

"Do you know where the second year Charms books are?" Harry asked. "They seemed to have changed their shelving order."

"Oh. It's down over there somewhere under 'C'," she replied absentmindedly, still looking mesmerised by Lockhart's appearance. "They're categorising them by subject now instead of author."

Harry's frown deepened as he noticed the slightly glassy look in her eyes.

"Isn't Gilderoy a charm?" Hermione murmured and sighed in content.

Harry didn't know what it was but he felt like punching Lockhart for distracting Hermione in such a strong way.

"Uh... Appears so," Harry mumbled. "I'll see you at school then?"

Hermione didn't reply, her attention completely focussed on Lockhart and Harry sighed, shook his head a few times before walking away. He was slightly getting pissed off at being ignored. He thought he and Hermione had a thing going on.

He bumped into a gang of Weasleys when he made it to the 'C' section. Was this meet the Gryffindor's day?

"What are you doing here?" Weasley spat.

"Hello Ronald." Harry said calmly, picking up The Standard Book of Spells Grade 2 by Miranda Goshawk. "Obviously I'm here to purchase my school books."

Ronald Weasley's face went red.

"Hey..." Fred Weasley began.

"...you're..." George Weasley continued.

"Yes but don't shout about it alright?" Harry said with a look of warning.

Harry then turned away, going down the stairs where the Lockhart books would undoubtedly be. The line was still milling about and so were the ever disappearing stacks of Lockhart's books. Skimming through each of the books, Harry realised how stupid it was to memorize the whole set of books. Complete fiction! Harry saw Lockhart as being a fraud and everyone's charmed into thinking different... well most of the females in this bookshop were transfixed to Lockhart's charming smile. Harry thought it was utterly disgusting. He hoped Luna and Kate weren't like that.

Looking behind him, Harry watched Gilderoy Lockhart who was still seated at a table surrounded by large pictures of his own face, all winking and flashing dazzlingly white teeth at the crowd. He was wearing robes of forget-me-not blue that exactly matched his eyes; his pointed wizard's hat was set at a jaunty angle on his wavy hair. But then Harry shifted his vision that allowed him to see auras and was shocked at what he saw. The aura was dark blue, the fourth strongest aura, but the green murky stuff told Harry that Lockhart is another Tiace.

A short, irritable-looking man was dancing around taking photographs with a large black camera that emitted puffs of purple smoke with every blinding flash.

"Out of the way, there," he snarled at Ronald Weasley, moving back to get a better shot. "This is for the Daily Prophet —"

Weasley rolled his eyes and then caught Harry staring, stared back with daggers.

"What are you staring at Potter?" Weasley all but snapped.

Gilderoy Lockhart heard him. He looked up. He saw Weasley — and then he saw Harry. He stared too. Then he leapt to his feet and positively shouted, "It can't be Harry Potter?"

Harry groaned and watched as the crowd parted, whispering excitedly; Lockhart dived forward, seized Harry's arm, and pulled him to the front. The crowd burst into applause. Harry didn't like the memories he was being attacked with at the moment of contact.

He had thought he'd find something to humiliate Lockhart but he was wrong. He felt his hearts racing in panic. The memories... there was too much touchy feely, charm, charisma and... and...

Harry looked at Lockhart who was positively grinning and Harry wanted anything but to be touched by Lockhart. There was something not right with the man. Something dirty about him. And Harry was afraid. Very afraid of this man even though Harry wasn't quick enough to decipher the memories he was receiving while in shock and fear.

"Nice big smile, Harry," said Lockhart, through his own gleaming teeth. "Together, you and I are worth the front page."

When he finally let go of Harry's hand, Harry immediately wanted to tear himself away from Lockhart's side and plunged himself against the crowd in desperation towards the exit. But something was stopping him and Harry blinked and saw Lockhart's palm opened and facing Harry's feet, sparks of energy rooting Harry to the spot. This was unseen to everyone else but not the two of them behind the desk. Harry had never felt this terrified in his life. Not even when Vernon hurt him because Harry always knew that Vernon wouldn't go too far in violating him. How could someone so disgusting, such as Lockhart, be a Tiace? If Lockhart was one of those Tiace gone bad, Harry was too frozen up in his overwhelming thoughts for Lockhart to know anything about Harry- except that he was very afraid.

Lockhart was saying something but Harry didn't hear any of it until,

"-I have great pleasure and pride in announcing that this September, I will be taking up the post of Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!"

'WHAT?' Harry thought, swinging to look up at Lockhart with horror.

The crowd cheered and clapped. A second later, Harry found a bunch of Lockhart's books in his arms. Lockhart looked like he wanted to keep Harry by his side longer but Felicity began pecking on Lockhart's hand. Lockhart yelped and looked down at Harry's shoulder to see just a shoulder. Annoyed and slightly spooked, he gave Harry a soft shove out of the limelight and Harry found himself staggering over to the Weasleys.

Harry took a few calming breaths, glad that he had escaped the panic causing factor. He would have to treat his feathered friend with a companion soon. Harry then turned and glared at Weasley.

"Thanks a lot Ronald." Harry sneered so only Ronald Weasley could hear. "You could do with some consideration in that thick head of yours."

Harry spotted the youngest Weasley and the only female Weasley child standing a few metres away from her brother. She was staring at Harry. Harry, wanting to get rid of the books went over to her. Her eyes were wide, watching Harry approach her. She looked ready to squeal and laugh.

"Hogwarts right?"

She only nodded.

"You can have these." Harry muttered and he tipped the Lockhart books into her new cauldron.

"T-thank you." Ginny said, blushing before rushing off to her mother.

Harry was back to his calm self, still holding onto his books he had gotten before was about to go to the counter when he saw Draco Malfoy. He wore his usual sneer and approached Harry.

"Bet you loved that, didn't you, Potter? Famous Harry Potter," said Malfoy. "Can't even go into a bookshop without making the front page."

Harry raised an eyebrow but inside he was still slightly jumpy from his encounter with Lockhart.

"Draco Malfoy. Always a pleasure," Harry drawled with sarcasm. "You can blame Ronald Weasley for that. If he hadn't of have snapped at me for glancing at the commotion he was causing, I wouldn't be on the front page."

Malfoy glanced over at Weasley and sneered.

"Riff-raffs like him aren't worth your company nor are they worthy of saying your name out loud." Malfoy said.

"I think out of all of them, Percival Weasley is at least decent." Harry said, lifting his head a little.

"So we finally see eye to eye on something. How horribly disgusting."

He went back to his sneering.

Harry chuckled.

"Leave him alone, he didn't want all that!" said Ginny bravely, jumping into the conversation.

"Another Weasley. How pathetic." Malfoy sneered, looking Ginny up and down. "At least you have decent robes and decent books."

Harry rolled my eyes.

"Now, now Draco, play nicely," the voice said.

Harry looked up to see a man who looked very much like Draco Malfoy: Lucius Malfoy. He moved Draco to the side and his eyes became fixed upon Harry's fringe where the faded scar was hidden.

"Mister Potter..." he said.

"Ah. You must be Mister Lucius Malfoy," Harry said calmly, smiling softly.

They held each other's hand instead of shaking which Harry thought was a bit strange. He stared at Harry with that weird look that most people show when Harry acted slightly impassive.

"Yes, indeed I am," he said, flickering a look towards his son before focusing on me. "We meet at last."

An unexplainable look passed his features before he pulled Harry in towards him, their noses almost touching.

"Forgive me," he said, not at all sorry.

And Harry watched slightly in hidden horror at the other hand that came up and was about to push his fringe away.

Harry flinched, throwing Mister Malfoy's arm away and didn't say anything in return. Not because Malfoy senior was scary- not the least, not even up to Lockhart but because Malfoy would see a scar that almost is unseeable if he did push the fringe to the side. Mister Malfoy watched Harry curiously before turning to at Ginny and the rest of the Weasleys who were ambling over.

"Let me see...red hair... vacant expressions..." he continued. He reached into Ginny's cauldron and extracted, from amid the glossy Lockhart books, a very old, very battered copy of A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration. "...Tatty second hand book," he looked at the red heads. "You must be the Weasleys."

"Children, it's mad in here! Let's go outside." Arthur Weasley said.

"Well, well, well- Arthur Weasley."

"Lucius," said Arthur Weasley, nodding coldly.

"Busy time at the Ministry, I hear," said Malfoy senior. "All those raids...I hope they're paying you overtime but judging by the state of this," he was still holding onto Ginny's book. "I'd say not. What's the use in being a disgrace to the name of wizard if they don't even pay you well for it?"

"We have a very different idea about what disgraces the name of wizard, Malfoy."

"Mister Malfoy. So we don't cause a scene, why don't you kindly return the item you have in your hand and remove yourself from our presence as we will to your own," Harry said smoothly in a civilised manner. "As you can see, we're in a very busy establishment at the moment and bad publicity can hardly be grand on top of your glossy profile."

"What civil tongue." Malfoy senior drawled with a hint of impressiveness, flickering an angry glance at his son again before shoving the book with another into Ginny's cauldron. Like Draco Malfoy, he caught the title of on one of the books Harry was holding

and he too smirked. He got the wrong idea too. Fortunately only the two Malfoy's caught the material. But that wasn't what was on Harry's mind. Not even the strange visions he received from Lockhart. It was the sight of Tom Riddle's diary inside Ginny Weasley's cauldron.

"Come along now Draco." Malfoy senior said, glancing at Weasley senior. "I'll see you at work."

He swept his robes and walked out of the shop. Draco Malfoy remained, looking the younger Weasleys and Harry.

"See you at school," he said before he too left.

"Erm..." Harry began, shifting a look to Ginny who was blushing furiously at being noticed. "I think I had accidentally given you a black journal along with Lockhart's collection."

"O-oh." Ginny said, looking slightly disappointed.

She reached in and got out the black book and on the back on the bottom in faded golden letters read Tom Mavolo Riddle.

"Yes. That's the one." Harry said.

Ginny gave it to Harry and deliberately make their hands brush against each other. And Harry watched while holding the diary, with a perplexed expression as Ginny went into a fit of giggles.

"Ginny." Misses Weasley hissed, trying to calm her daughter down.

"Thank you Harry. That's generous of you." Mister Weasley said.

"Pardon?" Harry said.

"For the set of books, lad."

Behind him, the Weasley children were looking slightly surprised except for Ronald who looked ready to murder Harry.

"Oh! Not a problem." Harry said, smiling. "I've got to go. Busy day and all. Good day to you all."

Harry turned away and went over to the counter, paid for his items, shrunk them into his belt and disappeared into the crowded alley.

As he walked out, Harry noticed Quirrell standing outside the establishment. He appeared to have been looking through the window and watching Lockhart but somewhere between the time, he had began making conversation with a man in shabby robes. As Harry neared the pair, he could see the mystery man had a few scars on his face. Harry was relieved to see Quirrell, so relieved that he ignored the man he was talking to and ran to Quirrell.

"Sam." Harry said and wrapped his arms around him, hiding his face into his chest.

Quirrell automatically wrapped his arms around Harry and Harry suddenly felt safe. It was perhaps the bond they had made. Quirrell sensed something wasn't right with the emotional levels in his protégé.

"Harry. I was worried about you. Thank you for the stones by the way... What's the matter?" Quirrell asked.

"Can't you be the Defence professor again this year?"

"What makes you say that?" he asked Harry, amused.

"Lockhart. He's the new professor." Harry said, looking up at Quirrell. "There's something strange about him. I don't like him."

"You wouldn't," said the man in the shabby suit. "He's not the kind to be around when you're alone. He shouldn't even be around children with his track record. I just hope the Headmaster knows what he's doing..."

Harry moved away from Quirrell and looked at the man curiously again before Quirrell introduced him.

"Harry. This is Remus Lupin. He's a friend of mine from my years at Hogwarts."

"We use to share a flat together after Hogwarts. Studying Wizarding Law in Paris."

"Until I went to teach Muggle Studies at Hogwarts."

The two men chuckled.

Harry blinked. That name... that was from his will and now it made sense why he couldn't have been Harry's guardian when Sirius Black couldn't-Harry sensed that Remus Lupin is a werewolf. Despite the fact that this werewolf isn't at all feral and anti-social like stated in the books, he still hadn't been allowed to be Harry's guardian.

"Is this the Remus you were talking about who had gone to Egypt with you for an Ancient Runes project?" Harry asked.

"The very one." Quirrell said, smiling.

"It's grand to meet you Mister Lupin." Harry said.

"You too Harry. Call me Remus."

"Okay Remus." Harry said and smiled as well. "Should I let you two catch up? I have a few things to buy."

"Oh no. We can go together." Lupin said a bit too quickly.

Harry noticed Lupin glancing back at Flourish and Blotts a few times. Harry looked and saw Lockhart looking directly at Harry a few times before grinning over at the press man. This showed Lupin did care for Harry as well.

"I was thinking of going to buy some Potions ingredients," Harry said slowly. "as well as new parchment, quills and ink. Oh a broomstick would be nice. And perhaps a new pair of shoes. I seem to have worn out my school ones last year from all the running..."

TC

~Posted: 22nd Day/4th Month/2010th Year

Second Year

Chapter Six

At the end of the day, Harry sat in his room, polishing his new broomstick, an import from Japan called the Aero Two Thirty, while Lupin and Quirrell were chatting in Quirrell's room. Harry had been hoping that Quirrell and he would talk about Voldemort but now Quirrell and Lupin were talking about the past and about how much Dumbledore has become a real bastard and how the two of them should stick together like the old days. One thing Harry was glad for was that Quirrell managed to convince Lupin that Dumbledore is out to make Harry's life even more miserable and recounting the event that happened with the stone seemed to convince Lupin.

Harry was starting to like Lupin and would even be happier if he stuck around a bit longer. Lupin's magic was much stronger than Quirrell's and would be a good member to have on his side. That's when Harry began creating a potion to cure Lycanthropy. Like the healing device, Harry was sure he'd be able to perfect it at once. Of course, Harry would be able to heal Lupin with a single touch, he still wanted to create something that anyone could make.

The next day, Quirrell and Lupin were found sitting at the kitchen counter and talking over some coffee. Harry noticed that Lupin was wearing Quirrell's bed clothes. The two men looked up and saw Harry exit his room.

"Morning Quirinus. Remus." Harry said.

"Good morning." Lupin said.

"How are you doing?" Quirrell asked with a note of concern.

"Fine." Harry said, shuffling towards them. "any coffee for me?"

"Of course. Why don't you sit down?"

Harry nodded and went to sit next to Lupin while Quirrell who sat on the other side of the counter went to get a mug. Lupin was casting Harry some looks of curiousness. Everyone's curious of Harry of course so Harry was quite used to it and wasn't at all annoyed anymore.

"You have your mother's eyes and hair." Lupin commented.

"Thanks. I like those parts of me." Harry said, smiling.

Quirrell sat back down and poured some coffee into Harry's mug before pushing it over to him.

"Thanks." Harry murmured, blew on it a little before sipping.

"Anything planned for today?" Lupin asked conversationally.

"We should go shopping and buy you some new clothes." Harry said, grinning.

The three of them chuckled but Lupin was slightly blushing.

"Actually, Harry, we need to talk." Quirrell said.

"Oh? What do you want to talk about?" Harry asked casually.

"Well, first of all, I want you to know that you can trust Remus as much as you do to me. He's a great friend of mine and-"

"Anti-Albus Dumbledore?" Harry asked in a hopeful voice.

"Yes." Lupin said with unshakable belief.

"Oh good!" Harry said, beaming. He held out his hand. "Shake on it."

Lupin didn't hesitate and shook Harry's hand. A light blue glow happened before quickly disappearing. They let go and acted as if nothing unusual had happened.

"I would be staying around for a few days before heading back to Paris." Lupin said.

"He's a Doctor of Psychology and is a lecturer at the Muggle University of Paris."

"You speak French?" Harry asked.

"He's perfect at it." Quirrell said which made Lupin blush even more.

"What brings you back to England?" Harry asked.

"I had gone to see Severus," Lupin said tiredly. "He had wanted to talk to someone other than Dumbledore about it so he wanted to see me, saying he had 'no other choice'. He received quite a shocking letter. Eleven years too late."

"What about?" Harry pressed on.

As if just remembering who he was talking to Lupin shook his head.

"I can't. I promised. I can't even tell Quirinus. I'm sorry." Lupin said, directing the last to Quirrell.

"It's okay." Quirrell whispered, looking into his mug.

"Quirinus?"

"Yes?"

"You had wanted to talk to me?"

"Oh yes," Quirrell began and continued, "I was hoping that I could tell the both of you the life before and after Tom Riddle. Before he became big."

"Me included?" Lupin asked in shock.

"Yes of course," Quirrell said like it was the most normal thing of all. "Why not?"

"I wouldn't want to intrude is all..."

"You're not intruding. Not at all," Harry said to Lupin before turning to Quirrell. "Go on. Start the story. Please?"

Quirrell, with a solemn expression, took another drink from his coffee before looking determined.

"Tom Marvolo Riddle was born on the first day of nineteen twenty six. His parents were a wealthy Muggle father Tom Riddle Senior and a poverty pureblood witch and descendant of Salazar Slytherin and

Cadmus Peverell, Merope Gaunt. In those days, Purebloods marrying Muggles was a crime but Merope had fallen in love with the Tom senior but the love wasn't mutual so she had given him love potions. They conceived Tom junior. Merope stopped giving her love the love potion and Tom Senior left them. Tom junior was soon born into the world while Merope, having only enough time to utter the name of the child, died."

Remus quickly gulped a few mouthfuls of coffee and blinked a few times. Harry wondered if the werewolf was wired on caffeine already.

"Between the time Tom Riddle senior left Merope and their child and Merope giving birth, Merope had sold her Salazar Slytherin Locket to Borgin and Burkes. That later was brought by Hepzibath Smith, a descendant from Helga Hufflepuff to which Tom Junior had befriended and taken from including Helga Hufflepuff's Cup."

Harry was about to tell them that he is the last descendant of Helga Hufflepuff but Quirrell in his hype of remembering and storytelling mistaken it for curiousness as to why Tom did what he did.

"I'll explain why he did it later on. It would make much more sense." Quirrell said.

Harry shrugged. He wanted to know as well so it wasn't much of a loss moment.

"Tom Riddle grew up in a orphanage in London. He was at first unaware of his magical heritage and at a very young age, like you Harry, was able to control his magic and use it to his will. He could make things move with his mind, talk to snakes, manipulate things: all without a wand. When he was eleven, Dumbledore who was a Transfiguration professor at the time, went to visit Tom about being accepted into Hogwarts for Magic. It was then Tom knew he was more than just a wizard. But he kept quiet about everything else about him. Always on guard."

Harry wondered if Tom was a Tiace gone wrong. It was a possibility.

"He was a model student. Very diligent. Charming. Prefect and Head boy. Was well acquainted with his teachers especially the Head of Slytherin and Potions Master at the time, Horace Slughorn."

"Good old Horace. He was still teaching when we were at school." Lupin said.

"Yes, well, unfortunately for him, that was his fault." Quirrell said sadly. "When at Hogwarts, Tom began trying to discover his past. Sorted into Slytherin. Unlike his colleagues, Dumbledore was suspicious of Tom while Tom feared and despised the old man. Tom became fixated with finding his own heritage. Bit by bit, he found out that he was the heir of Slytherin and discovered the existences of the Chamber of Secrets. He was able to open it and persuaded Salazar's basilisk to purge the school of all Muggleborns who, in Tom's eyes, saw that they didn't deserve to study magic. What Tom failed to see was Salazar's intentions of not allowing Muggleborns study magic wasn't because he thought they didn't deserve it but it was because it wouldn't be fair to them to be excluded from the Muggle world, from the world they lived in since birth."

Harry kept his mouth shut. His theory was that all humans possessed magic only some of them were strong enough to be called Wizards and Witches, some were in the middle and the rest were so low, much lower than a generation skip (Squibs) of non-magic that they were called Muggles and were shunned against and left to their own devices that now they were parallel to each other. Harry was grinning for some reason. Tom had the wrong idea from the very beginning.

"Tom thought his magical parent was his father since his mother died and he thought dying was a Muggle thing. He had this fear of death since a young age," Quirrell said. "It manifested from his logic of being the most strongest and therefore be in danger of having his magic robbed. He saw Dumbledore as the person who intended to rob his magic and that's why he was afraid of him too. Tom realised his father was a Muggle and made the alias Lord Voldemort from rearranging his true full name that he made into 'I am Lord Voldemort'"

"Clever." Harry said with a snort. "I would have called myself 'The Destroyer' or something cool like that."

Lupin and Quirrell exchanged glances before Quirrell cleared his throat and continued.

"After one girl got killed by the basilisk that was under Tom's control, the school was going to be closed. Tom, having nowhere to return to but the orphanage that he despised, quickly had an idea and blamed it on Rubeus Hagrid and his pet spider that Hagrid had been hiding in secret. He received an engraved trophy from then headmaster Armando Dippet that now sits in the trophy room as of today."

"Kate, Shawn and my engraved trophies are sitting next to his." Harry said quietly.

"Is it?" the two men asked.

Harry nodded silently and drank some of his coffee.

"Well, after that, Dumbledore kept a close eye on Tom and Tom never went to open the Chamber of Secrets again. Because of this, he made his diary into a Horcrux, one of the six, including you-"

"Wait. What's this about Harry being a Horcrux?" Lupin asked in alarm.

"Lily died protecting me out of love and so Voldemort, upon killing me, the spell back fired, gave me the scar, the prophecy was activated and Voldemort disintegrated. Part of his soul split. One half went to the only other living body in the room- that was me, while the other one was Voldemort's main soul escaped to Albania-"

"Where I had foolishly travelled to and met him exactly a year ago." Quirrell said with a glum expression.

"Yeah," Harry said. "But in my first year, when I killed myself with a disguised killing curse, I had also killed the soul of Voldemort. And because I'm brilliant, I didn't die. Just went into a state of Living Death for a few weeks. Then I saved Quirrell... you probably know about that already."

Lupin nodded.

"Continue?" Harry asked Quirrell.

"Oh yes. Right," he cleared his throat again. "Where was I? Oh I remember, yes. He made his diary into a Horcrux so that one day someone would be able to unleash him to finish off 'Salazar Slytherin's

Noble works'. Of course, knowing that Tom understood Salazar Slytherin's intentions all wrong, it was very un-noble of Tom to presume and act against Salazar's beliefs in his name. He got the idea of creating a Horcrux from a book. He had un-restricted access to all parts of Hogwarts since he is a descendant of Salazar Slytherin. Tom went to Horace Slughorn for more in depth information. After that, Tom researched about his mother's side of the family.

"One summer, Tom went to Little Hangleton where his mother had lived. Tom met his uncle, Morfin Gaunt, brother of his mother Merope. He said some nasty things about Tom Riddle's father and went to seek revenge against them. First killing his grandfather and then grandmother with the Killing Curse before modifying the memory and framing Morfin who hadn't been very kind to his mother and thought should have treated her better. Tom then took the ring from Morfin and this ring had the Resurrection Stone on it."

"A Deathly Hallow." Harry and Lupin said at almost the same time.

"Exactly. Once having belonged to Cadmus Peverell," Quirrell added. "As said before, model student. He became Head Boy in his last year and received a medal for magical merit upon his graduation. He had at some point after graduating he had charmed and persuaded Helena Ravenclaw to tell Tom the whereabouts of the diadem that had once belonged to Rowena Ravenclaw. It worked, she told him and Tom went to Albania to get it, killing a merchant while at it. He turned it into a Horcrux. He had also after graduation went and applied for the Defence Against the Dark Arts job. Armando Dippet thought him too young and he had went again while Albus Dumbledore was headmaster who refused him for the sole reason of seeing Tom's slippage into the Dark Arts. He, indeed as some of the rumours have said, cursed the position at the second refusal so that no-one could have the job more than a year. Before he cursed the position however, he was offered many positions in the Ministry of Magic but Tom refused them and went to work at Borgin and Burkes. Now, you remember the part I said about him befriending Hepzibath Smith and stolen Helga Hufflepuff's cup and Salazar Slytherin's locket? Tom killed her too, framing the poor house elf in accidentally poisoning her. He made them into Horcruxes too. He disappeared quite some time and that's when he came back to apply for the position but was second time declined. He had wanted to wage and recruit an army and also learn the secrets of his 'rightful home'. He

used this opportunity to hide the diadem in the Come and Go room at Hogwarts. And then came the rise of Voldemort."

Quirrell poured more coffee into his mug and gulped it down.

"He collected followers outside of Hogwarts and some that had newly left Hogwarts. Wizards and witches who wanted power or hated Muggles and Muggleborns. Pure blood supremacists. And some join... out of fear," Quirrell said, his gaze lowered. "He also recruited dark creatures and half breeds... he was like the devil reborn. Then he heard of a prophecy from Severus Snape only he heard half of it."

"That was deliberate. Professor Snape was already on Dumbledore's side by the time he did that," Harry said quickly before Lupin could shout in protest first. "Professor Snape was heavily influenced by Dumbledore. He wanted Lily safe and protected. He saw what was happening to the Muggleborns and Muggles. He wanted his best friend safe. He stopped truly being a Death Eater since Day One."

"Lily was more than a best friend to Severus," Lupin said quietly. "He fell in love with her."

Harry paused and stared at Lupin without blinking. Quirrell was doing the same thing.

"Did Lily love him back?" Harry asked.

"To some extent, yes," Quirrell said. "But then there was this one time when James was bullying him and Lily helped him out, he had accidentally called her a 'Mudblood'. They had drifted apart after that..."

Harry's fists clenched and unclenched. From Dumbledore, Harry knew Snape suffered a lot of bullying in his time at school and had almost died from a practical joke done by Sirius Black which almost lost Lupin's opportunity to continue learning Magic. Even though James saved Snape that day, Harry never liked his father for the other things he had done. Such as not giving a damn about Harry living or dying and leaving Harry's faith in Dumbledore's hands. It was James's fault that Snape turned to the Dark Arts for some appraisal, to belong. And that lead to Snape falling into

Dumbledore's trap. Not only that, Harry knew what it felt like to be bullied. He had been bullied for a long time. He also knew Snape was physically abused along with his mother by his drunken father. Harry knew what Snape had suffered and Harry hated it that his father was a bully and made Snape's life worst.

"Severus is a good man," Lupin said, mistaking the tense state of Harry. "He's finally seeing that being around Dumbledore and doing his bidding isn't good for him."

Harry, almost excitedly turned to Lupin with a lopsided grin.

"Really?" Harry said. "Do you think he's anti-Albus Dumbledore enough to be like us?"

"He doesn't want to admit that he's been following Dumbledore's orders like a slave to a master but I think so." Lupin said, slightly unsure if that was the answer Harry wanted.

Harry was confused. Why would such a powerful and stoic man like Snape not want to admit it and leave Dumbledore? Of course Snape couldn't physically leave Dumbledore since he made an Unbreakable Vow.

"Why doesn't he want to admit it?" Harry demanded. "You're his friend, aren't you? Can't you persuade him?"

"Harry, he isn't that sort of person," Lupin said, slightly irritated. "I'm his friend only because Lily was my friend and he was her friend. Perhaps I've said too much already but Severus, he needs a constant in his life that would... I don't know how to go about to say this, but he needs someone to... control him and tell him what to do. That's why he's so unwilling to leave Dumbledore, why he had been determined to stay as Voldemort's Death Eater. He felt useful that way. He wanted to do things. To help the world become a better place. But it's also because he made an unbreakable vow with Dumbledore to never leave his side until one of them dies. Severus and I also made an unbreakable vow to protect you the best we could."

"Pfff!" Harry sounded, looking unbelieving. "The other stuff before what you just said unbreakable's... You were kidding, right?"

"Harry, I think that's enough." Quirrell said firmly.

Harry didn't know why he was behaving the way he was but jumped up from his seat in anger. Again, people were keeping secrets for him but why he was getting worked up about Snape's private life was weird.

"I want to know why!" Harry shouted. "Tell me!"

"Harry-"

"I'll leave," Harry threatened, knowing that leaving them would be a scalpel through their hearts because of the bond he had made with them. "I'll leave if you don't tell me about yourselves, Snape, James, Lily, Sirius, Amelia and Peter."

Lupin stood up and stared hard at Harry, the gold that had been hidden behind the brown in his eyes intensified and the aura around him went from violet that Quirrell also had and is the second strongest and that changed into black- Black being the most strongest and Harry had that.

"I suggest you ask Severus yourself," Lupin said dangerously. "Telling someone without him knowing is betraying his trust. I made a promise and I intend to keep it."

Harry deflated a little while Quirrell came around, stood behind Lupin and held Lupin by his shoulders. Lupin bowed his head and took a deep breath before letting it out while Quirrell massaged Lupin's shoulders. Quirrell looked up and gave Harry a serious look.

"Harry. I think you should go into your room." Quirrell said sternly.

Harry, for some reason, followed Quirrell's order. He could have just teleported out of there and lived in a mansion or went back to Devon where Petunia, Marge and Dudley were or crashed with the Parker-Bensons or stayed with Winston and Marie at Winston Marie Elite Boarding School for a while or went to stay with Kate and Shawn for the rest of the holidays. But Harry stayed. He went to his room, closed the door and plopped himself down on the bed, staring out the window.

When he was calm enough to think, he groaned and placed his head in his hands. He felt so stupid and a complete git for acting the way he had. Everything was going well and he was learning about Voldemort until Snape's name popped up and Harry had suddenly gotten all defensive.

He summoned from his trunk his mother's diary. It covered all the years of Hogwarts and beyond until her the night of her death. Harry flipped through it, skim reading the thing. Harry knew Lily loved Snape but Harry also knew from reading the words that Lily and Snape still stayed friends after Snape's slip up. The line that said 'Severus has been going to the headmaster's office an awful lot' while in their seventh year was an indication that Snape never did become a Death Eater wholly on his own terms. And the 'I've been having strange thoughts about bloody Potter that I had never had before. They had always been of Severus. Now it's just James Potter. James. James. James!' was another indication that something was changed in her thought processes.

Putting two and two together, Harry knew Snape had gone to see Dumbledore an awful lot because the two had been planning for Snape to become a Death Eater and Dumbledore had gotten Lily's female friend, Mary McDonald to feed Lily a love potion with James' essence so they could have Harry, the bait. Dumbledore had already been planning ahead to defeat Voldemort. But one thing Dumbledore didn't know was that Harry was a Tiace. But when Harry caught Dumbledore's thoughts of Snape being nothing but a tag along, Harry didn't want to believe it. And now Lupin, a man Harry already regarded as a friend, had just said it out loud. It unnerved Harry.

Dumbledore thought that the only reason Snape was alive was that Snape thought he could do some use to improve the world and that in the future when Voldemort rises, he would be able to get inside information once again til his death. To Harry, that just seemed sad. There was more to life than just that and Harry was starting to see that himself. Snape was also doing what he was doing to keep his promise for Lily, to protect her son while the father couldn't. Snape had also, foolishly, made an unbreakable vow to Dumbledore that Snape would never leave his side until Dumbledore's death. Harry is hoping that Dumbledore dies sooner than later before Snape goes insane.

That is, if Snape hasn't gone insane yet from that 'eleven years too late' 'shocking letter' which was probably from Lily writing to Snape of her apology.

It's these days that Harry wanted nothing more than to murder Dumbledore but Harry decided to wait for a while until someone resurrects Voldemort again. Harry wondered if Dumbledore would ever confess. But as Harry really thinks about it now, Voldemort already knows Harry has nothing to do with Dumbledore so would Voldemort go straight to killing Harry or would Dumbledore stand in as a distraction to take the glory of destroying Voldemort before Harry does? Harry and his existence was after all, in Dumbledore's mind, his own creation.

As for Tom Riddle's Diary? Harry's just waiting for his new wand to arrive. He wasn't going to use hand contact removal for a Horcrux. Taking Voldemort out of Quirrell was bad enough.

TC

~Posted: 25th Day/4th Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: I admit, this chapter is a bit boring but it evens out with the next one and the one after that which are quite 'W.T.H.' and 'Ohhh! That's why!'. Anyways, thanks. Nat.

arning: Blunt description of sexual abuse.

Second Year

Chapter Seven

Harry had left his room later in the afternoon and apologised to Lupin and Quirrell sincerely. They accepted Harry's apology almost immediately and sat together eating their ordered pizza. Harry had been eyeing Quirrell and Lupin with a knowing look ever since he figured something out that they hadn't. The two were sitting awfully close together, they had slept in the same room last night and what was with that shoulder massaging thing before? Harry had a feeling something had happened before the war back because according to Lily, Lupin had talked a lot about Quirrell to her since third year and on Christmas Eve nineteen seventy six, Lily had suggested that Lupin should ask Quirrell out to which Lupin had apparently replied with 'He probably has no interest in me. I'm a werewolf after all. Plus he's told me many times before that he didn't want any relationship'. Now that was saying a lot. Was that what Quirrell was hiding when Harry had asked if he had a girlfriend? Did he like Lupin and thought he didn't like him that way too?

"Harry. Why are you looking at us like that?" Quirrell asked.

Lupin looked too.

"Like what?" Harry asked innocently.

"That... smug expression." Lupin said looking slightly disturbed.

"Nothing." Harry said, grinning. "So when do we start training?"

"Once your wand is made of course," Quirrell said before turning to Lupin. "Will you be staying? You're pretty good with practicals in Defence Against the Dark Arts and all round Charms."

"Can we do duelling?" Harry asked suddenly.

They stared at Harry. Before Harry met Quirrell, Harry had been planning to duel with Hogwarts Castle but now he had two wizards to help him practise and pretend to be the enemy. It would perhaps be a much better feat to go by. Running and all those gym

equipment stuff wouldn't be able to help Harry as much as knowing the rush, the spins, jumps, the adrenalin and tactics in duelling. Harry's a power wizard and a Tiace. Harry is bloody brilliant with his spell work. You give him anything and Harry would be able to do it without hesitation and without failure, even on his first try. And also his telekinetic abilities were up to scratch, in fact they shot right up the roof in Tiace terms, but he just needed the skills that would shape him into a fighter, not just physically but magically and mentally moulded into the mode of duelling. The encounter with Lockhart proved he needed duelling training too as well as self defence. If he was going to survive a school year with that paedophile being one of the teaching staff, Harry would have to be ready. In other words, Harry needed to get the right moves at the right timing, aim and strength. It's like snapping someone's neck; there was a particular angle, strength and timing to it. You can't be too slow because it would be like hanging your head over a balcony. You can't be too fast because it would be like whip lash. But you can be fast if you have the strength so it varies. It also determines if you need to twist the head to the side... Okay, enough said.

"Of course!" Quirrell said, grinning.

Elbowing Lupin, Lupin nodded but then looked slightly alarmed at the grin Quirrell had.

"We also have to see if you can multitask." Lupin said thoughtfully.

"I know how to multitask. I can talk on the mobile while writing my essay and thinking of what I need for school while watching television, eating crisps and doing my crunches."

"We have no doubt you could do that but I think Remus meant about magic such as doing a levitation charm while controlling fire." Quirrell said.

"Hey. That could be useful." Harry said, grabbing another pizza and eating it in a polish manner which was completely opposite fashion to the way he was speaking. They didn't match.

"Need to fix that too." Quirrell murmured.

"I agree." Lupin said.

"Huh?" Harry sounded, looking confused.

"You spoke in what we would call 'modern teenage'," Quirrell was saying, doing the quotation marks in the air. "language while acting in a sophisticated and adult manner. People would find it quite strange. You need to separate them so you wouldn't attract people's attention."

"I'm good with that," Harry said, slumping in his seat a bit more and displayed a lazy look "I've been slacking off a bit these days. I mean, if you want that inverted, quiet and sophisticated kid who hides his emotions, you'd be losing a bit of me."

"I know. It's good that you are opening up and showing that you are really a kind young man."

Harry snorted. In his mind, he thought he was a dark child and was slowly gaining educational domination which would climb to ruling the United Kingdom and soon the world.

"You look more childish and not very intimidating at the moment," Quirrell said quietly. "You've already gained allies. I've seen what you were capable of. You had hid yourself so well it was impossible to read you."

Lupin decided to step in.

"While you can behave like yourself with the company of those you trust, we just think it would be a good idea to keep you face around public like you had done at Diagon Alley with Lucius Malfoy," Lupin said, slightly cryptically. "Quirinus and I have already picked up some things about you that we could use against you if we were your enemy."

Harry frowned. He thought it would be hard to turn back around and act like that again. To be disciplined, watchful, cunning and tactful. He had liked it when he spoke oddly and stared at people a certain way but he had felt isolated when he did that. But what Quirrell said was true, he did have allies. And what Lupin said about enemies being able to see Harry's raw emotions as Harry had been showing for a while after waking from his death. Voldemort is still out there. There were still spies and enemies out there.

"Well, I don't have to act like a bastard in front of my friends and family, right? But I thought first impressions-"

Harry cut himself off. He remembered he had mind influencing abilities as well. He didn't need to be smiling and welcome at first impressions. But that was before; before when Harry thought everyone should become him. Now, Harry loved the variety. He was thrilled at how many would react a certain way towards a situation. Harry might be insane to think this but having Dumbledore around was like challenging him to stay on his toes because he's different, he's someone Harry needed around to test him.

His circle of friends and family involved Lupin, Quirrell, Petunia, Pomfrey and maybe Snape if Harry could convince him, in the adults; Kate, Shawn, Luna, Stephen, Simon, Dudley, Hermione and maybe Draco, in the peers; The Parker-Bensons and the Burton twins as secret extended family. That was perhaps it and all the people Harry truly cared about. As far as he was concerned everyone else was strangers, his enemies or people his friends and family know but really he doesn't need to know.

"I can't wait till I get my wand." Harry said wizardly, his Killing Curse green eyes flashed in determination.

~Break Part~

I looked into the mirror and saw a tall, athletic looking young boy with short dark red hair brushed neatly in the famous Tin-Tin hair style and unmistakable green eyes behind round glasses that shone intelligence. The boy wore the business look, wearing a white collared shirt and nice tie and trousers made out of black silk and a black waist coat over it- his clothing close to his body. He wore a black over coat on top. White socks and shiny black business shoes on his feet. This is what I had to wear when I'm not flying or doing Muggle sports and exercise (sports looks), sleeping (pyjamas), in classes (school uniform) or out exploring in the wilderness (clothes fitted for exploring like an insane mad man). His whole image demanded people to respect him and never to cross him while his face belonged to me.

It didn't feel right anymore. Well, I had always pretended to be misunderstood but since Hogwarts, I've shown what I'm capable of, I've shown that I do care (in my own way) and only briefly on the

holidays was when I relaxed from all of that, begun to live like a kid again, to really show my colours, that I can be human. Now returning back to the fashion of upper class, I was slightly hesitant and worried that people would see me as being a cold bastard again. But I knew it had to be done. I knew masks are for protection and Harry didn't want to be thought the parallel of a cold bastard which was snobby twit- which some might have perceived me on the holidays.

I have been training myself back to how 'Freak' Harry behaved. Stoic, calm, watchful, mature, serious, patient and calculative. I had been harder than I thought.

Felicity's starting to get on my nerves though. She's been trying to cheer me up and it didn't help when she kept doing that while I tried to look insanely intelligent because it brought me back to acting how I truly felt inside. Acting is tough especially as there is no script to follow. She said I was still a private boy even though I had been kind and happy with my friends and family. I agreed. Hiding who I really am wasn't a good thing for someone like me. But people would think I'm mad if I said I wasn't human and I'm not mad. Felicity then began bugging me on when I was going to get her a companion to talk to because I had been avoiding about talking about my true feelings a few days afterwards to her and everyone else. People were staring to get worried I would shut off too much and they wouldn't be able to find the vibrant Harry again. But it has to be done if I wanted to survive over the physical age of seventeen. It has to be done if I want to kill Voldemort before Dumbledore. It has to be done now Voldemort is found to be still alive.

The next day, Felicity started cursing at me for abandoning her. I wasn't abandoning her. Not really. Felicity and Petunia had gotten on well the last time they met and they talked quite a lot after I opened a link between Felicity and Petunia. Besides, Felicity was one who liked gossip and I wasn't much of a gossip like Petunia and Kate's mum and Shawn's mum and grandmother. Plus I didn't want to lose Felicity if something happening this year. She is too special to me.

A few days after that, I received my undetectable, untraceable and unrestricted wand from Egypt. Wolfram metal with rune carvings that strengthen magical transfer; the core of Basilisk Fang, Runespoor Fang bounded with Unicorn and Veela hair immersed with my own

blood; twelve inches long with Tiger's Eye stone at the end. It looked absolutely beautiful. I took it out of the casing and instantly I felt the warmth and colours that was unlike the one I had brought at Ollivander's. Of course, I would rather raw wandless magic than channel magic but it looks really cool to have a weapon to swish and flick with.

My birth date had past and gone without any fuss. I was quite surprise they knew I didn't like celebrating birthdays since they held no particular meaning except being a year older. But that night had been special though. I had taken a leather bound book out of my utility belt, pointed my Wolfram wand at it and shot the killing curse at it. I showed no sympathy for the young boy who turned into a monster and had murdered my parents without mercy. If anything, I made the curse more intensifying until the book was nothing but ashes.

Though what was suspicious about the book to me was that there was no scream coming from the book and before I destroyed it, I had felt no dark magic from it. Nor had there been dark magic felt from the book when I took to from Ginny. That was interesting.

Two weeks after having pizza for lunch, I still didn't receive my Hogwarts letter. Something was definitely wrong. Lupin had gone to Snape for some information. How Lupin persuaded the Potion Master into checking the private enrolment scroll, I did not know, but Lupin came back with bad news. I was no longer attending Hogwarts.

But that didn't matter since Lupin and Quirrell taught me instead. I contacted Kate, Shawn, Simon, Stephen and Luna. They were in the loop and were going to be looking out for anything strange of me. This included good old Hogwarts castle and when Quirrell contacted Madame Pomfrey, she became a good ally on the lookout too. I also had gone back to Marge's to break the news to Petunia. Dudley was sympathetic for some reason but that was, I guess, a good change. We could have been really close if things had turned out differently. Apparently, Petunia had went to Diagon Alley with Dudley and Felicity because Felicity had somehow convinced Petunia that she needed a mate. I had met the new owl and I was slightly unimpressed. He was loud, hyper and very annoying. Also slightly small in appearance but Felicity didn't seem to mind him. Marge named him for Petunia and Dudley, calling him Pigwidgeon.

"Isn't there another school you could go to?" Petunia asked, hopefully.

"I would rather be homeschooled, ma'am." I had replied. "There would be much less drama then."

Our first duelling game was fun. I learnt how to dodge, roll and my use of tic-tac-toe off the wall proved to be a very good tactic too. While I was a fast learner, Lupin and Quirrell were slow at teaching- but that's because I was fast and a Tiace, soaking everything up like a sponge. Quirrell taught me some ancient magic from the Wizards while Lupin taught me some ancient magic he had learnt from the werewolves back when he had went underground and hung out with the werewolf packs.

Soon I was learning even more highly complex stuff that got my cognitive thinking really working- stuff in relation to Merlin and that was with the help of Hogwarts Castle in Salazar Slytherin's den, the Chamber of Secrets which Quirrell seemed very reluctant to show us where it was. Of course, without them knowing, I already knew where it was since my map has developed far more than the last time I had looked at it. This I did not voice.

Then came the day Vernon Dursley went on trial. The proceedings were quite different for some reason. It was a normal court room built by Muggles and used by Muggles. Vernon was placed in the box next to the judge with an empty witness/defence box on the other side of the Judge. The jury on the left. The councillors and viewers on the right. The lawyers sat at the benches near the centre which was where Petunia and Quirrell were along with the scribe. Marge, Dudley and I sat in the viewers section. Lupin had gone to visit Snape. The proceedings went quickly too. The charges were read out and people were slightly agitated and very rude towards Vernon. Vernon's lawyer was government hired while Quirrell knew what he was doing and managed to sway the jury somewhat into a landslide before Petunia was questioned. After Petunia was questioned, someone arrogant in the jury had wanted more evidence for the crimes that Vernon had done.

"...I call upon Harry Potter." Quirrell said.

Whispers broke out and I saw Vernon's jaw clench and unclench as he watched with small eyes of me standing and leaving the viewers box and proceeded over to the empty box, sitting myself down. Very uneventful and my movements and my posture seemed to have spoken volumes of the abuse that had been laid down for the jury because they began scribbling things down in a hurry.

"Mister Potter," Quirrell began. "Do you know this man?"

"Yes Mister Harper."

"Who is he?"

"My uncle."

"Did you live with him?"

"Yes Mister Harper. Since I was one."

"Why is that?"

I closed my eyes for a moment.

"My parents were murdered and I was taken to ma'am and sir who became my guardians."

"Who are 'sir' and 'ma'am'?"

"Sir is my uncle and Ma'am is my aunt, Mister Harper. It's respectful to them and I feel very privileged to have had a roof over my head."

"What did your uncle call you?"

"He usually calls me 'boy' or 'freak'."

There was noises of disapproval as more fountain pens were being scratched upon note pads.

"For as long as you can remember, what room did you sleep in while residating with the Dursleys?"

"I'm not sure when I was around one or two but I remember that my room was the room under the stairs. It was small but it felt comfy. I

remember I was three because I wrote my name and the year on the wall in crayon where nobody could see unless they looked for it."

"Were there other bedrooms that were not used in the house?"

"There was Dudley's second bedroom and there was a room where Aunt Marge sleeps in when she comes over for a visit."

"What was Dudley's second bedroom used for?"

"For his broken toys of course, Mister Harper."

"And how often did Aunt Marge come and visit?"

"Once every five years and each time, she stayed for a week."

"How much did you eat?"

"Whatever was left but ma'am always tried to save some for me to eat later in my room under the stairs when sir wasn't looking."

"Why would you have to do that?"

"Sir didn't like me eating his food. Sir thought me a right freak and shouldn't deserve much of anything."

"What high school did you go to?"

"I didn't." I whispered.

"What school had Dudley gone to?"

"Oh! He went to a wonderful school called Lemingstons' Boy's School," I said brightly. "I was ever so happy for him. He looked very handsome in his uniform."

"And you weren't allowed to go to school?"

I shook my head and blinked the tears that had suddenly formed.

"Sir couldn't afford it." I said in a small voice.

Quirrell turned to the jury, judge, council and viewers, "This is a man who had complete control over where his money went. He had plenty for Mister Potter to go to Lemingstons' like his cousin Dudley. Mister Potter had been neglected of food, clothing and schooling and Petunia Dursley had to discretely feed the boy as adequately as she could without her husband suspecting."

He turned back to me.

"Did you go to the same primary as you cousin?"

"Yes, Mister Harper. Harnmare Primary, a comprehensive school."

"How well did you do there?"

"Very well, Mister Harper. I had been top of my year level."

"For the whole school year and every school year?"

"No Mister Harper."

"Why is that?"

"I had to let other students shine. I'm worthless and a freak and shouldn't be a waste of space by taking other people's shine. I also wanted sir to feel proud of Dudley by scoring lower than Dudley, that way sir could stop hurting me and be happy of his son."

"You said hurting. What had you meant by that?"

I opened my mouth but no sound came out. People around the court looked concerned, except for the judge, Vernon's lawyer and Vernon himself. Tears started forming once again but this time it was for real. I started crying.

"I'm a freak." I said, trying to even my voice. "Freaks deserve punishment for not doing what men do. Freaks have to be disciplined. Freaks have to carry stones and bricks. Freaks have to work all day outside in the summer on the garden to make it look pretty. Freaks get punished for being Freaks."

"You keep saying Freak. What do you mean by that?"

"I-I don't know what sir means about that. I can't see anything different between me and the next kid. I don't understand why he hits me, strangles me, slap me, punches me, kicks me, drowns me, whips me, make me take cold showers, burn my hand with ma'am's iron, carve into my skin..." and then I remembered something, something I tried to forget and hadn't remembered until now and after the encounter with Lockhart. "touch me."

"Touch you? He touched you?" Quirrell asked earning gasps from some of the viewers while the jury were still scribbling like there was no tomorrow.

I closed my eyes but there they are. Vivid images began haunting me. I tried to shake it off. It didn't work. I opened my eyes but I could still see it happening even though my eyes were blurred by tears. I sniffed but then another wave of hurt washed over me and I choked a few times before crying again. The court was quiet, some were watching and some stared at the floor.

"Y-yes," I said, hating the sound of my voice. "At night when ma'am and Dudley were asleep, sir would wake me up and keep me quiet before taking me into the basement. It was dark and scary and I knew it was him because he had the same face and body... he took my clothes off and touched my... I don't know what it's called. It's this thing," I said and stood up, pointing at where my penis was before collapsing back in my seat. "It felt... funny and I didn't like it. I wasn't strong as he was so every time I tried to push him away, he slapped me across the face very hard. He made sure I stayed flat on my back and he would unzip his pants and get his... thing out. He would-"

I cut myself off, hiding my face behind my hands. Quirrell came up closer instead of pacing around near Vernon.

"Mister Potter? What did he do?"

"He put his thing and shoved it in my mouth!" I gasped feeling my face flush even more in embarrassment. "I couldn't breathe or move my mouth. He kept moving his thing in and out of my mouth and making these strange noises but he suddenly stopped moving and these strange slippery watery things were spurting out of his thing and into my mouth. I couldn't spit it out so I swallowed it. It tasted salty and yuck."

The court was quiet except for someone typing and pen on paper and some squeaking seats.

"What happened next?" Quirrell asked softly.

"He turned me over on my tummy and poked something long into my bottom very suddenly. It hurt a lot. I think it was his finger. He wriggled it and it feel funny and then he put another one in and another one. It felt like I was constipating but things were going inside and not out. He then pulled it out and said something that sounded like 'that should do' before something bigger went into my bottom very suddenly. I screamed but he laughed saying nobody would hear me and he started moving it in and out and he was making strange noises and sounded like he was running a race. I begged him to stop because it hurt and it was strange and the sticky stuff in my mouth was uncomfortable and I couldn't breathe laying on my tummy. I couldn't walk properly for days."

"How many times had this happened?"

"Three times." I whispered.

"Same every time?"

"Always."

"Had you told anyone before revealing this now?"

"No Mister Harper. Who would believe a Freak like me?"

Quirrell paused questioning for dramatic effect before giving a nod.

"Thank you. That is all. You can step out now."

I nodded but instead of going back to sit with Dudley and Marge, I ran out of the room.

TC

~Posted: 9th Day/5th Month/2010th Year

Author's Note: The reason why Harry had such a reaction to Lockhart's pedophileness... I am prepared for the onslaught attack of bad reviews on my unethicalness here. Go on. Knock yourself silly!

Nat.

Chapter Warning(s):

Character Death

Second Year

Chapter Eight

I had ended up teleporting to Kate's house where Shawn and Kate were at. It was night, the stars were out and the cool night breeze calmed me, but calmed me very little. I looked around and spotted them just outside the house, sitting around a camp fire. They seemed to be camping. Obviously. My arrival seemed to be sensed because they let me onto the property immediately. By the looks on their faces, they saw just how fucked I looked and I felt quite embarrassed that I allowed my emotions show so clearly. They ushered me to sit down with them next to the fire. They hugged me and comforted me, giving me a mug of hot chocolate and marshmallows.

"If anyone asks how I got here, it was accidental." I murmured, looking down at the ground to avoid looking at them.

"That's the only explanation they're going to hear." Kate said. "We'll make sure of that."

"Yeah. Don't you worry, mate. You're in safe hands."

I smiled a little but I couldn't quite make it seem like I was alright because I wasn't.

"Thanks," I mumbled, taking a sip from the mug in my hands.

"So, what happened to you after contacting us?" Kate said softly.

I had already told them about Voldemort's life, training with Quirrell and Remus, my new wand, my healing device, Vernon in jail, the encounter with Lockhart, meeting Malfoy's dad, and the Horcruxes and destroying Tom Riddle's diary and of course not being on the enrolment list. So I told things they didn't know after the call I made to them such as Petunia buying a new owl, real training with Quirrell and Remus, not just theory base, traditional duelling, things about werewolves and ancient magic... then came the hard part. The court I had just fled from.

But just as I was to explain what I had said, Kate placed a finger against my lip.

"Shh," She said, hushing me gently. "We know."

I was quite surprised and also a bit skeptical.

"How?" I asked.

"The memory transfer from the sorting at the beginning of our first year at Hogwarts." Kate explained.

I was baffled. If what I was thinking was right... how did I not see it before?

"But how...?" my stupid slack mouth asked.

"Yeah, then you totally memory wiped us. We couldn't remember stuff and suddenly I had a vision from Snape bumping into me." Shawn said. "That sorta triggered the old memories you blocked from us from accessing. We knew about Quirrell and the stone after that but we didn't know how to tell you that we remembered stuff so we played dumb."

"We know how Dursley treated you and we do not pity you because we know how much you dislike that," Kate said. "But we understand. You were abused, emotionally, mentally, physically, sexually... and Shawn and I just wanted to help you. That's why we stayed by your side. You needed more people on your side. You deserve some support."

I was shocked. They were more Slytherin than I had realised.. This turned out to be very different but a good outcome. It definitely made things a bit easier to explain.

"Just remember we're our own family now and nothing's going to get in the way of that." Kate said.

"Turn that frown upside down, mate. That fat arse is getting time, right?"

"I was hoping he'd get the Dementor kiss but I guess that was wistful thinking." I said with a weak smile.

"Why do you not kill him yourself?" said a new voice.

Kate, Shawn and I looked up to see Kate's father, Fraedrick standing still on the other side of the fire. To say I was shocked to hear Fraedrick say that, or say anything other than psychiatry and medicine, was an understatement. Fraedrick's eyes looked haunted with the flames flickering the shadows that laid upon him like a magical dance.

"Where is mum?" Kate asked.

I could tell she was slightly spooked but there was an edge in her voice that said she was use to this.

"She's on the phone with Harry's aunt, Petunia," Fraedrick said, a corner of his thin lips twitched up. "We thought it was necessary to inform Harry's relatives where he was. I also thank you Harry for the wards you have placed around our house."

There was more silence.

"Would I be capable of murder?" I whispered.

Fraedrick watched me, his eyes scanning me with some interest for three solid minutes before he finally spoke.

"You have thought of it for quite some time. Of committing genocide on the simpleton humans but you decided to only cause suffering on those who had crossed you and would rather dominate the world. Yet now... you think you'd rather blend in. In fact, that's your final decision in life. You were able to kill yourself last year. Why would killing the one who made your life a misery be any different?"

"That would be Dumbledore, wouldn't it Mister Yuri?" Shawn pipped up, he too finding the situation too strange and pretending it was normal.

"Ah yes. But he was the one who placed Harry there. Not the one who inflicted such pain upon Harry leaving mental scars for life. You could say that Dumbledore is the master mind and had Vernon do the dirty work. Dumbledore planned for Harry to exist, making sure things went according to plan. For Dumbledore, Harry was supposed to be his weapon, bait, a tool. Though it was completely by chance that a De-Tiace with government authorisation became Harry. Completely random chance and an unfortunate fate too."

While Kate and Shawn were confused, this speech that was completely unexpected from Fraedrick lit a fire in my mind but it still didn't make any difference to how things were going, just an extra bit of information to understand. Tonight was full of surprised. I would have to be much more careful as to what it being discussed around me and of me.

"Harry, if he had not have been a Tiace, he would have died along with his human parents." Fraedrick continued.

I was suddenly suspicious. I untangled myself away from my friends and stood up, staring at Fraedrick hard.

"And how exactly did you come to know all about this?" I asked, more of a demand and it was quite rude.

"You and I have a lot in common." Fraedrick said and chuckled a little.

I switched my vision and not only did I see void stuff and a black aura but a signature not so different from my own. I frowned. Could Fraedrick... be me? I would have known! It's impossible. He can't be. Perhaps he was emulating my signature to hide who or what he really is. If that was it then... No, I didn't understand what I was seeing but my hearing seemed to be filling the spots. Fraedrick is me. But it's not possible! He can't be! I must be missing something. I would have to investigate further.

"Dad? What's going on?" Kate asked.

"If Harry knows what I'm saying and believes it, he'll tell you. I'm sure of it," Fraedrick assured his daughter.

Then Fraedrick turned away and walked back to the house.

"You're dad's spooky." Shawn said.

"Tell me about it." Kate said before focusing on me. "Do you know what he's talking about?"

"I'm not sure," I said, sitting back down. "But I think I should be ever more grateful that the two of you became my first and trustful companions."

That night I stayed with Kate and Shawn, camping in their front yard. At dusk, I left them quietly to their sleep and manipulated time and space as I teleported to Vanster Prison. There, I roamed the empty corridors invisible with my Wolfram wand. I acted almost possessed. I didn't feel any fear but the adrenalin pumping through my veins, encouraging me on to carry out the idea that failed to disappear out of my mind. I knew I couldn't afford using raw magic around here because my magical signature would hang around the place for more than a week at the most. Perhaps that was the disadvantage to wandless and raw magic and an advantage to wand wield magic.

My eyes were sharp and my senses blocked from feral fumes as I glanced down at the map in my other hand a few times to be sure of my direction to my destination. I then arrived to standing outside of cell three hundred and two. An over large man that I recognised as the uncle by marriage and the abuser from my childhood, laid on his cot and snoring like there was no worries in the world.

My grip on my wand tightened before walking straight through the bars that held the cell, like a ghost would be able to do. I stared

down at the fat lump. All my life I had lived in fear of his type. Now I was finally here to play my revenge against him. My gaze hardened as I heard the chime of midnight come again in my mind. Time travelling was a tricky thing but at least I have an alibi. Anger flowed through me. I wanted to torture him but that, I decided, would be saved for the Puppet Master.

I placed a silencing charm on the room, my eyes narrowed.

"Wake up." I snarled.

I watch coldly as he wakes up. I waited until he sees me clearly. I see his fear and he starts backing up. I am not a coward. I am not a cheater. He needed to be awake to face the music. The silence.

"Any last words, mortal?" I asked, head held slightly high and looking down at him.

"I did what I had to do," he muttered, his eyes casted down before looking up with a hard stare. "Kill Dumbledore for me as well."

I knew what Dumbledore had done to him, robbing him of his magic against his will. It was the most decent words he had ever spoken to me but it wouldn't spare him for what he had done to me to do what he 'had' to or what he had done to Petunia. He was even ready to face his punishment. I silently congratulated him. I sniffed the air, smelling death approaching. But I still said nothing. He's not worth my breath.

Wand aimed directly over his heart, I hissed the seven syllable curse in the ancient tongue. Electric green shot out from my wand and electrified the heart and the body; my own electric green eyes shone in glee and hunger, hearing his screams that abruptly stopped. His breathe caught in his throat, his eyes wide. I could see him giving up, his soul leaving from his body. His eyes shut tightly and I could see seconds later that the whole of his soul floating above his now motionless and slack body and as quickly as his new body allowed him, he left the surface of this land. I slowly released my hold, my magic retracting back to me as I felt the metre in my core return to neutral in a split millisecond. My first true kill and I did it without fear and without hesitation.

Fraedrick was right. Vernon Dursley was no different except he could never return back to his body.

(O.o)

The worst thing with murdering Vernon was the fact that now it was on the Muggle news- this included snippets of information of how Vernon ended up in jail in the first place. Harry had not considered this and was not aware of the fact that a small number of Wizards receive the Muggle paper. And Albus Dumbledore, who sat comfortably in Severus' favourite chair at Spinners End while Severus went to see Lucius, chocked on Severus's tea while reading Severus' newspaper.

Albus Dumbledore had thought that if he made sure Harry was declined of returning to Hogwarts, he would have to fend for himself. Unfortunately for Harry, Dumbledore has been a murderer since his youth since he indeed did kill his sister, but only by accident. And from that accident came the dark side of Dumbledore, much darker than the boy who had been researching about dark magic with his teenage crush.

For all Dumbledore knew, Harry was many kilometres away from his friends and lived with his aunt Petunia, his cousin Dudley and his cousin's aunt, Marge. Though Dumbledore was slightly curious of this Muggle called Sam Harper, he was only curious because the man worked in both Wizarding and Muggle law. Dumbledore suspected nothing of the man who presented Petunia and Harry. But the question mark upon Quirinus was quite a mystery. Dumbledore wondered where the man was and if he had any contact with the boy. Dumbledore trusts Severus and Severus had reported back telling him that Harry had not once left the house except for the court hearing and going to the arcade with his cousin. Dumbledore planned to write off Petunia, Dudley and Marge; Dudley especially since Harry seemed to grow fond of him. That way, Harry had only his two friends to turn to which Dumbledore found quite tricky to track down their whereabouts.

But the thing that made Dumbledore choke on his tea was the confession Harry made of also being sexually abused. Dumbledore touched his beard a few times with a smirk on his face. The very reason why he hired Lockhart was that he knew Lockhart wouldn't be able to resist the chance to have his hands all over the Boy Who Lived's friends and now to read that the boy had been abused and was very emotionally upset, Dumbledore figured it was just the thing to break Harry even more than killing off his family if he was allowed back to Hogwarts. Dumbledore needed the boy to understand and in Dumbledore's mind, the only way of going by that was to have Harry

weak. After all, in his mind, Harry belonged to him. He did all the hard work for him to exist. He made sure Severus and Lily never married and had children. He made sure Severus was the one to tell the prophecy to Voldemort (obviously since he had Severus sit with him to interview Sybil). He made sure James wanted to endanger the bait. He made sure Peter gave Voldemort the slip of paper with the location of the Potter's whereabouts (Dumbledore was the secret keeper). He made sure Voldemort came to Godric Hollow personally... but that went wrong, didn't it? But in his mind, Harry truly does belong to him and he should be able to use Harry to continue distracting Voldemort; even if it meant Harry could die in the crossfire just so Dumbledore could defeat Voldemort!

Before that though, Dumbledore would have to figure out how Voldemort was able to be immortal- something Dumbledore wished to ask Voldemort but wouldn't because it would seem like Dumbledore was growing old and stupid. And Dumbledore didn't want people thinking he's stupid as well as the obvious fact that he's growing old. Besides, Dumbledore liked puzzles and challenges. They stimulated his mind.

Dumbledore fired Minerva from Severus's fireplace to send a letter to Harry Potter. He's coming back to Hogwarts after all.

(O.o)

It was a quiet morning. After breakfast at nine, Kate and Shawn had their things packed. They were going to go to Yorkshire where Shawn's grandmother was. I had farewelled them with hugs, saying that I had my own ride the magical way back to Devon when Fraedrick pulled me to the side.

"Kate and Shawn don't know," He said and patted my back. "But you did well. But there's more ahead for you this school year. Something horrible. Keep your eyes open," I blinked as he chuckled. "But I'm sure your mentor would say the same thing and lecture you about it too. He's a good man, Quirinus. You're very fortunate to have him on your side. And his good friend Remus, Amelia and Poppy. Very good."

Then as sudden as he had approached me, he turned away, ushering his daughter and the friend into his car where his wife was already in.

"Are you sure you don't want to catch the plane with us?" Kate yelled out the window.

"I'm sure." I said and smiled one of my diplomatic smiles. "Have fun at school."

Kate and Shawn looked concerned as the car pulled away from the curb and onto the track towards the city. I was silently, casting a look at the house with the fence around it which kept the wild Vampires out. I sighed and teleported back to Devon, England. It was seven twenty six in the morning. I walked up the steps to Marge's house and knocked on the door. The door opened a few seconds later and a wave of brown hair passed my eyes before I felt long thin arm wrap around me in a hug.

"Harry."

"Ma'am." I said softly. "What's the matter?"

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault. If I hadn't of married that-"

"You wouldn't of had a great son like Dudley." I finished firmly.

She pulled away, nodding once and before she looked at me in the eyes. I saw in her own that there was joy.

"I think it's best you read it." She said.

At my confused expression, she pulled me into the house, closing the door behind us, before leading me to the dining room. Marge was in her usual seat but she wasn't doing at crosswords. Her dogs were around her feet, perked up at the sight of me before grumbling back to their snooze.

"Have you seen this paper?" Marge said. "Serves him right I say."

I frowned even more until she flipped the newspaper to the third page and slid it across the table towards me. I caught the picture and saw that it was Vernon in his better times with the bold headline above it:

Family Abuser, Heart Attack in Prison First Night.

"H-he...?" I began, blinking.

I was more surprised that they placed it on a newspaper. I wondered how many read it after I skimmed through it. I hope nobody from the Wizarding world has a copy because they would know of my past.

"Sir's dead?" I whispered.

"Finally, ey?" Marge said.

I was slightly surprised that Marge didn't look upset but knowing her values of women equality and what's right in discipline and what's not, it sort of made sense why. She then peered at me.

"You should be celebrating, boy. What's with the glum expression?"

"What if the Wizarding world finds out what I've been through?"

"What's it matter to you if they do? They can't hurt yer. It's the truth, ain't it? You're no a coward,"

Felicity chose that moment to flap in with her male companion following closely. She landed on my shoulder while Pig landed on Petunia's.

"Hey girl." I said softly.

"Feeling good?" she hooted back.

"Justice was made. I guess so." I hooted, swallowing the feeling of guilt that appeared for a second within me.

Then I noticed something was missing from the picture.

"Where's Dudley?" I asked.

"Went to join the drama club down at the Youth Centre." Petunia said. "Acting is his dream after all. Now he could finally do what he could."

I smiled faintly.

"Well done, Dudley." I murmured. "I'm going to take a walk."

"Will you come back?" Petunia wanted to know.

"I would be going to see Sam after that." I said.

"Oh." Petunia said.

Felicity and Pig went over to Marge was had some bird seeds out. I watched them for a moment before sighing.

"I love you, Petunia." I said before giving her one more hug.

"I love you too Harry."

"Stay safe."

"Will do."

I smiled again and we pulled away. I pretend to tip my hat to them before leaving Devon, returning to Bloomsbury Square. I went up to one hundred and one, up the stairs to number six before knocking.

Almost immediately the door opened and I saw Quirrell grinning ear to ear before pulling me into a hug.

"He died! He died!" Quirrell said. "Finally! For all the horrible things he'd done to you, he's dead."

I chuckled lightly and then found some air to breathe for a moment only to be then hugged by Lupin.

"We're proud of you Harry. You're such a strong person." Lupin said. He finally pulled away and they looked at me, waiting for me to say something.

"It's good to be home." I said, giving a shrug.

Suddenly a tapping was heard on the window. Lupin went over, opened it untied the letter from the owl and the owl took off.

"You have to say more than that after this," Lupin said before handing the letter to me. "For you."

I got it and opened it, noticing the Hogwarts seal before frowning.

"I am going to Hogwarts after all?" I asked. "This is at least a month late."

"I had spoken with Severus yesterday and he fired called me this morning. Dumbledore knows about your sexual abuse," Lupin said quietly. "Severus said that Dumbledore was planning to use Lockhart to break your friends but now he's read the newspaper... Now I don't know what that implies and neither does Severus but it sounds to me-"

"With Lockhart's track record, he wouldn't be able to resist to not touch me." I said sarcastically.

"I'm just wondering why he's doing this if he wants you on your side." Quirrell said.

I was quiet, sitting myself down on a sofa. I took my time to fix my tie before staring at the wall.

"He wants to break me." I said emotionlessly.

"That's it. I'm going to kill that old fool!" Quirrell snarled, anger was visible on his face as he summoned his wand into his hand, ready to apparate to Hogwarts.

"As much as it heartens me to see that you care for me, I'd rather you not be so rash." I said calmly which stopped Quirrell in his tracks.

"You have an identity to keep hidden. A future ahead of you. And we both know you have common sense not to aggravate the old yet powerful wizard. We'd hate to lose someone we both love very much."

Quirrell stared at me and his face softened.

"You really mean that?" he whispered.

"Of course. Why would I lie about something like that?" I said, raising an eyebrow.

Quirrell smiled. Lupin smiled as well and Quirrell's smile widened.

"Well then. Hogwarts starts tomorrow. I should go to Diagon Alley to buy myself some new robes. I would be meeting with Kate and Shawn at the Leaky Cauldron after that." I said.

"Hang on." Quirrell said as if something had just dawned on him.

"Yes Quirinus?"

"How did you get from London to Ukraine to Devon and back to London?" Quirrell asked.

It looked like it was the same question in Lupin's mind because he was staring at me with intensity.

"My little secret." I said with a smirk.

"Harry." Lupin said.

I rolled my eyes.

"Oh, alright. I'm a De-Tiace. That's all I'm going to say," I said, feeling slightly smug. "I'll see you guys later."

They were confused but only Lupin looked as though he had heard the term before.

I shook their hands, Quirrell's last. Quirrell brought me into one more hug before pulling back, his eyes twinkling.

"Good luck, Harry." Quirrell said. "If you need anything, I'm here for you."

"Thank you, Quirinus. That means a lot to me." I said.

(O.o)

In Devon but on the other side of where Jeremy Street was, a young girl with red hair sat under an oak tree facing the open field. She's alone with nobody around her. Her home, the Burrow, stood awkwardly behind her where her family were doing whatever it was they were doing. Her hand held a black leather bound diary in her lap while another hand held a quill which she used to write in.

At first, the book spooked her because she could have sworn she had given it back to Harry. But here it was, with her, writing back to her.

"I love him. I know it's a silly crush but... I feel something between us." The girl said while she wrote it down.

The words disappeared before other words not written by the girl showed up. The girl eagerly read the words, feeling her face light up.

"Ginny! Mum wants you back inside!" shouted a boy from the house. "Alright Ron!" the girl, Ginny shouted back, annoyed at the interrupting.

The girl quickly turned back to her book. She peered at it closely, her hearts pounding as she read out loud the words that were written, "If I were alive, I would love you unconditionally back, Ginevra."

She squealed in happiness, it echoing over the fields. She was happy. Happy that someone was finally listening to her and it was almost love to her ears. On the back cover of the leather bound diary was a name written in gold.

Tom Marvolo Riddle.

TBC

Published: 14/01/2011

Edit: 14/01/2011

Author's Note: Hi, my name is Martin. This story is under new management after what had happened to fan fic author anonatymous (Nat) in June. I will definitely not go into detail as to how my best mate (Nat) died. I will try and complete his epic fan fiction according to his plans and to the best of my ability. Updates will vary since I would have to go through what Nat has done and correct a few errors. I'll need time to readjust the plot so they're logical before I could proceed to re-write the years after the third year. I also have real life it attend to and I also work full time. Don't be surprised if I decide to drop this and put it up for adoption (that's IF anyone's brave enough to adopt this story). Hopefully for you guys that this isn't the case. I would like to thank the readers and reviewers on behalf of Nat and I; your support and enthusiasm for this story is much appreciated. Thank you for reading.

Chp27